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GALA
CHRISTMAS
ISSUE

HOW'S THIS FOR
STARTERS?

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JOYCE

CAROL OATES

MARIO PUZO

BRUCE

JAY FRIEDMAN

ROBERT SHECKLEY

HONEY BRUCE ON
LIFE WITH LENNY

AN INTERVIEW
WITH O.J. SIMPSON

SEX STARS OF 1976

**THE PLAYBOY
MUSIC POLL**

FELLINI'S WILD
NEW MOVIE ON
CASANOVA AND
HIS CONQUESTS

AND—YOU
CAN TAKE IT—
A QUIZ TO SEE
IF YOU'RE REALLY
SEXUALLY
LIBERATED

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MUCH MORE**



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PLAYBILL

WELL, DECK US ALL with Boston Charlie, as Pogo and crew used to sing every year. It is again the season of cheer and good will. And in that spirit, as a special holiday treat, we proudly present . . . *Trial of the Warlock*, by Norman Mailer. What can we say? At least it's on a religious subject. After a career of surprises, Mailer gives us yet another—a screen adaptation of a demonic novel called *La-Bas*, by J. K. Huysmans, who was one of the more notorious obscure French novelists of the last century. The setting is *fin de siècle* Paris. One Monsieur Durtal moves among his friends and pursues his research on a book about Gilles de Rais—a 15th Century companion of Joan of Arc who saw her burned at the stake and later went on trial as one of history's all-time, high-scoring monsters. Durtal is soon obsessed with him and is drawn toward Satanism and, as his life in 1890 becomes counterpoint to Gilles's horrible career four centuries earlier, the narrative moves along in dark parallel, fading back and forth between them. In some ways, it is less a departure for Mailer than it seems; beneath the sensational events, it's an epic metaphysical struggle between good and evil—and, in other forms, that's a familiar battleground for Mailer. So let's call it his *Paradise Lost* and thank him for remaining complicated.

Paradise lost for Mario Puzo, author of *The Godfather*, would be the disappearance or the shutting down of his beloved Las Vegas—at least to judge by our excerpt from his forthcoming Grosset & Dunlap book, *Las Vegas Worlds*. Once a gambler of near epic proportions, Puzo delivers more than a few kind, funny and useful words about one of the most maligned cities since Gomorrah. Read *Standing Up for Las Vegas* (illustrated by James Higa) and weep no more for the silver-haired and silver-handed old ladies pumping the slots. Of dread gambling itself, Puzo told us, "I've lost more money in legitimate business ventures designed to avoid taxes than in a whole lifetime of steady gambling." Another argument for tax reform.

When we met Bruce Jay Friedman several years ago, we couldn't believe it. Who was this huge, confidently shouldered impostor? We had first encountered Friedman through his two fine novels, *Stern* and *A Mother's Kisses*, and we were certain from them that he was a pitiful, quivering jelly of neuroses, slight and bent, as colossally uncomfortable in his own body as Stern was in his. So who was this, well, bulky fellow? Could it be true? It was. He had managed to fool us because he had once actually been a 97-pound weakling. But, as you will find in *Working Out* (illustrated by Greg Wray), a memoir of his life in gyms around New York, he did something about it.

No, *Merry Christmas from the Colonel* isn't a finger-lickin' holiday greeting from our favorite old Kentucky gent. It's by that good ole Mississippi colonel, Dick Gregory, and it's an account—done with James R. McGraw and taken from his upcoming book, *Up from Nigger* (Stein & Day)—of his grand scheme in 1964 to send 20,000 Christmas turkeys to poor folks in Mississippi. Gregory has remained true to form. Just last summer, he completed a cross-country Bicentennial Food Run from L.A. to New York—averaging 50 miles a day, six days a week—to dramatize world hunger. Lately, he tells us, he's been working with Muhammad Ali on diet and nutrition.

Lenny Bruce could have used some advice on such matters. His ex-wife, Honey Bruce, was there and, while she didn't see all of it, she watched and was part of most, off and on, right to the end—when his diet of junk food and true junk stopped him cold on a bathroom floor in the Hollywood Hills. *Honey*, written with Dana Benenson, is how she remembers it—her days as a stripper, when she was first turned on sexually by a rich, beautiful lesbian; getting hooked on Lenny and, soon after, on heroin as well; and then living through his sad,



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fanatic final days. (A book-length version of *Honey* will soon be published by Playboy Press.)

Honey would certainly pass, but how will you do on the quiz *Are You Sexually Liberated Enough to Make It with More than One Person or Species at the Same Time and if Not, Why Not?* Do you remember the question? This germ-free quiz is illustrated by **Pat Nagel** and was devised by two of our resident sexual experts and pilgrims, Research Editor **Barbara Nellis** and Associate Editor **James R. Petersen**. Petersen, a shy, timid sort who is frequently mistaken for the Playboy Advisor, claims that the quiz grew out of a series of informal but scientific discussions with Nellis, who kept laughing in the wrong places and had a story to top every one he told. Nellis, whose office walls are plastered with Mick Jagger posters, so advanced are her fantasies, adds that she has no idea what the quiz measures but that she and Petersen both passed—and that Mick can call her collect any time.

One place where sexual liberation goes by several other—and worse—names is Hilberry University, an institution in the fictional landscape of **Joyce Carol Oates**. There, as she tells us in *Gay* (with artwork by **Larry Laslo**), not much is tolerated beyond the mundane and the average, and true eccentricity—or a different lifestyle—can kill you. We can be certain that Hilberry bears no resemblance to Windsor College in Ontario, where Oates is a professor of English. She is also associate editor of *The Ontario Review*. *Crossing the Border*, a collection of her stories—including *The Golden Madonna*, first published in *PLAYBOY*—is just out, as is a novel called *Childhood*. When does she find time to grade papers?

Keeping up with the busy life of **O. J. Simpson** is a lot like trying to tackle the dude on a football field. As the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, he had told free-lancer **Lawrence Linderman** all the good reasons he couldn't stand Buffalo, and then, as we were about to go to press, he signed the biggest contract in pro-football history with, yes, the Buffalo Bills. Linderman got through to Simpson, updated the interview and asked him whether or not his earlier comments about Buffalo still stood. They did—as did all of his other views, which he expresses with astonishing frankness.

As for our justly celebrated much, much more: Senior Articles Editor **Peter Ross Range** transports us to the nation's capital, tells all about *Sexual Congress* and takes a lonely Liz Ray to dinner (the artwork is by **Roger Huyssen**); and for a little perspective, as well as a last, we promise, Bicentennial blast, *All the Presidents' Women*—compiled by Research Editors **Susan Heisler**, **Maria Nekam** and **Kate Nolan**—provides an authentic short history of fooling around in the White House. Writing about a time when more was decidedly still more, **Brock Yates** will take you back and make you drool over classic roadsters in *When Ragtops Were in Flower*. With some visual help from **Edward Gorey**, **Robert Sheckley** asks the fictional question, *What Is Life?*, but the answer remains a puzzle. Ace photopersons **Peter Gert**, **Don Azuma** and **Phil Dixon** turned their axes on sartorial and gustatorial *Party Favorites!* (with text by Fashion Editor **David Platt** and food-and-drink maven **Emanuel Greenberg**), our *Christmas Gift Guide* and our December Playmate, respectively; and it's not hard to figure which one lucked out—as Dixon's shots of **Karen Hoffer** so clearly testify. Ever-popular **Judith Wax** is back with her sack of rhyming barbs in *Playboy's Christmas Cards*; the new, improved *Playboy Music Poll* returns as well, with a streamlined ballot just waiting to be filled out; **Arthur Knight** takes *Sex Stars of 1976* through their paces; *PLAYBOY* Photographer **Pompeo Posar** is given his due in *Portfolio: Pompeo Posar* (who else?). There are, of course, several things we haven't mentioned. But we'll let you find them for yourself.

Thanks for spending part of the holidays with us. Maybe later we'll all have a drink or six in front of the fire and sing heart-warming old carols with the ghost of Pogo...

*Nora's freezin' on the trolley,
Swallow dollar cauliflower, alley-ga-roo.
Trolley Molly don't love Harold,
Boola-boola Pensacoola, hullabaloo....*



Each Christmas
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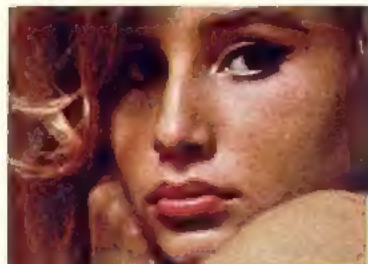
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The neon Rabbit head behind March Playmate Ann Pennington (standing) and July Playmate Deborah Borkman is the longest continuous piece of neon ever constructed by Gabar Kadar, who specializes in oddball neon structures. It's so long, in fact, that Kadar passed out while blowing the air into the tubing during the cover shooting. He's fine now, thank you, if somewhat out of breath.

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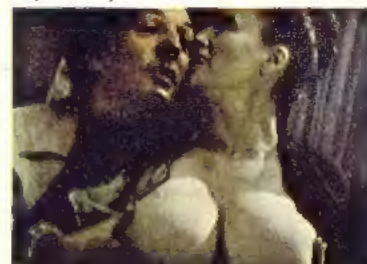
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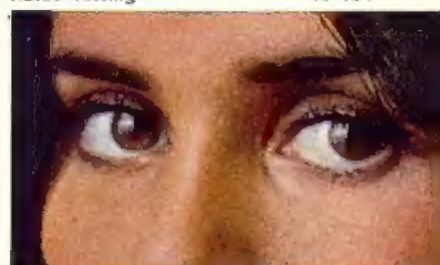
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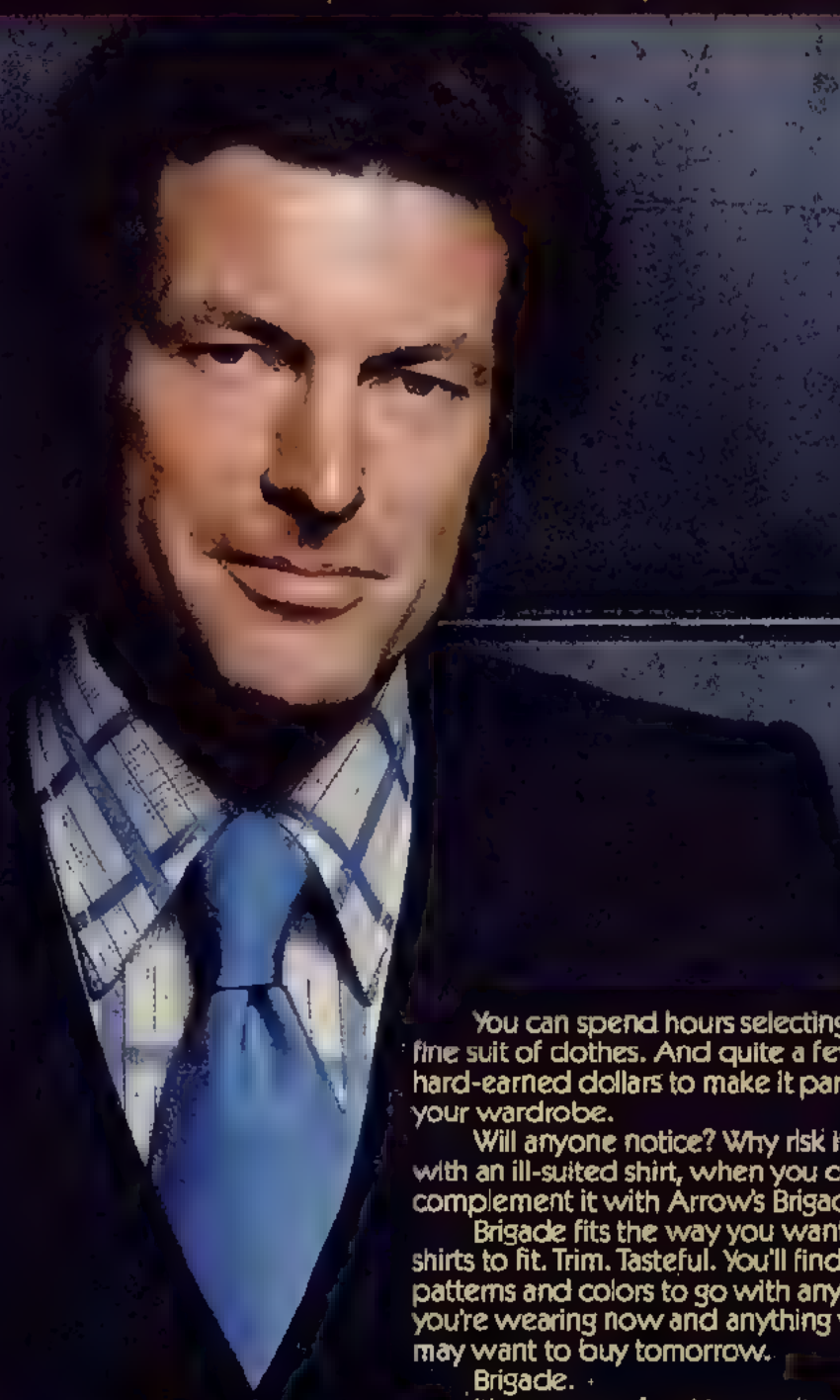


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DEAR PLAYBOY

 ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

INVESTIGATIVE REPORTAGE

The real puppet of *The Puppet and the Puppetmasters* (PLAYBOY, September) isn't Nixon or Hughes but, rather, the American people. The maze of lawless intrigue that Larry DuBois and Laurence Gonzales uncover points to an inevitable conclusion. The CIA in its present form is too corrupt to mend. If, indeed, we need an intelligence agency, let's start over with a brand-new one. The CIA has to go.

Michael G. Hutsko
Norwalk, California

Larry DuBois and Laurence Gonzales should be praised for writing such a superb, in-depth, spellbinding investigative report. I always suspected that Richard Nixon was owned up to his pretty teeth by big business.

Melvin N. Liddell
St. Louis, Missouri

DuBois and Gonzales may well have found a connection between the CIA and Howard Hughes, but their conclusions are pure bullshit. The authors make some wild claims that certainly are not proved by the information they furnish.

Johnny Sheps
El Paso, Texas

Thanks to the courage of the PLAYBOY editors and writers, total truths of salvific activities, such as Watergate, CIA operations, Hughes and Nixon-type deals, may someday become public knowledge. Your magazine stands far above the rest in contributing to that end.

John A. Williams
Fullerton, California

I believe every word of it. DuBois and Gonzales did a first-rate job.

Sam Connors
New York, New York

If DuBois and Gonzales don't get a Pulitzer Prize, nobody should.

Paul Tylor
Miami, Florida

As a former crew member of the Hughes Glomar Explorer, I read with some amusement the September article on the Hughes organization. I am afraid there is no merit to the idea that the Explorer salvaged a Spanish galleon near Catalina. Believe me, if we had brought

up \$30,000,000. I wouldn't be a struggling young lawyer here in Orange County. However, I am now wondering about the accuracy of the rest of the Hughes article. My limited exposure to Summa left me highly respectful.

Ed Reynolds
Tustin, California

Keep digging; you're getting warm. . . .
(Name withheld by request)
Oneonta, New York

OLYMPICS OF 2001 REVISITED

After reading Wayne McLoughlin's *The Olympics of 2004* (PLAYBOY, August).



I came across this picture of a three-legged Olympic hurdler in a local newspaper. He certainly has a leg up on his opponents.

Tom Stephanson
Atlanta, Georgia

BOWIE TIES

It was very refreshing to read your interview with David Bowie (PLAYBOY, September), but I am afraid that falling from outer space on one's head does take its toll after a while.

Robert Narby, Jr
Hilton Head Island, South Carolina

I was looking forward to seeing David Bowie in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. I had heard about the climactic scene in which Bowie removes his contact lenses

Trade Unionism has closed the ranks in the
ranked North. I have learned to strike
and defend. Shoulder to shoulder
we have fought it out — yet the work
must win in the end. R. B. [illegible]

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to reveal his "true appearance." Thanks a lot for ruining the picture of what he looks like in the film. You ruined a great moment for those of us who have not seen it. I hope a million Klingons land on your roof...

Bill Jevic
Plainfield, New Jersey

Your interview with David Bowie is almost as good as seeing his body move onstage!

Terri Croftcheck
Carnichaels, Pennsylvania

Bowie is the Muhammad Ali of rock—outrageous and pretentious but with the greatest of style.

Sharon Presley
New York, New York

David Bowie is a self-loving, self-advertising egomaniac with limited talent.

Gregg Nowak
Summit, Illinois

Bowie, you make my heart beat faster!
Janet Planet

Port Washington, New York

Wonderfully outrageous.

Paul Catone
Guy D'Angelico
Fort Worth, Texas

I'm the sort of man who reads PLAYBOY every month. But this habit will have to come to an end if you keep running interviews like the one with that disgusting idiot David Bowie.

Wedge P. Donovan
Salt Lake City, Utah

I just finished the David Bowie interview. What did he say?

Ann Famiglietti
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

LAW SUIT CHIC

Robert S. Wieder's *Sue the Bastards!* (PLAYBOY, September) is most enlightening. I only wish it was written ten years ago, when I was attending college. In those days, the only chic form of protest was occupying the administration building.

Larry Sommers
Des Moines, Iowa

PRO AND CON CARNY

A big bravo for Harry Crews's *Carny* (PLAYBOY, September). I have an idea that could produce journalistic history. Introduce Harry to the honorable Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, give them a couple of grand for spending money and turn them loose in Pamplona, Spain, for the running of the bulls. If they survive to tell the tale, it'll be sensational.

Bill Jensen
Tahoe City, California

Crews's *Carny* is an insult and an injustice to the thousands of friendly

carnival show folk whose 100 percent legitimate family operations are the backbone of the outdoor-amusement industry. A similar collection of disgusting incidents could be garnered in many places nowadays, but it is unlikely that you would find such behavior on any carnival lot.

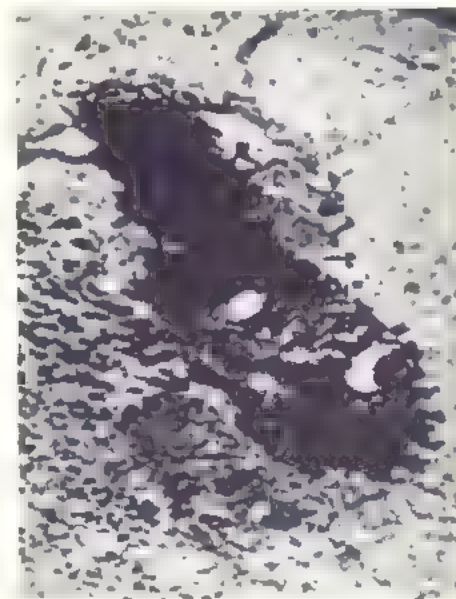
R. K. "Rolly" Larson
Executive Secretary
Outdoor Amusement
Business Association
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Harry Crews has a special genius for describing freaks, oddballs and misfits and making them not only acceptable but actually palatable to ordinary people. *Carny* is a beautiful demonstration of that genius. It's an intimate glimpse into a world that most of us know absolutely nothing about but one that is mysterious and utterly fascinating.

Ed Hirschberg, Professor of English
University of South Florida
Tampa, Florida

LIFE ON MARS!

I know the Playboy Rabbit has gotten around quite a bit over the years, but I never expected to see one on Mars! Imagine my surprise upon seeing the ubiquitous Rabbit logo in a picture of



the red planet that appeared in a recent issue of *The New York Times*. (It's in the lower-left-hand section of the footprint-like dark area.)

Paul Slattery
New York, New York

PATENT LETTERS

In regard to your pictorial *Patented Sex* (PLAYBOY, September), you might find it interesting that at least one of the items has some real medical value. I'm referring to the rubber bulb and tube for obtaining an erection. A similar device was introduced by physicians in the urology section at the University of Michigan



DAY Longines G-II. High-visibility Liquid Crystal Display reads constantly. Reads clearly—even in bright sun. Standard functions: date, hour, minute, continuous "hands off" seconds. Quartz accuracy.



NIGHT Same watch—Longines G-II. L.E.D. makes its own light by night. The touch of a button does it. G-II is two watches in one. And only Longines has G-II. \$295 manufacturer's suggested retail price.

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Longines G-II is an engineering triumph. Look close. It's both an LED and LCD. So G-II is brilliantly readable in any light. Day or night. Trust Longines to think of that!

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LonginesWittnauer
WATCH COMPANY
Time can be beautiful

Medical School, and I'm sure elsewhere. It has found some use in men who have a physical reason for impotence, such as accidental trauma or vascular disease.

Al Faigin, D.O.
Fort Worth, Texas

In your September issue, you mention a patented device for male impotence. Aside from the fact that the drawing is not accurate, the item appears as "humor." This is a disservice. The device represents a serious effort on the part of medical men to alleviate a distressing and all-too-prevalent condition.

Allan Hita Bloomberg, M.D.
Selwyn Z. Freed, M.D.
Berish Strauch, M.D.
Broun, New York

Drs. Bloomberg, Freed and Strauch are the inventors of the aforementioned device.

SLAPSTICK HAPPY

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s *Slapstick or Lonesome No More!* (PLAYBOY, September) is great. My only complaint is that you didn't publish the whole book.

Bob Feser
Newburgh, New York

Halfway through *Slapstick*, I stopped, wondering how PLAYBOY could describe it as "desuned for best-sellerdom." My question is this: Is this truly a classic novel or merely the incessant ravings of a madman subjected too long to the cruel and unrelenting pressures of modern society?

Gerald Marisch
Bay Village, Ohio

Vonnegut's still number one in my book.

Pete Caudfield
Richmond, Virginia

CAPITAL LETTERS

I would like to thank David Chan for his great photographs of *The Girls of Washington* (PLAYBOY, September). The picture of Marianne Sears, in particular, has got to be the sexiest your magazine has ever printed. With Marianne in your line-up, you are definitely showing the best D.C. has to offer.

Joel Chalfin
Washington, D.C.

The Girls of Washington is a classic in PLAYBOY history. Funny thing, though—I never saw one of those ladies in all the time I spent in D.C. Guess I was hanging around all the wrong places.

Robert B. Binkley
Greencastle, Pennsylvania

As opportunists, Elizabeth Ray and PLAYBOY were made for each other. One gland washes the other.

Michael K. Fairbanks
Fargo, North Dakota

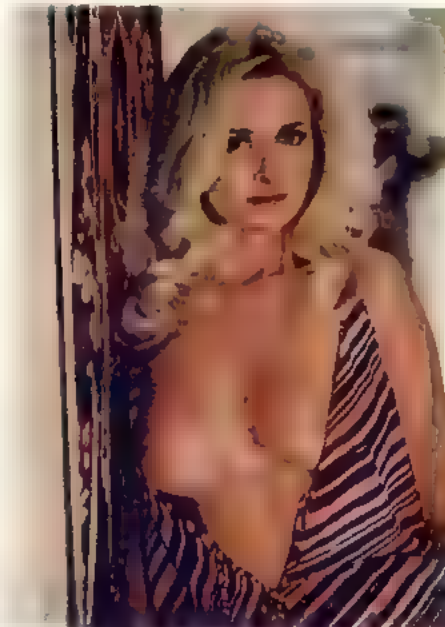
You have to give Wayne Hays credit for one thing: He sure knows how to pick them—young and pretty.

Kenny R. Richter
Bobtown, Pennsylvania

Aside from being voluptuous, Liz Ray happens to be very pretty. In your *Girls of Washington* pictorial, however, it is practically impossible to get a good fix on her face. I'm not complaining, mind you—it just would be nice to see a good portrait of her.

Harry Peterson
Seattle, Washington

We hope this outrage from the shooting makes up for the omission.



Poor Elizabeth Ray. She got better exposure in the dailies. Send David Chan back to photographing bowls of fruit.

B. Lance Greenfield
San Francisco, California

How ironic that of all the career-minded, goal-oriented girls of Washington, most of those who appear in your September issue are employed as hostesses, barmaids, models and actresses.

Jane Simpson
Bethesda, Maryland

I was one of 1000 girls interviewed for a spot in your *Girls of Washington* feature. It was pointed out to me at the time that PLAYBOY was not looking for professional models but for the average working girl in D.C. I was hopeful that I would meet the qualifications of PLAYBOY and be selected to participate in the pictorial. In the interim, the scandal involving Elizabeth Ray was brought out into the open. Miss Ray has previously been photographed for professional purposes and I would not characterize her as your ordinary working girl in D.C. In addition, her actions are degrading and paint an unreal picture of the average working

girl. Several newspapers around the U.S. have pointed out that Miss Ray was picked for the spread in PLAYBOY only after she told photographer David Chan that she was carrying on an affair with Representative Hays. She was promised that if she brought it into the open, she would be in the article. It is not the fact that she felt it necessary to use scandalous means to secure her position in the article but the fact that it was unfair to the remaining girls that made me feel it was necessary to write to you. Until this scandal was brought to the public's attention, I thought PLAYBOY would make the selection a fair one to all involved. I am sorry to see that your company could not operate that way.

Diane M. (Schwartz) Everett
Landover, Maryland

The allegation that PLAYBOY promised Elizabeth Ray a spot in the feature if she exposed her affair with Representative Hays is untrue. Miss Ray applied for an interview in the same way as the 900 other women who expressed an interest in appearing in the pictorial. Her data sheet simply stated that she worked for Representative Hays of Ohio. There was no indication of the forthcoming scandal. Her picture was included in a preliminary layout based solely on what the editors saw in the photograph and on the fact that the job she listed was interesting. About that time, Miss Ray chose to make her revelation. We reacted by removing her picture from the main body of the feature and publishing it along with two other photos of her on a separate page. To the best of our knowledge, Miss Ray was not a professional model at the time we did our shooting. She had previously been photographed but only by photographers she had paid to take pictures of her.

SOAP-OPERA BUFF

After reading John Blumenthal's humorous quiz (*Will Carl Duorce Myrna? . . .*) in your September issue (I flunked), I became interested enough to watch a few soaps. I believe some uncoverage by your magazine may be in order.

G. Richards
Long Island, New York

ON NEWTON'S SHOOTIN'

Helmut Newton is probably the most creative photographer around today. His *Newton's Physiques* in your September issue is splendid.

Arthur Spring
New York, New York

PRESSING ON

September's heat-and-stick press-on is clever. Now PLAYBOY must press on toward a scratch-and-smell gatefold to improve circulation—everyone's.

Terry Pennell
Port Angeles, Washington

Bunny Debbie Is a Super Reason to Have a Playboy Club Key.

Here Are 7 More!

1. Playboy's City Clubs

Happy, sophisticated places to entertain and be entertained. Strung like jewels across the U. S. and England with an exotic Far Eastern addition this December—the Playboy Club of Tokyo, in Japan. All filled with the fine food, exciting drinks, top entertainment you'd expect. And, of course, beautiful Bunnies like Debbie.

2. Playboy's Country Clubs

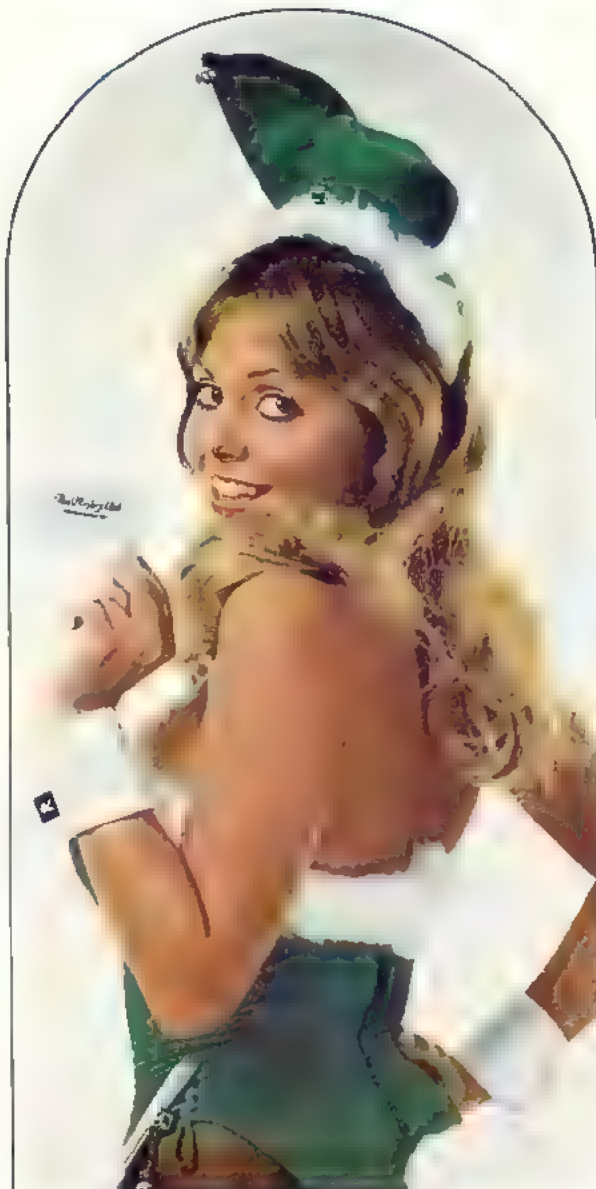
Fun-loving resorts filled with dawn-to-dawn activities. One at Great Gorge in New Jersey. Another at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Both offering four seasons of frolic (Skiing's in now, golf comes to the fore in warmer weather.) Always fine dining, top accommodations, star entertainment. But that's not all. There's a sunny-side-up Playboy Resort at Ocho Rios, Jamaica, where you'll find a happy choice of water sports and entertainment (and year-round golf nearby). And a Gold Coast Hotel, Playboy Towers in Chicago. As a keyholder, you'll get a 10% discount on room rates at all four.

3. Playboy Preferred

Get acquainted with fine dining at two-for-one prices with Playboy Preferred. Use your Passbook and your Key to get two dinners for the price of one at top restaurants in any of several U. S. cities. All you need to get the Passbook for any city is your Key. Just show it at the Club (or designated alternate location) in the city. Then take your Passbook and Key and—*bon appetit!*—you're on your way to great dining at a discount. Passbooks are now available for Chicago, New York, Cincinnati and Atlanta. In the works: Los Angeles, San Francisco, New Orleans, Baltimore and St. Louis.

4. Comp-U-Card™

Savings on nationally advertised merchandise are as near as your phone when you have Comp-U-Card. And you have Comp-U-Card when you have a Playboy Club Key. Just call TOLL-FREE to get prices we challenge you to beat on the necessities like cars, carpets, home furnishings and those luxurious extras, like cameras, stereos and C.B.s. Comp-U-Card can help you make the best buy... and in most cases, they'll have your purchase shipped to your doorstep.



5. PLAYBOY or OUI Magazines

Twelve of them. Mix or match. They're yours for the asking at any North American Playboy Club. You'll get one each month simply for a show of the Key. And if you collect all 12, you'll have saved up to \$19.00 over the newsstand price.

6. The Budget® Favored Saver Card

It gets you discounts of \$10.00 per week or \$1.00 per day when you rent any car from any participating Budget outlet. (You'll get a onetime \$2.00 additional discount as well.)

7. Keyholders' Specials

Happy in Club surprises for keyholders only. Contests, perhaps. Or gifts. Or discounts. Or special events. Stop in at the Club when they're happening and present your Key, and you're on.

Don't wait. Order your Key today. It's good for a full year, and it's just \$25 for the first year. No need to send money now. We'll bill you later, or you can charge to one of your major credit cards.

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Signature _____ Date _____

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PORSCHE

CREATES A NEW
PORSCHÉ



THE 924

PORSCHE

One look at the new Porsche 924 and you'll realize this is no ordinary automobile.

The dynamic design of its clean, flowing lines instantly proclaims it to be unlike any other car you've ever seen.

Here is a perfect blending of the designer's search for beauty and the engineer's desire for efficiency. The shape of the new Porsche 924 not only pleases the eye, but it slices the wind so cleanly that it registered an incredibly low 0.36 drag coefficient in wind tunnel testing.



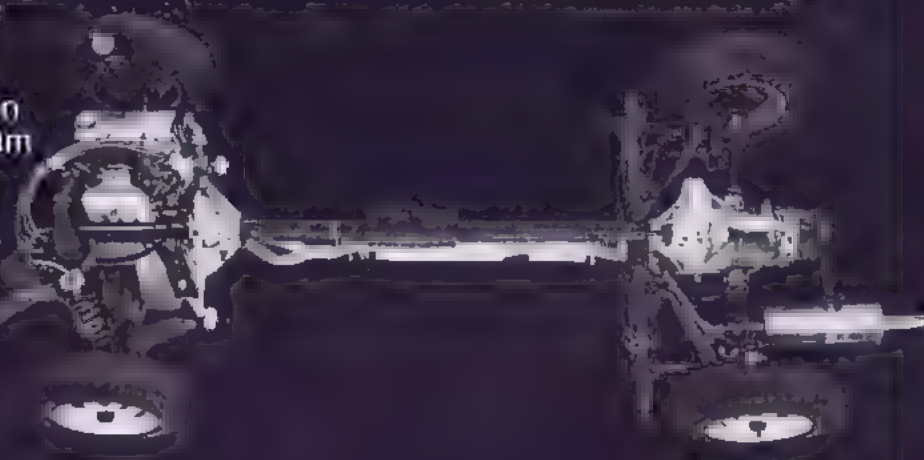
But the true innovativeness of this new Porsche lies much deeper than the sheet metal. It lies at the very heart of the car in a unique arrangement of the engine, clutch, and transmission, known as a "transaxle" system.

In this transaxle arrangement, the engine, a water-cooled overhead cam design with a continuous fuel injection system, is mounted in front. The clutch is placed directly behind it, giving quick, positive clutch action for rapid shifting.

The transmission, however, is mounted in the rear, at the driving wheels (hence the name, rear "transaxle"). Rather than a conventional, heavy drive shaft with universal joints, there is a solid drive shaft in a hollow torque tube connecting the front-mounted engine with the rear-mounted transaxle. Thus, the entire drive train and differential is a single rigid unit which does away with universal joints and allows for more direct power transfer. Response is virtually instant. In addition, the gearshift is mounted directly on the torque tube, providing a short, precise throw.

But this unique transaxle system yields more than preciseness. It also results in an almost perfect 50-50 weight distribution which improves braking efficiency and enhances handling characteristics. The new Porsche 924 takes corners smoothly, in balance. McPherson struts in front, combined with a wishbone torsion bar suspension in the rear, keep body lean to a minimum in curves. Rack-and-pinion steering assures the driver of quick, accurate response to every command. The new Porsche 924 is designed to be the most driveable Porsche ever.

The new Porsche 924 is not inexpensive. But it is less than you'd expect to pay for a Porsche.



Decisions... decisions... Make your decision on

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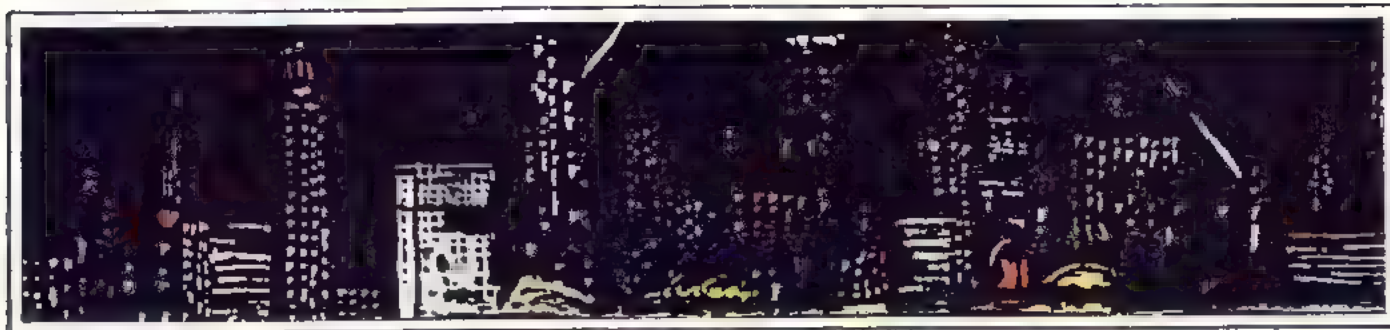


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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Here at PLAYBOY, we take pride in being a bit ahead of the times, but occasionally we surprise even ourselves. The rest of the media discovered only this year that various members of the Carter clan of Plains, Georgia, made good copy. We knew it in May 1967, when—in this very space—we told you all about the mail-order worm-and-cricket business run by Jimmy's cousin Hugh. On rereading the copy the other day, we noted that back in 1967, cousin Hugh was offering—for two dollars postpaid anywhere in the U.S.—“a beautiful ice bucket packed with pure worm castings.” This came to mind when we read that, recently, a group of Plains business people, including Jimmy's sister Gloria, was trying despite Jimmy's attempts to call it off, to retail square inches of land in downtown Plains for five dollars apiece. Just goes to show you, we guess, what happens when honest wormshit gets promoted to the status of bullshit.

Reporting on the A. C. Nielsen Company's survey on the most popular sports in America, *Advertising Age* noted, “In order of popularity, the sports ranking are swimming, bicycling, fishing, camping and blowing (41,100,000 participants, up 16 percent).”

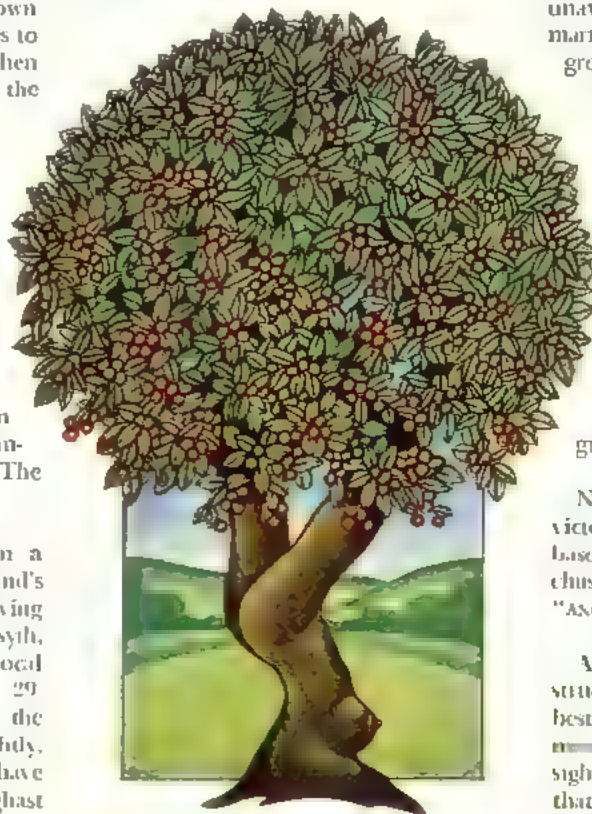
Sorry we missed the Sunday sermon at the Glad Tidings Temple in Vancouver, British Columbia, titled “The Great Snatch.”

Prince Charming he ain't: When a mine sweeper commanded by England's Prince Charles, who is currently serving in the Queen's navy, docked at Rosyth, Scotland, the prince invited some local guests aboard. As one of them, a 29-year-old beauty queen, strode up the gangplank, the prince, smiling brightly, took her hand and said, “I hope you have taken your pill.” The guests were aghast

until a royal spokesman explained later that “His Highness was referring to seasickness pills.”

In an article about a British dentist who was cleared of charges that he assaulted female patients after rendering them unconscious, London's *Mercury* reported his explanation for using general rather than local anesthesia: “Most patients preferred to have intravenous injection rather than a prick on the gums.”

The lead paragraph in a story appearing in the Stockton, California, *Record* reads, “Sheriff's officers, working under cover, have broken what they term was a prostitution ring operating in conjunction with the cherry harvest.”



From the *Bangkok World* comes this “delightful example of square-wheel English,” supposedly written by a Japanese schoolboy in Thailand: “The banana are a remarkable fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as the honorable sausage. Difference being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it not advisable to eat rapping of banana. Perhaps are also intrussing the following differences between the two objects. Banana are held aloft while consuming sausage are usually left in reclining position. Finally, banana are strictly member of the vegetable kingdom, while affiliation of sausage is often undecided.”

A trombone player, engaged to play at a Sacramento wedding, was unaware that it was to be a homosexual marriage. When the groom and, uh, groom finally showed, the trombone player stayed cool—he merely switched from *Here Comes the Bride* to *You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me*.

Why the Soviets are behind: Reporting on a sale of 1,000,000 metric tons of wheat and corn to the Soviet Union, Texas' *Cayland Daily News* said that “under a five-year agreement, Soviet officials are committed to taking a minimum of 6,000,000 tons of grain annually.”

News leak: Over an article about the victory of a local kids' Pee Wee League baseball team, the Springfield, Massachusetts, *Daily News* ran this headline: “ANGELS ADVANCE TO PEE PEE FINALS.”

A French businesswoman, who instructs other female executives on how best to work within the European Common Market, offers this illuminating insight into international relations: “Say that it is a hot day . . . and you invite

your business visitor to make himself comfortable. The British executive will remove his monocle, the German will loosen his collar and tie, the Dutchman will take off his jacket, the Belgian will untie his shoelaces, the Frenchman will discreetly remove one thing after another until you tell him to stop and the Italian will undress you."

Or Spanish moss will grow on your palm. In a less than idiomatic attempt at bilingual instructions to its passengers, the Chicago Transit Authority has placed a notice in Spanish above the manual door releases on some of its subway trains. Literally translated, the warning reads: USE YOURSELF ONLY IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.

True or false question from an Air Force Aircrew Study Guide concerning the rocket-seat ejection system for an EB 57 aircraft: "The primary ejection handle is located between the legs."

Gallows humor: As a result of a headline-making riot in 1973, the McAlester, Oklahoma, state penitentiary has become so popular with tourists that the local tourist bureau is planning to offer for sale four-color picture postcards of the institution. Included are such romantic scenes as death row, the warden's home, the prison rotunda and the walls.

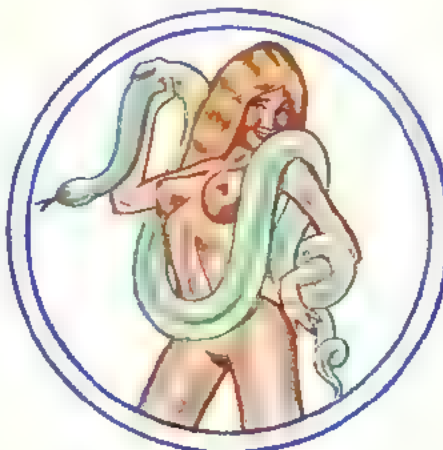
An outfit in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, called Elite Chicks has been receiving dozens of phone calls from potential patrons



inquiring about its rates for a massage. Unfortunately, Elite Chicks is not a massage parlor—it's a poultry outlet, dealing in goslings, poult and keets.

An ad in a Dallas newspaper for a three-piece suit highlighted the fact that the fabric "keeps its shape to keep you looking good around the cock."

SNAKES ALIVE!



Being the sort who hates to see things go to waste, I once retrieved a perfectly serviceable bird cage from my neighbor's trash can. This impressed my girlfriend, Jean, who took to calling me, in tender moments, "My very own garbage collector."

I decided to show her that a bird cage was at least as useful as the salvaged fire extinguisher or the battered pith helmet: I'd put a damn bird in it.

The pet shop I visited didn't have a good bird, but it had a dandy little boa constrictor about two feet long. Fourteen dollars? What the hell. Of course, I also had to buy an \$18 terrarium, because snakes can wriggle right out of bird cages. My girlfriend brightly suggested that I could sell my too-good-to-throw-out bird cage for \$32 and break even. I amended that amount to \$32.50, showing her the white mouse. "You're *not* going to feed that cute little mouse to that stupid snake!" Sure I was. Nature's way.

Which brings us to a certain Saturday in 1972. That night, I bought a bottle of whiskey and invited over two of my more decadent friends to watch Ernest (named him Ernest because he looked so sincere) take his meal. But nothing happened. Old mouse took one look at that snake, shit, bounced around the cage like a ricocheting bullet, then hunkered in one corner, glowering at Ernest, who was coiled up in another, glowering back. The next morning, the mouse was still in his corner, but he'd spent a busy night. He'd taken all the fish gravel from the bottom of the terrarium and piled it on the snake, burying him completely. I had to spare that gutsy little fucker. Put him in the bird cage and gave him to a little kid who lived in the building. "Tell Mommy and Daddy you got him from those people who just moved out. That's a good fellow."

Four years later, Ernest had long since learned to eat, to say the least, and had achieved a length of seven or eight feet (ever try to measure a snake?). I found him an excellent pet: cuddly, didn't bark, crapped once a

week, a big hit at parties once Jean got a snootful and did her fabulous Dance of the Naked Death.

There were a few problems, though. Ernest was a real escape artist, and one night he slithered up onto a window sill and pushed

off four of my former girlfriend's (we're now married) exotic plants, in fancy stoneware pots. Bam, bam, bam, bam—sounded like somebody shooting at the house. During another three-a.m. outing, he molested my refurbished soda-acid fire extinguisher, knocking it over and causing it to hose down the living room. But the main problem was keeping Ernest in rats (to which he'd long since graduated). In fact, he got to eying the family cat, which stopped sleeping in front of the nice, warm snake cage—the new one that Ernest was already starting to outgrow. In short, Ernest was slunking the old cost-benefits test.

So, a few months ago, Ernest found a new home with a neighbor's friend, an amateur herpetologist. I was sorry to see him go, as were friends and colleagues, who no longer find me colorful. Wife's not sorry; it was she who finally took 107 rats to the zoo when my breeding experiment ran out of control.

I never figured to hear from Ernest again, but one day recently, the phone rang. It was my neighbor, bearing news. Her friend the herpetologist had sold Ernest to *his* friend who runs Jim's World of Pets in the village of Half Day, Illinois, and Jim had just sold him to a stripper from Texas named Midnight Melody, who was doing her thing at a nearby night club called Chectah II. So today Ernest is in showbiz! Which makes me feel good all over. It's like raising a kid who was kind of ugly and seemed a few bricks short of a full load and then finding out he's got real talent and is going to make good after all. To say nothing of the working conditions. Hot damn! I knew him when he was only an amateur, a mere prop for Jean's Dance of the Naked Death.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER



Our very best to your friends.

Bay City Rollers concerts ought to be outlawed for males over 18—because they attract more jailbait per square foot than most old hearts can stand. Worse, it is mainly jailbait of the Humbert Humbert league, 12-year-old heartbreakers, 13-year-old foxes; and, even worse, well, there is this phenomenon called Roller-mania....

At the Uptown Theater on a steaming summer night in Chicago, we can hear the pleading pubescent chorus all the way from the street. "We want the Rollers! . . . We want the Rollers!"

Too old to do this safely alone, I have with me my own expert—a 13-year-old fox named Lisa, who's also my daughter. In the car on the way to the concert, she's been very cool about the whole thing. At her school, anyway, nobody has a dose of anything like Roller-mania. She's never heard of the tartan business (the plaid is the band's trademark, and true believers supposedly *live* in shirts, scarves and cuffed Huck Finn jeans trimmed in the stuff), says she thought at first that *Saturday Night* (their biggest U.S. single) was all right, but then she got bored with it real fast and, in truth, really wishes we were on our way to see Wings.

But we are barely inside the lobby when the chorus, which has been rolling out in increasingly peaking singsong waves, suddenly leaps in pitch and dissolves into mass shrieking—and our cool is melted as we run to see that it's for . . . a stagehand, wearing a grubby sweat shirt and a sour look, carrying a mike on stage. Keyed up, I think they call it.

By the time we find our seats, and I am wondering—not complaining, mind you, just wondering—what I'm doing in the middle of 4000 screaming teenagers on the hottest night of the year, the lights have gone black. Then, abruptly, a slide is projected onto a screen high above the stage. It is a color photograph of a tartan plaid. Its appearance, I swear to you, jolts the screaming yet upward, toward canine regions, right through my fillings. It feels wonderful. It is followed at heartbeat intervals by slides of each boy in the band, each with the same effect; and then, still in the dark, a neon gadget begins an actual countdown, ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . , timed to produce shrieks you could ride like a roller coaster. So far, we have seen a stagehand, a slide show and a neon sign, and there is more flat-out frenzy around me than anyone has seen since early Stones or Beatles concerts. And when the gadget hits the magic zero, and lights blast the stage with white, and the Rollers are *there*, hitting those uncertain

Rollers: jailbait bait.



"From where we are, the Rollers look nearly as young as their teeny-bopper fans—which is, of course, the idea."



Country Joe goes disco.

first notes . . . I feel like I have been yanked back to the scene in *A Hard Day's Night* when the TV studio audience goes berserk and the Beatles play amused over the pandemonium.

From where we are, the Rollers look nearly as young as their teeny-bopper fans—which is, of course, the idea. The Stones, the Beatles or even apple-checked Herman's Hermits never looked as fucking young and innocent as the Rollers do. One of them, Ian Mitchell, is the angelic image of a baby-teeny Jimmy Page who has not yet had an evil thought; and the rest are nearly as bad.

Their musical skills contribute to that image of freshness. They sound like they've been playing together for about six weeks. But the band in various forms has been together for eight years. So

there is apparently no danger of their sophisticating the energetically harmless primer school Stones sound they've developed. In the studio, it comes out with a bit more accomplishment and complexity. Their latest album, *Dedication* (Arista), reveals a lyrical Manilow-romantic streak in them that must pierce the very hearts of seventh-grade girls. But the rockers on it sound better to my ear, and, old fogey I, of all the cuts, I like best their remake of Brian Wilson's *Don't Worry Baby*.

But, in concert, they seem mainly to be watering down the best—the Stones, The Who, et al. And the music doesn't seem to matter all that much, anyway. If you were born the same year *Time Is on My Side* first hit in the States, Mick Jagger probably just doesn't do it for you. The Rollers aren't there to be listened to, they are there to be adored.

Which is what is happening.

The screaming doesn't stop during the entire 45-minute set. Lisa spends most of it standing delighted and wiggling (if not quite screaming, you understand) on the arms of a theater seat. Tartan objects of every description are waved and waved and waved in the air, certainly to be taken home later and venerated as sacred relics that have been in the Presence. Instamatic Magicubes pop and pop and sometimes catch, strobelike, a tear-filled girl scout face, hair pasted to it by sweat, transported beyond. . . .

The lobby, during all this, is a scene all its own. So young are the fans that it's full of moms and dads just waiting for the concert to be over so they can take the kids home. One mom I like especially is in her best Sears patio-wear and paces, smoking, back and forth, staring into space, hardly noticing when other forlorn moms lead their hysterical daughters (all in tartan shirts, etc.) toward the exits.

But the best is last: As everybody files out when it's over, two boys of nine or so, in full tartan drag, soaked in sweat, clearly drained and worn out, come walking up the aisle. One—again, I swear—turns to the other wearily and says, with grim resignation, "You know, we're just gonna have to get used to this." Amen.

—DAVID STANDISH

What a drag it is getting old? Is that the lesson of these new albums by Country Joe and Dion? Both LPs are disappointing in proportion to how high their performers climbed the charts of our mythology in the past.

And so *Love Is a Fire* (Fantasy) is an unwanted kick in the gut to those of us who remember Country Joe as the first rock revolutionary, giving us *The Fish Cheer* and lines like "Be the first one on your block to have your boy come home

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in a box" and wandering through *Monte-rey Pop* painted like a warrior chief in the first tribe of psychedelic Indians. It is no fun to report that this new one should have been called *Country Joe Goes Disco*. Nearly every cut has that unvarying thucketa-thucka, thucketa-thucka disco beat and features gushing streams of strings surging along behind. Most of the lyrics are Dagwood celebrations of the good, simple middle-class—and middle-aged—life. "Oh, no, she's taken all of the blanket again" . . . "Waffles need syrup, peanut butter needs jam / I need to know that I'm your man" . . . "Will you stay with me if my mind starts to go?" . . . Good for him, certainly, that he is trying to get *with* growing older instead of pretending it's not happening. Without the Disco-Tex arrangements, these songs might sound brave instead of unfortunate. But the arrangements are there. *Color-Tone*, for instance, has a repeated dopey Tijuana-maniac horn figure that sounds like it was copped from the theme song of some television quiz show. We kept hoping for a clue that it might all be a Country joke, but, no, 't weren't funny, McGee.

Dion's *Streethart* (Warner Bros.) is much more successful. But, good as it is, anyone who saw Dion perform simply and beautifully with Phil Everly on *Soundstage* will testify that it would have been ten times better if he weren't so busy ducking strings, horns and other overwhelming production goodies. It is as if the producers of both albums were convinced they had to *cover up* their singers with productions lush as Pre-Raphaelite jungles. But to what end? To appeal to their presumably 35ish audience, which in its declining years presumably *likes* such shit? To hide their bald spots? To see if they dare to wear their tuxedos rolled? We will never know.

It's especially perplexing in regard to Dion, who was a first-rate rocker with genuine Brooklyn street-corner credentials way back when The record company, in fact, is hyping him as "the original Fonzie." That's an insult to Dion, who was and is much better than that, and it implies a lot more rock 'n' roll inside than we get. Still, pop as much of it is, it's far more appealing than anything on the Country Joe album. Dion has a better voice—it's still strong but more sensitive now—and he also seems musically brighter about knock, knock, knockin' on 35's door. *Queen of '59*, which he co-wrote, is a wise ballad that should be with us for a while. And, for us diehard rockers, there is at least one—*Lover Boy Supreme*—that horror of horrors, has a hot electric guitar you can actually *hear*, and saunters along so tough and fine it will make you wish they were all like that. Maybe next time.

Earthquake plays rock 'n' roll. The style is not what you'd call startlingly

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new, but if you are looking for some loud, heavy, flat-out music played by a group that can dim the streetlights just by turning on its equipment, then this is for you.

The group is famous for its live performances, but on *8.5* (Beserkley), it forsakes the live show for the studio, and the result is a tight, well-structured album. Given a whole side of an LP to play with rock bands doing live albums will sometimes run on a bit, but on *8.5*, studio discipline keeps cuts short and the solos contain genuine musical ideas that are not carried on indefinitely or larded with shuck.

John Doukas sings as if the next note were going to tear out his vocal cords—which is *exactly* the tone for this kind of music. Behind him, guitarists Robbie Dunbar and Gary Phillips, bassist Stan Miller and drummer Steve Nelson play like people who know their music and one another.

Earthquake can be faulted for the echoes of Townshend and Daltry—among others—in its music. It is obviously not out to create a new style for itself but it does very nicely indeed, working in an established genre. Rock 'n' roll is music for the body and Earthquake is a group that can get you moving.

Asleep at the Wheel plays music for a Texas jukebox. Not one of those fancy stereo jobs that hold 88 singles and a half-dozen albums but an old, beat-up nickel-a-play, six-for-a-quarter juke with half of its colored-plastic lights busted out by drunken cowboys looking to improve their evening by getting beat up.

On *Wheelin' and Dealin'* (Capitol), the group—nine men, one woman—demonstrates its substantial debt to Bob Wills and Western swing with *Miles and Miles of Texas* while dipping into some other local traditions for songs such as *Capin Strapper* and *They Rode the Joint*.

It also does a nice local-color job on Bobby Troup's *Route 66*. Troup probably conceived of the song as it would be done in L.A. Eleven years ago, the Rolling Stones recorded it as it would be done in Chicago. Now we have it the way they do it in Amarillo. Someday we'll fill in the whole road.

Western swing, in case you haven't been following us—was invented back in the Thirties, mainly by Wills. Wills played swing, but he used country instruments such as fiddle and steel guitar to play jazz licks usually handled by clarinets and trumpets. The resulting amalgam has always had its heart in the Lone-Star State where now thanks to groups like Asleep at the Wheel—it is enjoying something of a revival.

The album's big attractions are singers Chris O'Connell, Ray Benson and LeRoy

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Preston, whose voices are as quintessentially Texas as an *Easy Rider* rifle rack on the rear window of an air conditioned pickup.

A few days after Linda Ronstadt released *Hasten down the Wind* (Asylum), we caught the country singer in concert. At the end of the first song, she asked the audience to bear with her—she was recovering from a cold and was still hoarse. We should all be so hoarse. During the next few hours, she moved through old favorites and introduced the audience to the songs on her new album. The verdict was unanimous: Ronstadt is stronger and more confident than ever before, and with good reason—the new material is equal, if not superior, to the best of her standards. Backed by one of the strongest bands in the business, she moves from an infectious reggae tune *Gave One Heart*, to a funky Ry Cooder classic, *The Tattler*—then breaks your heart with *Someone to Lay Down Beside Me*, by Karla Bonoff. The nicest surprise of the evening (and of the album) was *Try Me Again*, a magnificent song in the tradition of *Love Has No Pride*, co-authored by Ronstadt and Andrew Gold. If Linda loses her voice, she can make it as a songwriter.

Three years on the road with Aretha, followed by three with Stevie, then five with Miles should prepare a musician for anything. We hope it has prepared Michael Henderson—bassist for all the above and still just 25—for stardom, because that's where he's headed. And *Solid* (Buddah) is remarkable not just for its bionic boogies—you'd expect them from a bass player—but also for Henderson's romantic ballads (*Valentine Love*, *Be My Girl*) and the strong, mature vocal treatments he gives them. If George Benson can do it, Michael, you can too.

Judy Collins debuted years ago as one of the crop of sweet voiced, big-eyed girl singers created by the folk boom that ended the Fifties. It was hard to tell most of them apart without a score card, but Collins rather quickly established herself as an excellent musician who also knew that the words of a song are supposed to mean something. She has also been a consistent innovator, branching out from traditional material into show tunes, Brecht/Weill collaborations and the work of many of the "new" songwriters of the Sixties. Her latest album *Bread and Roses* (Elektra), continues the exploration—and risk taking—that has marked her whole career.

Collins was one of the first singers to turn on to Leonard Cohen, and her latest has a beautifully wrought version of his *Take This Longing* that is certainly the high point of the album. Close behind is a Duke Ellington tune, *I Didn't Know*

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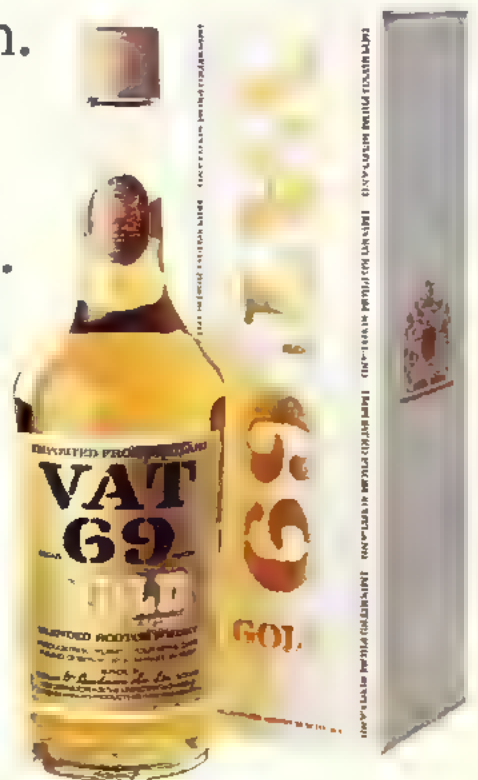
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About You, that demonstrates Collins' versatility. She does it with a simple piano and acoustic bass backing that fits the song perfectly. At her best—which she is on this cut—she can render diverse material in a way that respects the integrity of the song without compromising her own style.

Her one weakness has been an occasional lapse in material selection. She is a woman of serious political concerns who obviously wants to sing about those concerns—a desire that has led her to record bad numbers in a good cause. *Plegaria a Un Labrador* is one such, but the title song is a fine melding of politics and art. By Mimi Fariña and James Oppenheim, it's a joyous marching song for the women's movement, and Collins handles it in rousing fashion.

It's our bent, not so much as reviewer as music fan, to disparage a fine new album if it's a weak follow-up to previous genius. And Michael Dinner's *Tom Thumb the Dreamer* (Fantasy) is the fine new album. It's L.A., commercial, sparkling, kooky and folksy, in that order. Topanga poetry that could do well without the string section. But step back, before the grand saddling up of the L.A. cowboys—the Burrito descendants and fledgling Eagles, cons before Zevon, Souther. Gold: There appeared early in 1975 an unhyped Dinner set called *The Great Pretender*. Commercial, too. Folky and kinky. And genius. A damn hard act to follow. Top it with someone's decision to drop the pedal steel guitar from Dinner's studio group (The Dinettes, natch) and *Tom Thumb* pulls up slightly lame. But don't lose faith and perhaps we won't have to wait two years for the next album.

SHORT CUTS

Lady Flesh / Beauties in the Night (RSO): A Barry Manilow-produced girl group that tries to be all things to all people and comes across predictably phony.

People's Choice / We Got the Rhythm (ISOP): Tastefully charted disco-soul tunes that go on too long, damn it.

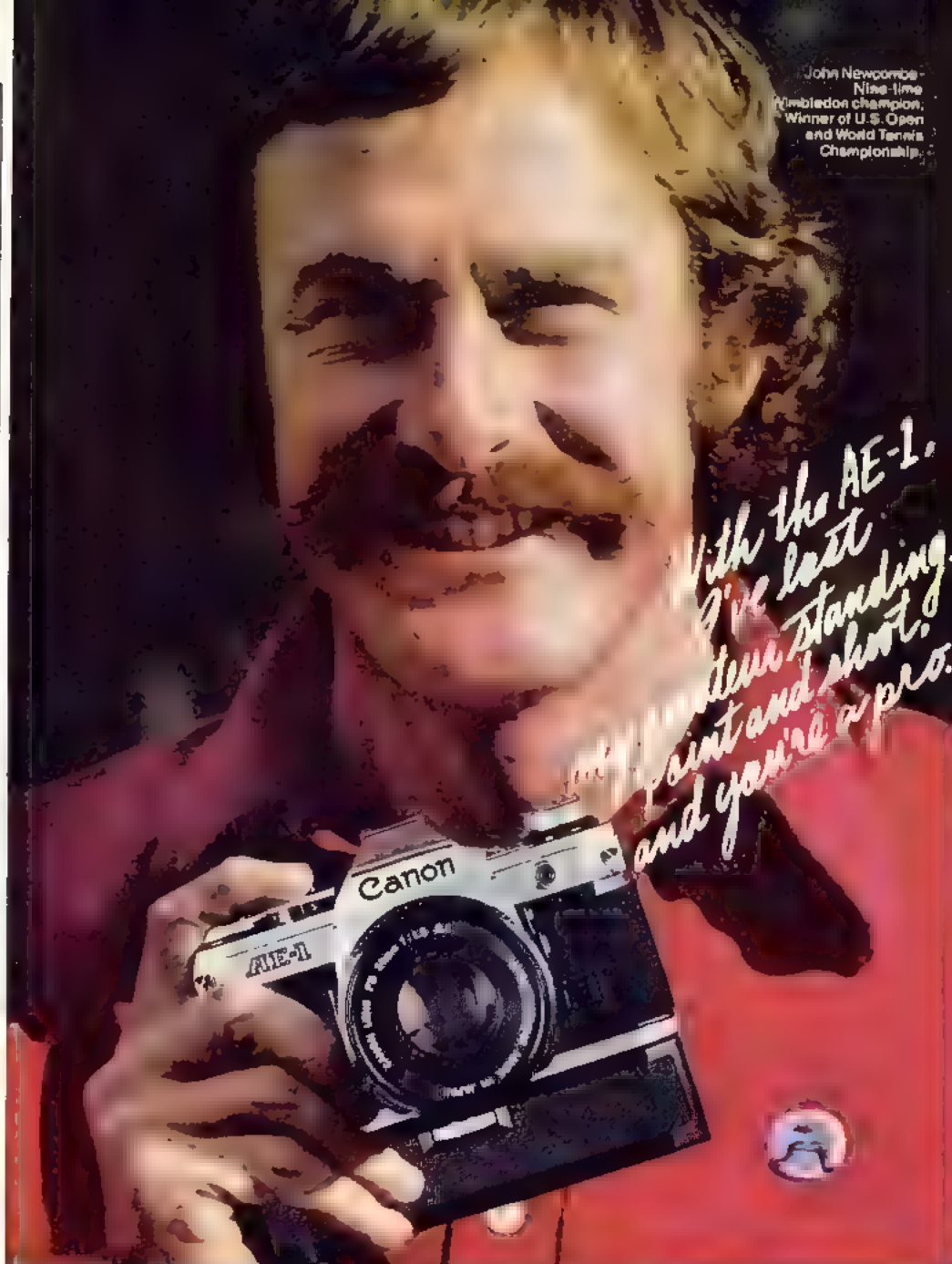
Black Smoke (Chocolate City): The beat would be enough, but the group's also got tough vocals and high-energy horn charts.

Bonnie Brantlett / Lady's Choice (Capricorn): A full, tasty plateful of James Brown, Jimmy Reed, Hank Ballard and little Bobby Dylan served up savory according to the lady's own recipes.

Flamin' Groovies / Shake Some Action (Sire): The Groovies masquerade as the Beatles, circa 1966, and do not win the Best Costume Award.

Herbie Hancock / Secrets (Columbia): Remember Sparky's magic piano? Well, Herbie's got it now. He's also got the best jazz-rock group around.

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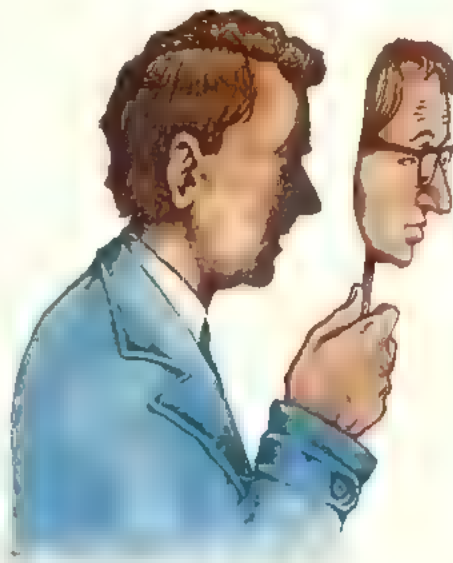
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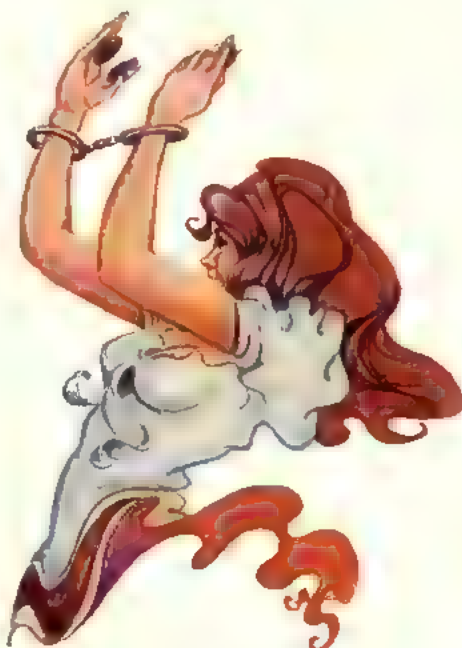
A California bail bondsman meets a wild gypsy girl who lives with him, leaves him and disrupts his dull but ordered existence by turning up again a year or so later, in jail. How the bondsman bails her out and becomes hopelessly ensnared again is the tale of *Alex and the Gypsy*, co-starring Jack Lemmon and Genevieve Bujold. Director John Korty, known for such appealingly quirky small canvas films as *Crazy Quilt* and *Riverrun* (as well as for last year's TV hit *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*), obviously finds gypsies irresistible. Though he is handicapped by a *soso* screenplay, Korty's underlying purpose is to weigh the values of the straight world against the freedom, irresponsibility and all-embracing spontaneity of the gypsy life. Their ways are certainly winning as embodied by Bujold, who continues to build her reputation as a gifted versatile actress who so submerges her own personality in each character she portrays that she has not yet established a star image in the public eye. Perhaps she just doesn't give a damn or cares more about transforming every part she takes into vivid proof that there *are* good roles for women if the right women happen to play them. Bujold is decidedly the main attraction of *Alex and the Gypsy*, despite a finely sliced wedge of Lemmon at his most sardonic.

Neither CBS nor NBC would allow its facilities to be used for filming *The Front*. They were probably right, since television's top brass looks morally bankrupt and intellectually out to lunch in this wise, witty, ironic and important drama about black listing in the entertainment industry back in the hysterical Fifties, when American culture was ruled by McCarthyism, a variety of home-grown fascism known at the time as militant anti-communism. Of course, the big news about *The Front* is that it offers Woody Allen in a serious role as a seemingly brash, opportunistic restaurant cashier who achieves fame and fortune—and ultimately develops an embryonic code of honor—after becoming the front or beard, for a writer pal (Michael Murphy) who has been black-listed by the networks as a Commie sympathizer. Judged strictly as an actor, Woody has never been better, though his performance is disconcertingly funny at times, which could be a problem for audiences conditioned to seeing him only in the context of his own manic satire. Yet he's marvelously real and convincing as the schmuck who fronts for a stable of three writers and gets so drunk with success in a mad, mad world that he starts reading Faulkner and O'Neill and tends to fuss about the quality of the scripts he puts his name on, he's also



The Front: a serious Woody.

"*The Front* is a horrifying tragicomic fable for our time, laced with a kind of restorative liberal venom."



Gypsy with a Lemmon twist.

surprisingly credible in his romantic scenes opposite movie newcomer Andrea Marcovici (altogether lovable as a girl whose high principles force her to give up a career in TV). Producer-director Martin Ritt and writer Walter Bernstein, both victims of TV black listing in the early Fifties, know this bad scene inside out, which lends a sting of strong personal

conviction to *The Front*. It is not a comprehensive or sweeping indictment of the McCarthy era, but it's a horrifying tragicomic fable for our time, laced with a kind of restorative liberal venom. Zero Mostel, Herschel Bernardi, Lloyd Gough and Joshua Shelley—all black listed performers in their day—play pivotal roles, and Mostel supplies a climactic knock-out punch as an old-school stand-up comedian who succumbs totally to the search-and-destroy tactics of the Red-hunting fanatics. After an opening collage of newsreel clips to set the scene, *The Front* doesn't name names—not McCarthy nor television's unofficial muckraking scandal sheet, *Red Channels*, nor the out-of-town supermarket owner who once made TV exers and admen grovel by threatening to link "pinko" actors and sponsors' products—but they are all clear and present dangers in a film that deserves to be studied, in this post-Watergate period of cynicism, as a history lesson we cannot afford to forget. Ritt and Bernstein, bless them, get their message across by cleverly disguising it as the most warm-blooded monster movie of 1976.

These are bad times for television moguls but very good times, indeed, for such distinguished boob-tube alumni as writer Paddy Chayefsky and director Sidney Lumet, whose outrageous and breathtaking *Network* makes *The Front* look relatively innocuous. To be fair, *The Front* deals with television *then*, while *Network* is a "now" movie in every sense. It is dramatic dynamite, a far-out fantasy that speaks to the Seventies the way *Dr. Strangelove* spoke to the chaotic Sixties more than a decade ago. The same charges are sure to be leveled against it by naysayers who will point out that the movie is exaggerated, one-sided, unjust and aesthetically on a par with simple assault. All of which may be half true, though *Network* levels a countercharge against the TV-red generation to which it addresses itself. "Because less than three percent of you read books . . . the only truth you know is what you get out of this tube." So saith Peter Finch in a tour-de-force performance as Howard Beale, anchor man in the news department of a fictional fourth major network, where Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Robert Duvall, Ned Beatty and a sizzling cast play the power games of big time broadcasting as if they were combatants in a vicious blood sport.

Chayefsky, who clearly has no soft spot for his own origins in the so-called golden age of television, sees the TV medium as a deadly weapon more insidious than *The Bomb*. The corporate

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cultural brutes he exposes in *Network* would commit murder as the price of a top-rated prime-time hit, and they are finally compelled to arrange one as the film progresses from realistic satire into savage burlesque. Fired at the outset because his ratings have plunged, Beale announces his imminent suicide on *The Seven O'Clock News*, suffers a nervous breakdown and begins to blather about the "bullshit" he's been spewing over the airwaves. Audience response is so tremendous, his bosses decide to keep him on, breakdown and all, as a kind of raving TV messiah who often passes out while denouncing "the hypocrisy of our time." There's nothing sacred, and much that's obscene, in the rating game. Meanwhile, United Broadcasting's female program chief, vibrant Miss Dunaway, comes up with an idea for a new hit show based on the activities of a revolutionary group called the Ecumenical Liberation Army ("Each week we open with an authentic act of political terrorism") whose on-camera offenses are provocatively titled *The Mao Tse-tung Hour*. Before long, the group's black militants—in a hilarious contract negotiating session at their hide-out—are just another marketable entertainment package, fussing about fees for syndication. Crazy? You bet it is. The outer limits of McLuhanism. The medium is the message. But crazy pulls viewers. In the words of Holden, giving the performance of his career as a deposed news-department head who dimly remembers the idealistic good old days, we live in a new world just this side of 1981. "Suicide . . . mad bombers, terrorists . . . the *Death Hour*, a great Sunday night show for the whole family . . . we'd wipe that fuckin' Disney right off the air." Part of the trauma that helps Holden regain some psychological balance is his frustrating extramarital fling with Dunaway, a gorgeous ball buster who strips, climbs into bed and makes love to the point of climax with out once interrupting her blow-by-blow account of a current intramural battle at network HQ.

Director Lumet dates a lot more than usual and emerges with upgraded credentials as a major American film maker as audacious as Kubrick or Altman. Every star under his command delivers a performance worth Oscar consideration, each of them seeming to catch an extra bit of fire from Chayefsky's incendiary screenplay. Chayefsky is wordy, yes, but his words have impact and he's not afraid to tackle complex, challenging ideas. *Network* finally goes into orbit far beyond the scope of inside-TV bitchery, focusing upon Duvall and Beatty (both sensational) as a couple of the larger sharks from a huge conglomerate whose ultimate aim—abetted by Arabs and other power-and-money men—is "a vast dominion of dollars," with television



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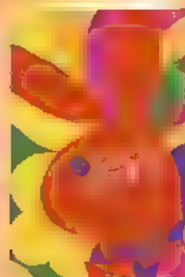
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functioning simply as a boredom-killing side show, lest the natives become restless. Such notions are not the crowd pleaser stuff of pop entertainment. For five minutes of *Network* demands more from a moviegoer than your average TV addict could imagine in a month of bleary Sundays.

Bugsy Malone is a G-rated musical about gangsters at the tag end of the Roaring Twenties. Does that sound cutesy? You ain't heard nothin' yet. The cast, led by pint-sized Scott Baio as Bugsy and 15-year-old Jodie Foster as a whiskey-voiced night club chanteuse named Tallulah, is made up entirely of prepubescent or teenaged actors (average age: 12). The young fry shoot to kill with "splunge guns"—apparently loaded with custard-pie filling—and wheel around in vintage pedal-powered getaway cars. Composer-performer Paul Williams provided *Bugsy's* words and music, which aren't bad as bogus nostalgia. Made in England, the brain storm of writer-director Alan Parker, the movie as a whole is almost unnervingly slick and professional—a kiddiecarload of old movie clichés performed with relentless precocity by actual children, every last one of them looking like a deprived midget. It boggles the mind to think of all the stage mothers who must have fought like tigresses to make them what they are. There may be moviegoers who will find *Bugsy Malone* peachy keen, charming and wholesome. They are welcome to it. From our point of view, this oddball enterprise brings to mind Dr. Samuel Johnson's timeless comment about a dog's walking upright on its hind legs: the question raised by such a dubious phenomenon, said Johnson, is not how *well* is the thing done—but *why*.

French film maker Marcel Ophüls created *The Sorrow and the Pity*, the definitive documentary about France under the German Occupation, and his claim to greatness can rest securely on that. He may never find a better subject, for his subsequent works tend to lose by comparison. No exception is his four-and-a-half-hour *The Memory of Justice*, a personal and sometimes profound examination of the Nuremberg trials in which he suggests that German war guilt would be difficult to judge today—in a world morally corroded by the wars in Vietnam and Algeria, by CIA outrages and H-bombs, by the horrors of My Lai and the Kent State massacre. Interviews with convicted Nazis Albert Speer and Admiral Karl Dönitz, with Telford Taylor (chief U.S. counsel at Nuremberg) and Daniel Ellsberg, and with Ophüls' own family and his German-born wife, Regine (asked by students at Princeton whether she knew anyone who was connected with the Hitler Youth program, Mrs. Ophüls

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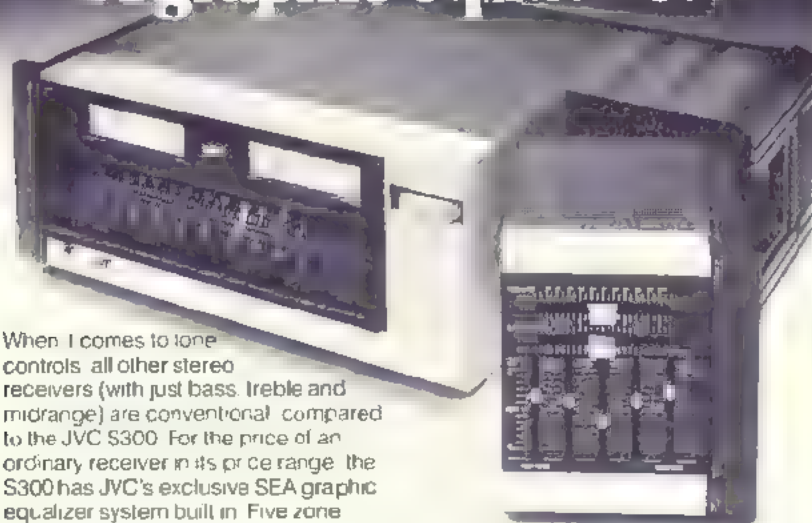
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promptly replies, "I was"), establish the central point that people tend to behave unpredictably in times of stress and that the Germans as a nation probably hold no patent on man's inhumanity to man. Because Ophuls is brilliant, honest, self-searching, compassionate and fair-minded to a fault, *Memory of Justice* seems as unimpeachable as the Ten Commandments for liberal thinkers of every denomination. Liberals, however, won't learn much that they don't already know and agree with (an Ellsberg speech at Kent State really offers few surprises). This is the kind of movie that ought to be required viewing for the unconverted who are not likely—in our relatively free society—to spend well over four hours being told to think twice, or three times, about sticky moral issues supposedly settled decades ago.

Small, fragile films about the coming of age of young virgins are generally easy to skip. But *Veronique*, or *The Summer of My 13th Year*, a first feature by French director Claudine Guilmain, looks at the adult world through the eyes of a clever, reflective teenager (Anne Teyssedre) who considers herself deprived—or hopes to be, eventually. During a holiday with her godparents, a fairly sophisticated couple, Veronique learns a lot—especially after she half-innocently lures her godfather into making a fumbling pass at her. Mlle. Guilmain, a former assistant to director Eric (Claire's Kner) Rohmer, treats the classic transformation from girlhood to sexy young womanhood with subtle worldliness and wit; she makes *Veronique* as provocative as the sight of a girl quietly slipping into her first full-sized bra.

Billy Avers, Kathy Boudin, Bernardine Doherty, Jeff Jones and Cathy Wilkerson are the controversial stars of *Underground*, a film by Mary Lampson, cinematographer Haskell Wexler and Emile de Antonio (whose *Point of Order*, dealing with the Army McCarthy hearings, has become a documentary classic). *Underground* is less important as a film per se than as yet another test of First Amendment guarantees. Its five leading participants are fugitive members of the Weather Underground movement, who never appear directly on-camera except in deep shadows, lest they blow their cover: the ideas they express—dramatized by documentary footage of the Chicago riots and other milestone confrontations of the Sixties—are neither mind-blowing nor new. In fact, these exiled would-be revolutionaries often sound pathetically naïve. What matters most about *Underground* is that De Antonio and his colleagues have had to fight off grand jury subpoenas in California for asserting their right to make a movie on any subject they choose, even if it involves clandestine



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meetings with fugitives from justice. They were attacked in Congress last year (by Representative Larry McDonald of Georgia) as "left-wing crackpots"; McDonald also read into the record a "dishonor roll" of "Hollywood's radical chic colony" that supported De Antonio—a list glittering with such names as Warren Beatty, Jeff Bridges, Jack Nicholson, Mel Brooks and Shirley MacLaine. Because *Underground* is a movie about subversives who freely admit blowing up banks and a Greenwich Village town house, and planting a bomb in the U.S. Capitol building, any American has the right to detest it—but not the right to suppress it, and certainly no right to punish the film makers who challenge us to listen to the faceless, muffled, youthful, occasionally tiresome, perhaps prophetic voice of dissidence in America.

Filmed biographies of frontier outlaws are a hardy perennial subject for cinema, yet *Mad Dog* manages to look fresh, authentic and impassioned—as if 27-year-old writer-director Philippe Mora got carried away and made the movie out of pure enthusiasm, not to pay homage to a dozen earlier classic Westerns. *Mad Dog*, set in Australia, is photographed (by Mike Malloy, who filmed Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*) with such unreal splendor that the eye-popping scenery often resembles a painted backdrop. The movie tells the sad story of a horse thief and highwayman named Daniel Morgan (1843–1865), a legendary figure among Aussie badmen. Dennis Hopper plays Mad Dog Morgan, as he came to be known, with that special crazed intensity that is virtually a Hopper trademark and that happens to jibe perfectly with Mora's portrait of Morgan as an ill-used, illiterate, lonely, drunken and sexually inept social misfit. Jailed at an early age for minor crimes, Morgan is hounded and branded in prison and begins to form the habits of a misspent lifetime. There's some poetic license—all to the good—in Mora's screenplay, which shows Morgan as a pathetically frightened man quaking behind the Mad Dog myth. The only friend he fully trusts is an aborigine (David Gulpilil, first seen in the Australian-made *Walkabout* in 1971) who once saved his life; his trail is dogged by bounty hunters, by a French photographer who seems intent on capturing him for posterity, dead or alive—and by a sadistic district superintendent, who finally intones Morgan's epitaph, "Off with his head, and don't forget the scrotum—it might make an interesting tobacco pouch." Happily, that act of violence is not shown, though *Mad Dog* offers several others that may put even strong stomachs to the test. Those who can bear it will find that this memorable wildcat bio, produced on a penny-ante

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budget. has enough meat on its bones to make Morgan more than a match for Jesse James or Billy the Kid.

FILM CLIPS

St. Ives: Charles Bronson, as a private eye, joins John Houseman, Maximilian Schell and scrumptious Jacqueline Bisset in a \$4,000,000 caper that they perform tongue in cheek, though severely handicapped by foot-in-mouth dialog.

The Sunday Woman: Bisset bounces back (her voice dubbed in Italian with English subtitles) as a spoiled little rich bitch telling less than she knows about a murder victim who has been zonked with a piece of phallic statuary. Marcello Mastroianni as a police inspector and Jean-Louis Trintignant, as the lady's favorite faggot, help gather up the loose ends—all fashionably frayed and amusing to follow.

How Funny Can Sex Be?: Just passably funny in spots, according to the evidence in director Dino Risì's eight part sex comedy played by Laura Antonelli and Giancarlo Giannini, who do what they can—occasionally they manage to do quite a lot—with the multiple roles handed to them.

The Clockmaker: One of France's finest actors, Philippe Noiret, in an award winning film by fledgling director Bertrand Tavernier, whose low key but poignant drama describes how a doggedly ordinary man when his wayward son is arrested for murder, establishes a relationship with the boy by letting him go with grace and dignity.

Burnt Offerings. An evil old house, claiming a new batch of human sacrifices, meets stiff resistance from Karen Black, Bette Davis and Oliver Reed, who play this absurd modern gothic horror show as if it were premium Grand Gignol.

Get Charlie Tully: In the title role, a bawdy English comic named Dick Emery works up some very broad sport as a con man tracking down four shapely birds whose fannies can make his fortune—since the digits tattooed thereon are his only dues to the number of a secret Swiss bank account.

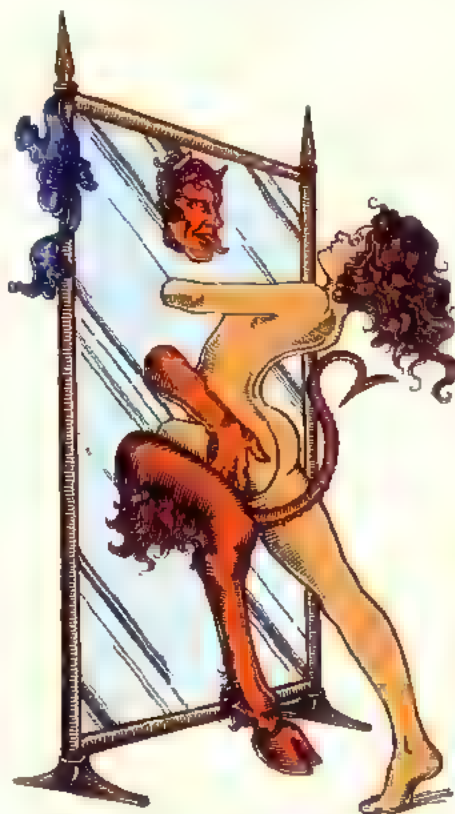
Idi Amin Dada—A Self Portrait: French director Barbet Schroeder's "authorized" biography of Uganda's eccentric dictator—who welcomed Palestinian hijackers long before the Entebbe incident—may be one of the great sick jokes of modern cinema. General Amin also wrote the music to accompany his nonstop monolog (photographed by Nestor Almendros) in pidgin English, a collage of utter nonsense from one of the world's most dangerous political clowns. Scary.

Survival: Crash landed in the Andes, a South American rugby team discovers a new winter sport: cannibalism. This cheaply dubbed, Mexican-made shocker produces instant nausea.

X-RATED

Edging into social acceptability on the heels of the soft-core, X-rated *Alice in Wonderland*, producer-director Jonas Middleton's *Through the Looking Glass* is the latest landmark movie to display beaver as if it were raunch mink, proving again that hard-core can be handled with class. Dell's paperback prose version of *Looking Glass* describes it with reasonable accuracy as "a seething novel of supernatural sex." The demonic tale bears absolutely no resemblance to Lewis Carroll's children's classic, beyond the title; it's mainly a psychological thriller, a study of obsessive narcissism focused on the face, figure and psyche of a rich, beautiful young woman whose sensual wonderland lies behind a mirror in a

murky attic room. She seems to have had an incestuous relationship with her father, now deceased, who looked a lot like the lusty blueskinned bruce who keeps groping her from beyond the pale every time she sneaks upstairs to pump (in this dual role as seducer, Jamie Gillis stands out both phallically and dramatically). The story need not be taken too seriously, but neither can it be scoffed at as just another piece of sloppy pornography pretending to be a real movie. Director Middleton has obviously learned a lot since his last low-budget effort, *Illusions of a Lady*; *Looking Glass* is porno with a privileged air—beautifully photographed, sharply edited and spooked up with a richly atmospheric musical score by Arlon Ober. Topping the film's list of natural advantages is leading lady Catharine Burgess, an extravagantly beautiful blonde who claims that a double perforated her hardest-core close-ups (in any case, it's a deception so skillful you'll hardly notice). Though she lacks acting experience, Catharine clicks in front of a camera as all sex symbols instinctively



The Devil makes her do it.

"*Looking Glass* is the latest landmark movie to display beaver as if it were raunch mink."

do, looks sexiest with her clothes on and is probably on her way to bigger—if not flarer—conquests.

A wealthy, bored, neglected young housewife goes on a sexual lunge as a spare-time prostitute in *The Joy of Letting Go*, an elegant chunk of San Francisco porno from femme producer Summer Brown, who made *China Girl*. Maybe we just imagine that Brown's feminine touch is visible at all times—John Gregory is credited as director—but this is high-concentrate erotica, shot with a kind of sly intimacy and a nice feeling for silky tones and textures. The respectable-slur angle has been tried more than once before, and *Letting Go* seems to

strive for a classy image somewhere between *Emmanuelle* and Luis Buñuel's memorable *Belle de Jour* (which had Catherine Deneuve as the whoring mirror). The movie doesn't quite make that leap to major-league status, though leading lady Dominique St. Pierre brings a certain chic to porno that few hard-core performers can match. She's neither beautiful nor voluptuous, and she's no great actress, but she's billed as a former high-fashion model for Halston and Courrèges, and looks the part. There lies the secret joy—and maybe the snob appeal—of *Letting Go*, which fulfills those man-with-a-mannequin fantasies by bringing *haute couture* down to the ground and grab level of hard-core.

Early this year, a *Variety* showbiz trend spotter observed that the porno-film industry "yearns for respectability the way a hooker yens for mink." The stag-movie folks haven't quite made it yet, but *Letting Go*, like *Looking Glass*, definitely takes some strides along the path to upward mobility.

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Truman Capote has been called many things—from literary godfather to serious writer—and his long-awaited novel *Answered Prayers* isn't going to set the record straight if the reaction to the three chapters previewed in *Esquire* is any indication of what's to come. The media went crazy speculating about the real identities of his characters—which Capote says isn't the point of the novel at all. So *PLAYBOY* sent writer Beverly Gary Kempton to talk with him in an attempt to untangle media event from literary event.

PLAYBOY: The media have probably spent more time trying to figure out who the characters in your book are than remarking on how it works as a novel. What is your reaction to all this?

CAPOTE: Amazement. I've published only three chapters, after all.

PLAYBOY: How long will the finished book be?

CAPOTE: It will print out to about 600 pages of good-sized type. But at this point, I don't think people understand what it is I am doing.

PLAYBOY: What are you doing?

CAPOTE: I'm just carrying my ideas about nonfiction writing one step further. In *Cold Blood* was pure journalism; every word of it was true. But the logical extension of that was to write a novel that was really a novel—and yet everything in it was true. A *roman à clef* is something that's disguised very vaguely, but I'm not bothering to disguise anything. I'm laying it right on the line and, to me, it is a literary experiment.

PLAYBOY: Why did you want to combine the two forms?

CAPOTE: Because I've never seen it done before and it's a challenge. My book is in no way modeled after Proust, although it has certain elements that are the same. It's very American and very contemporary, written in a language that is of the moment. But I've always had the theory that Proust's books would have been better if he hadn't spent all that time disguising things and transposing sexes.

PLAYBOY: When did the idea for this book come to you?

CAPOTE: About 20 years ago. I wrote the last 250 pages first, so I would always know exactly where I was going. It's such a complicated book, like a series of Chinese boxes that keep opening and opening.

PLAYBOY: What are you trying to cover in the book?

CAPOTE: Just about everything. It's not about the jet set per se; that's just part of it. The book is really about the narrator, and even very intelligent people seem to think the narrator is me.



Capote on Capote.

"My entire book is gossip.
I don't deny that for an instant.
What I say is that all
literature is gossip."

PLAYBOY: Well, isn't he?

CAPOTE: That has been the difficulty. Sometimes the narrator is me—for example, in a scene with Colette. But I took another person—his background and his particular personality—and grafted the two together. Otherwise, the book wouldn't work. There are certain things about the narrator that could never have happened to me, but there are also things about the narrator that could never have happened to the other person. It's necessary to the story that the narrator be a failed person.

PLAYBOY: The main scene to which people are reacting is the one in the New York restaurant La Côte Basque. The narrator is lunching with the ladies of the jet set, some of whom, like Walter Matthau's wife, Carol, are called by their real names, others of whom are called by fictional ones. Who is the narrator in this excerpt?

CAPOTE: Obviously, I am.

PLAYBOY: The narrator in another excerpt, "Unspoiled Monsters," says he'd like to be a grownup. What does being a grownup mean to you?

CAPOTE: I mean I wanted to have some mature feelings and mature judgments and not be so subjective and erratic in my behavior and opinions. And I wanted to be less fearful.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible to be grown-up?

CAPOTE: No. Maybe on your deathbed.

PLAYBOY: You've been in and out of the Côte Basque world for years. Why has it attracted you, when you've said repeatedly that much of what goes on there is a waste of time?

CAPOTE: Because I wanted to write this book.

PLAYBOY: Really?

CAPOTE: Basically, yes. Actually, there were four or five people in that world I really liked a lot, and still like very much.

PLAYBOY: Who?

CAPOTE: Well, Barbara Paley, Lee Radziwill . . . oh, I don't know, a half-dozen people.

PLAYBOY: Are the rich different?

CAPOTE: Of course they are different. They have extraordinary freedom. They live in a dimension beyond that of most other people. They have a strange way of hanging together all the time, but they don't really like one another at all. It's as if they were afraid to go outside their little enclave.

PLAYBOY: What do you represent to them?

CAPOTE: I don't know, really. I'm a very good conversationalist, very amusing.

PLAYBOY: You never felt they were using you?

CAPOTE: Oh, no.

PLAYBOY: But you've been conscious, as the years went by, of the extent to which you were using them?

CAPOTE: But I wasn't using them. I mean, it was a fair exchange.

PLAYBOY: Is gossip literature?

CAPOTE: Of course it is—and, in fact, my entire book is gossip. I don't deny that for an instant. What I say is that all literature is gossip, certainly all prose narrative literature. What in God's green earth is *Anna Karenina* or *War and Peace* or *Madame Bovary* if not gossip? Or Jane Austen? Or Proust? Gossip is the absolute exchange of human communication. It can be two ladies at the back fence or Tolstoy writing *War and Peace*.

PLAYBOY: Do people confide in you?

CAPOTE: Oh, yes, they tell me, they write to me. I think it's because I have a totally noncritical attitude, people feel they can tell me anything at all. I can see things from two angles. I have an extremely strong, masculine mind and a feminine sensibility level, which is kind of an unusual combination. Both men and women tell me things and I can relate on two levels simultaneously.

PLAYBOY: Do you care what other people think about you or your work?

CAPOTE: I don't give a damn, really. I know what I think about myself as a writer. The fact is I'm very good. But I

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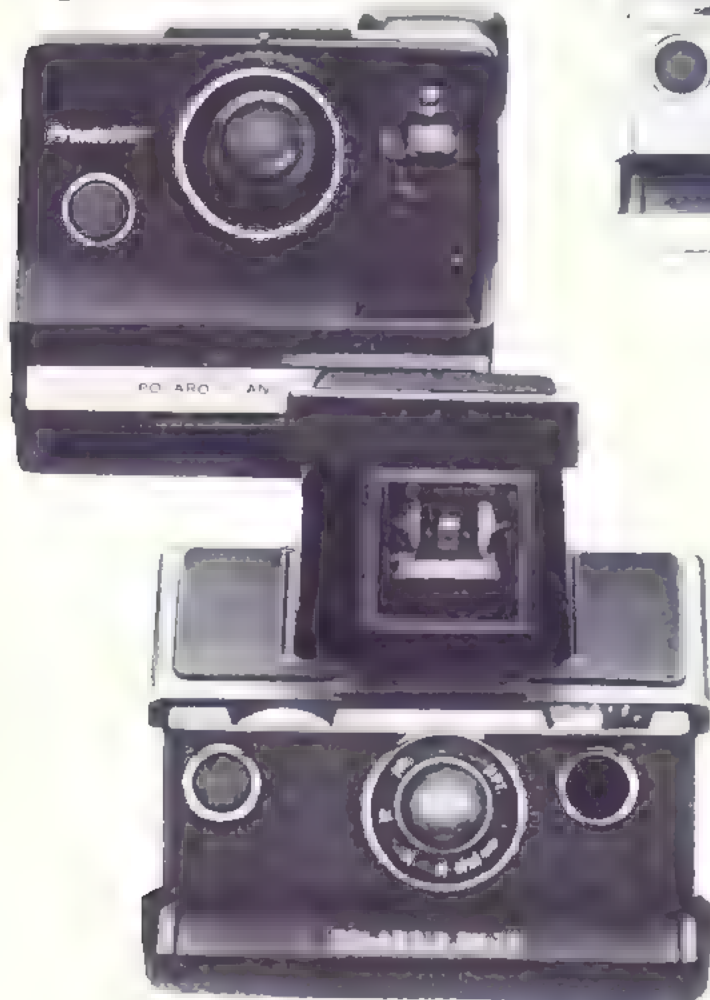
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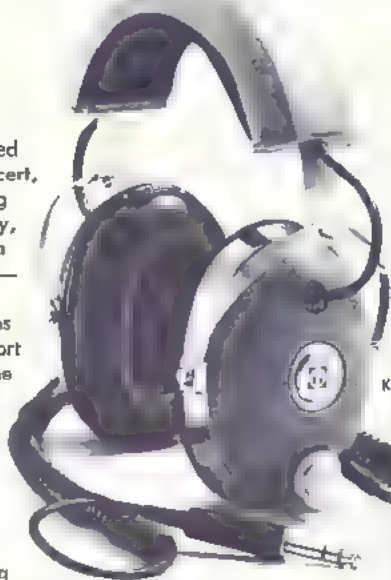
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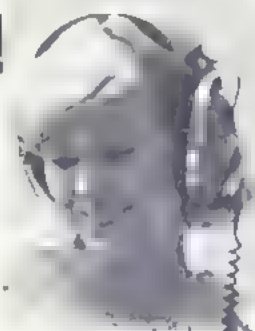
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do want to prove to myself that I can do something as complicated as this book.

PLAYBOY: And are you proving it to yourself?

CAPOTE: So far. So far.

Gabriel Garcia Márquez' second novel, *The Autumn of the Patriarch* (Harper & Row), has such magnitude and power that even its formal construction strains the imagination. There are only five paragraphs in the entire book, some well over 50 pages long, so broad are the strokes with which he paints a surrealist portrait of the General that makes Salvador Dalí look like Norman Rockwell. Sentences run ten and more pages at a stretch, making William Faulkner's prose read like a string of simple declarative sentences, all hung like a giant spider in a reticulum of horror, treachery and intrigue that makes Franz Kafka seem a calm, detached, impartial judge of everyday reality.

The General rules, mercilessly, a country somewhere in the Caribbean. He has a herniated testicle he keeps in a sling. The hernia causes a pronounced whistling noise at inappropriate moments. He has no lines in the palms of his hands, wears one gold spur on his left heel, has enormous feet, wears a denim uniform with no insignia and makes love without removing his clothes to thousands of concubines, all of whom invariably give birth to runts, premature at seven months.

Throughout the book, hundreds of assassination plots are hatched against the General; instinctively, he knows of them beforehand. When his most faithful guard, the defense minister, Major General Rodrigo de Aguiar, the only person allowed by law to beat him at dominoes, makes the fatal mistake, the General gathers the coconspiring, treacherous guards for a celebration. During the evening, he toasts them and wines them to their consternation. De Aguiar does not appear on time and the crowd gets more and more restless, "until 12 o'clock finished chiming, and then the curtains parted and the distinguished Major General Rodrigo de Aguiar entered on a silver tray stretched out full length on a garnish of cauliflower and laurel leaves, steeped with spices, oven brown, embellished with the uniform of five golden almonds for solemn occasions . . . 14 pounds of medals on his chest and a sprig of parsley in his mouth, ready to be served at a banquet of comrades by the official carvers to the petrified horror of the guests as without breathing we witness the exquisite ceremony of carving and serving, and when every plate held an equal portion of minister of defense stuffed with pine nuts and aromatic herbs, he gave the order to begin, eat hearty, gentlemen."

The book, which took from 1968 to 1975 to write, is a monolithic tale of a

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Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

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Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's

to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The



extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of 1/2 lemon or lime, 1 1/2 oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.



Myers's Rum and Cola:

Into a highball glass, add 1 1/2 oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point.

Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods.

Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

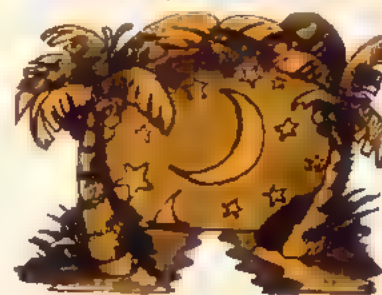


to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear:

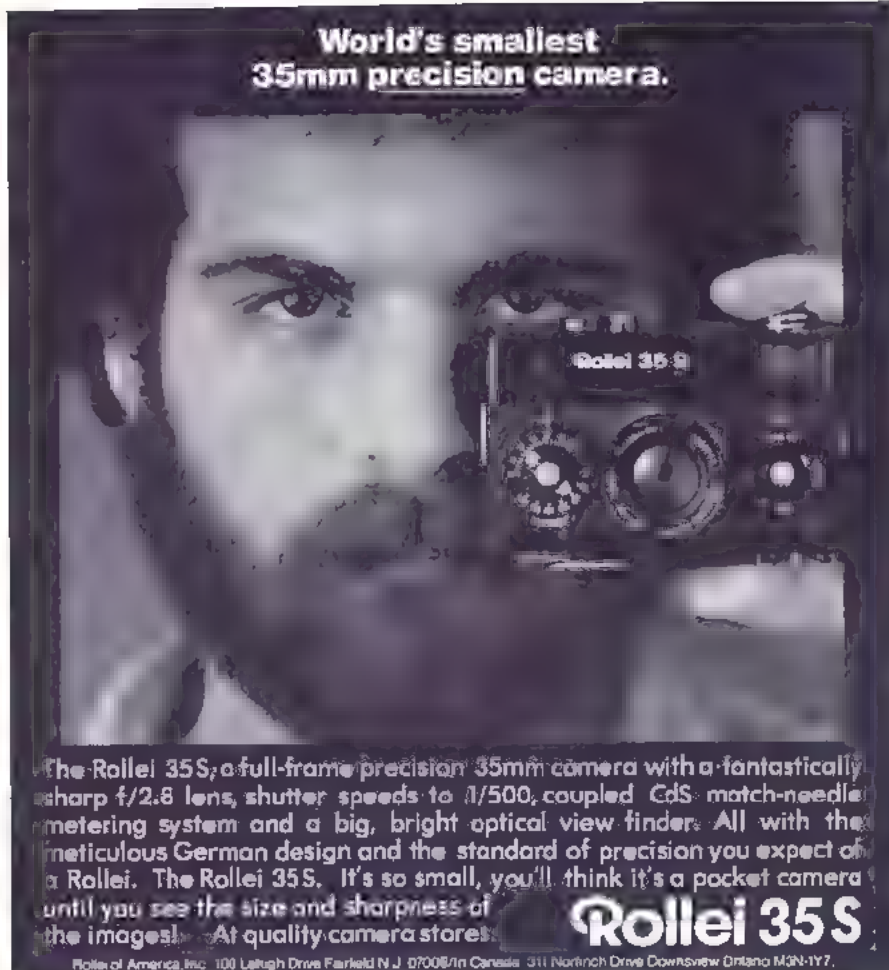
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mad, power-crazed monarch who rules with uncertain motives a land of unknown dimensions containing a population of mysterious origin and indeterminate size who are hired by a subversive military at enormous cost to stage outrageous demonstrations of their love for the General so that he might never learn that they all truly hate him for such things as sending 2000 children out to sea on a concrete barge and dynamiting it so that no one will ever learn that those children were part of a plot to fix the national lottery.

Gunshot. Ricochet.

ANNOUNCER: Now, as gunshots echo across the wind-swept snow-covered reaches of the wild Northwest, Quaker Puffed Wheat. . .

Gunshot. Ricochet.

ANNOUNCER: And Quaker Puffed Rice. . .

Gunshot. Ricochet.

ANNOUNCER: The breakfast cereals shot from guns. . .

Two gunshots.

ANNOUNCER: Present . . . Sergeant Preston of the Northwest Mounted Police, in his relentless pursuit of lawbreakers'

PRESTON: On, King! On, you Huskies!

If you are over 30, this little script probably rings in your ears like a familiar old voice. Three times a week, from 1917 to 1955, Sergeant Preston got his man in most of America's living rooms. Radio entertainment—born 1926, died 1962 murdered by Cyclops—is survived only by a bland and monotonous repetition of news and music. R.I.P. In those days, radio left enough to the imagination to be great fun; it deserved a better end. The hundreds of radio drama, comedy and variety shows—gone now and practically forgotten—that entertained two generations of Americans are cataloged in John Dunning's *Tune in Yesterday* (Prentice Hall). Arranging his book in alphabetical order, with a few paragraphs recalling casts, plots and famous lines of each show, Dunning has made it easy for a reader to browse through, pick out old favorites and enjoy some amusing nostalgia. All of America's old friends—Stella Dallas, Fibber McGee and Molly, The Great Gildersleeve, The Green Hornet—are here. Once again, you can hear Orson Welles as Lamont Cranston intoning the message that The Shadow knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men and Smith! Ed McConnell telling Froggy the Gremlin to plunk his magic twanger.

Never mind that it reads like deep background for poli sci 101. The message of Morton Mintz and Jerry S. Cohen's *Power, Inc.* (Viking) is clear: Vast areas

HOW TO INFLUENCE PEOPLE.



Nothing makes a man look more persuasive than taking a cigar out of a tube. And there's no better tubed cigar for the money than Royale by Gold Label. A stylish cigar with a rich Cameroon wrapper. And all the mildness and freshness sealed in by the tube. So take out a Royale and be impressive, even before you speak.



*ROYALE in a tube
by Gold Label*

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All in all, it's quite a stereo radio. Not just because it's a Panasonic. But because it has pushbutton and manual tuning. An AM/FM slide bar. Four-way balance control for use with four speakers. Even a stereo indicator light.

With our in-dash CB with FM/AM/FM stereo, you get more room for your knees. And that means more room for a lot of other things.



Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

of Government and other major institutions function virtually free from public scrutiny, to say nothing of accountability. Watergate revealed merely the tip of that iceberg; its lesson, to quote Congressman Richard Bolling of Missouri, is "not that we had a President who was either blind or willful—but that there was nobody watching." Congressional committee chairmen were supposed to be our watchdogs, but—although regularly apprised of FBI and CIA wrongdoings over the years—they said nothing; they the book points out, are "overseers who are not overseen."

Mintz and Cohen designed *Power, Inc.* as a more sweeping sequel to their *America, Inc.*, and this tedious thicket—comprising thousands of cases of Governmental and corporate unaccountability—is an almost overresearched compendium of abuse. It is also depressing. "The founding fathers . . . would be appalled by the evolution, under their grand design, of a scowling Government," say the authors after citing the many of illegal bombing in Cambodia, FBI bugging at home, fatal irresponsibility in regulatory agencies (remember the 1974 DC10 crash outside Paris, when 345 people died because a cargo door blew off?).

As a solution, Mintz and Cohen cheerfully propose a constitutional amendment that would give any eligible voter standing in Federal court to sue any person

(Nixon, Haldeman, Mitchell—take your pick) "causing substantial harm to the safety or happiness of a consequential number of people." So, OK, you and I can finally make a Federal case out of



Gays get a history book.

the old adage If you don't like it, sue me! The only thing is, who's watchdogging the courts?

A sure sign that a minority is developing a political consciousness is the appearance of an anthology tracing its roots. Following the precedents of blacks and

women's liberationists, Jonathan Katz has collected 800 pages of *Gay American History* (Crowell). In a book that might be subtitled "The Skeletons in the American Closet," Katz documents homosexual life styles through 200 years of oppression. The information is diverse and fascinating: For example, there's the strange tale of the laundress for Custer's Seventh Cavalry, who died while her husband, a Corporal Nash, was out on patrol. When the ladies of the fort laid the poor soul out, they discovered that Mrs. Nash was a Mr. You won't see *that* scene in a John Wayne movie.

QUICK READS

Max Apple / *The Oranging of America* (Grossman): It's not often that we have a chance to get in on the ground floor of a new author's elevator ride to greatness. Apple's stories deal with everything from Monty Hall, Norman Mailer and vegetarians to a certain President from Grand Rapids. Enjoy the discovery.

Hubert Selby, Jr. / *The Demon* (Playboy Press): Harry White is obsessed with sex, power and ambition and nothing can control his demons—not success or love or even crime. Selby, the author of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, has written a taut, quick novel about a guy who doesn't make it.



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SELECTED SHORTS

insights and outcries on matters large and small

GOODBYE, JOEY ERNST

By Edgar Smith

DEATH ROW gets frighteningly quiet the night of an execution. Most of the men lie on their beds, reading or listening to the radio on their headphones, respecting the right of the condemned man to be left alone in peace and quiet. But it was neither peaceful nor quiet on the row the night Joey Ernst burned.

Joey Ernst was the second-to-last man executed in the state of New Jersey—on July 31, 1962. I was in the cell next to Joey's that night, and by the time I was released nine years later, I had spent almost 15 years under a death sentence—more than anyone else in modern American penal history. Within months, America had joined the growing list of countries that abolished legalized murder—the death penalty. In the eyes of many, America had taken one more step toward being civilized.

Joey Ernst was a short, muscular, heavily tattooed 22-year-old from Camden, New Jersey. He was sentenced to death for the murder of his teenaged girlfriend, whose offense was to have Joey arrested for beating her up with a soda pop bottle several weeks earlier. He often boasted to inmates and guards alike that "I fuckin' near shot one of her big tits off."

Three men were executed while I was on death row, but Joey was the strangest. His hero was Hitler. I saw his cell decorated with swastikas and pictures of Nazi leaders. Joey fancied himself a tough guy and liked to bounce around his cell on the balls of his feet, his hands carefully wrapped with strips of bed sheet and elastic bandage, snorting through the nose and throwing punches at the walls. For men who have failed at everything else in their lives, including crime, there is nothing left except to prove their manhood, to show that they aren't failures at that, too.

The guards often let two men at a time out of their cells on Friday—shower day. One Friday, just a couple of months before his execution, Joey was in the shower while Freddy Sturdivant was let out to walk up and down the row. Freddy was a big young black dude under death sentence for the sexual assault and murder of his three-year-old stepdaughter. Joey stepped out of the shower and slowly began wrapping his right hand with the usual sheet strips and bandage. Joey waited until Freddy's back was turned and he had arrived just in front

of Joey's cell. Then Joey scooped up his towels and shower clogs in his left hand and ran silently barefoot down the wing behind Freddy. He hauled off with his bandaged right hand and punched Freddy in the back of the head, then jumped into his cell, pulling the self-locking door shut behind him. The punch sounded like the thud of a watermelon dropped on the street. Freddy doubled forward and reached up to his head. Joey screamed, "That'll teach ya, ya black motherfucker!"

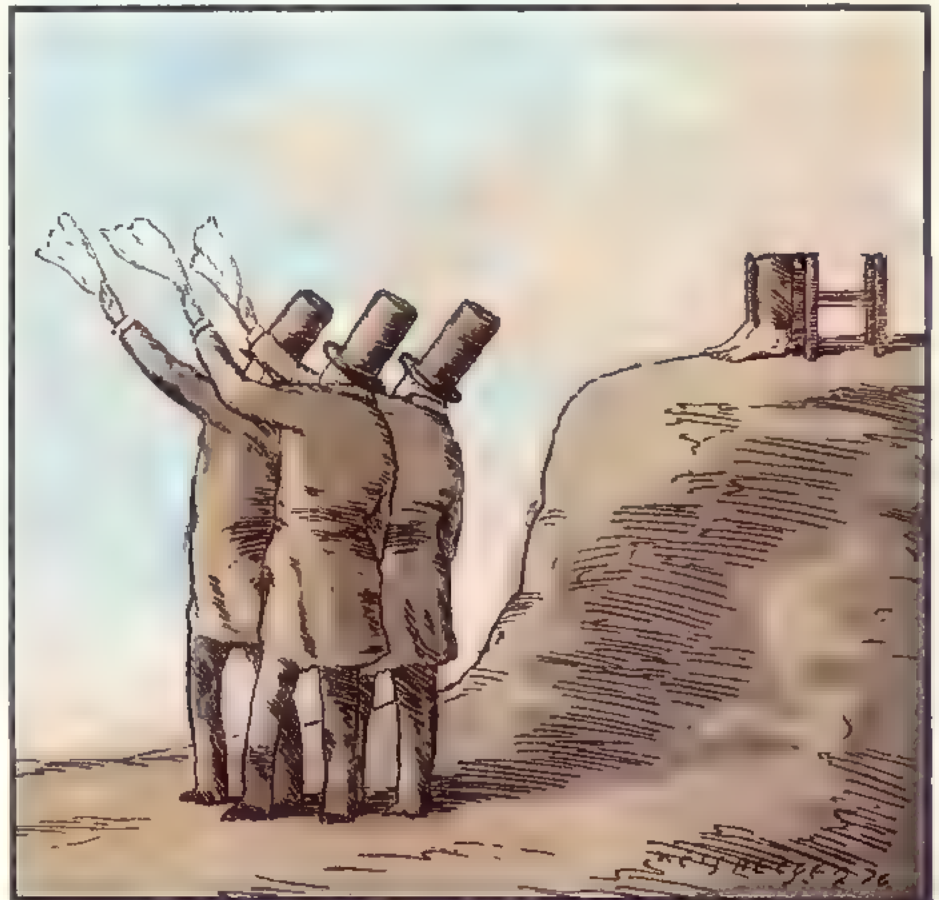
Joey hated blacks almost as much as he hated Jews.

Joey was scheduled to die at ten P.M. on a Tuesday, the traditional execution night in New Jersey. His last meal Tuesday night was typical—a dry, overcooked turkey, canned peas, mashed

that most of us felt it would be obscene to eat it.

Joey kept up a steady stream of chatter between mouthfuls of his last supper, perhaps to bolster his own courage or to "prove something" one last time. Once he called for a volunteer to go into the execution room and hold his hand while he burned.

We could hear the preparations being completed in the death chamber only 30 feet from where Joey ate and joked. There was the scraping of wooden chairs on the cement floor as the witnesses were brought in. At 9:45, the outside door to the death house opened and the escort detail filed in—40 men, 28 of whom were volunteers, all big and tough, all veterans of previous executions. They clustered silently in front of Joey's cell, separated only by the bars, watching him.



potatoes, ice cream, coffee and a layer cake served, for some reason, with all last meals. It was a huge thing, flat, about 18 inches across, 24 inches long, four inches thick and covered with all sorts of colorful, fancy swirled decorations. They served one of those ugly things with the last meal for each of the three executions I witnessed, and on each occasion it was thrown untasted into the garbage can. It was such a goddamn festive-looking thing

puffing their cigarettes nervously.

"Hey, Smitty, look at these clowns," Joey shouted to me. "They look like they're going to the chair instead of me."

At 9:59, there was a knock on the inside of the green door to the execution chamber. "That's it, Mr. Ernst," said the officer in charge. "It's time to go."

Joey was sitting on the end of his bed, his legs swinging back and forth, stirring the pint of ice cream into a mush in his

bowl. "Wait'll I finish my ice cream," he said.

The officer looked at the others, then looked at Joey. "But it's time."

Fuck 'em. I ain't finished my ice cream."

The warden was stunned. Men always walk to their deaths at ten o'clock in New Jersey. For Joey to upset the official timetable was extremely discourteous. Some of the witnesses might still have other things to do that evening, perhaps rush home and catch *The Tonight Show*. It could also set a bad precedent. The witnesses were all very important people who had been assured by the state that the show would begin promptly at ten. Delay an execution? Unthinkable. It could give the prison a bad name.

At two or three minutes after ten, Joey dropped the stainless-steel bowl and spoon into his sink with a loud crash and said, "OK, let's get this fuckin' show on the road. We can't disappoint the vultures." Joey stopped for a moment to flick his cigar butt into the shower room, then stepped into the execution chamber, the big steel door clanging shut behind him.

A few minutes later, the escort detail returned. One officer nodded sheepishly as he walked past my cell and out of the death house. Joey Ernst was dead.

Edgar Smith spent over 14 years on death row for murder in the first degree. He was released in 1972, when the plea was changed to second-degree murder.

TO TELL THE TRUTH

By Thomas Plate

NOT LONG AGO, Johnny Carson was talking about Ron Nessen, the White House press secretary who was formerly NBC's White House correspondent. Carson was struggling to define Nessen's job. He finally concluded that when Jerry Ford had nothing to say, Nessen's job was to put it into words.

What Carson might have added to this otherwise correct observation—perhaps he was inhibited by deference to Nessen's former and his own current employer—was that on those rare occasions when Gerald Ford is forced to say something, it is often Nessen's job to lie about it. As White House press secretary, Ron Nessen is paid some \$44,000 to play the

required games with the truth. As a network correspondent, by comparison, he made a lot more to reveal the truth. And that comparison raises a tantalizing question: Why would a man give up a \$60,000-plus job that necessarily involves some truth-telling for a \$44,000 job that necessarily involves a great deal of untruth-telling?

The obvious answer—the one that would be advanced by the political-science professors—is that the President of the United States is one of the most powerful men on earth. The opportunity to be next door to the center of the universe was clearly seductive for men like James Hagerty (Ike), Pierre Salinger (J.F.K.), Bill Moyers (L.B.J.), Ron Ziegler and Gerald Warren (R.M.N.). Even Jerry terHorst, a popular and highly experienced old hand among the Washington press corps, was unable to pass up his bite of the big apple when it was offered by Ford. TerHorst at least possessed the moral stufing to get the hell out the first time his job forced him to lie to his former colleagues (making way for Nessen, who was not, and still isn't, popular with the Washington press but is evidently a great deal more comfortable in the role of the President's flack). But if terHorst's resignation after just one month on the job astonished a Watergate-charged public, it did not really surprise the press corps. One correspondent remarked that "Jerry thought that the White House press office ought to tell the truth."

But really, Jerry should have known better. After all, he had been Washington bureau chief for *The Detroit News* since 1961. Everyone in Washington knew that the White House press secretary is paid what he is as much to hide information as to hand it out. Indeed, the bottom line of the job is to obscure the truth when the Commander in Chief so commandeth, to traffic in nontruths without blushing any more deeply than a street-walker in the act of unzipping a man's fly and to protect, at all costs—whether to the country, the press corps, God and/or himself—the uncrowned king, the imperial President. L.B.J. actually told Moyers as much when he became press secretary in 1965 at the tender age of 31 and Moyers, obedient young man that he was, clearly took the President's advice to heart. Perhaps best remembered for his loyal collaboration during the first phase of the troop buildup in Vietnam, Moyers is also not to be forgotten for launching an assiduous and perhaps understandable PR campaign to keep the Commander in Chief out of the public

eye during that fatal and crucial escalatory phase—by discontinuing those embarrassing televised press conferences and those awkward, bad-imitation-Truman walks with newsmen. "The more they are with him," Moyers conceded then in what now looks a bit reminiscent of the strategy of the cover-up, "the more the press can become obsessed with the aspects of his personality they don't find attractive." *Of course!*

Moyers did ultimately quit, although he took a year and a half to make a decision that terHorst came to in four weeks. The time lapse may be explained as the difference between working for L.B.J. (who possessed, after all, the virtue of a distinguished and sincere domestic program) and for Ford (who didn't, and doesn't), or between being a young Bill Moyers and an older, wiser Jerry terHorst; but for all their difference, Moyers and terHorst, like Hagerty, Salinger, Ziegler and Warren, may very well have shared one clearly pertinent perception—and this may really explain why the President almost never has any trouble recruiting some dolt to take the odious job as chief official prevaricator to the press.

The fact is one of the best ways to succeed in America is to be a smooth-as-silk liar; and one of the best showcases (is it the best? I think so) for this unpardonable talent is the job of White House press secretary. The experience inevitably leads to an even bigger and more lucrative assignment—virtually without exception, without a stumble backward, without indictment, grand-jury presentment or even public opprobrium—because people expect the White House press secretary to have been less than a faithful servant of the people; and so when that bitter truth finally comes out, he is held perhaps least culpable, because he is perceived as having lied merely to do his job. And forgiveness, like injustice, is swift: He is also compensated, awarded combat pay, for doing what everyone knows is very dirty work, indeed.

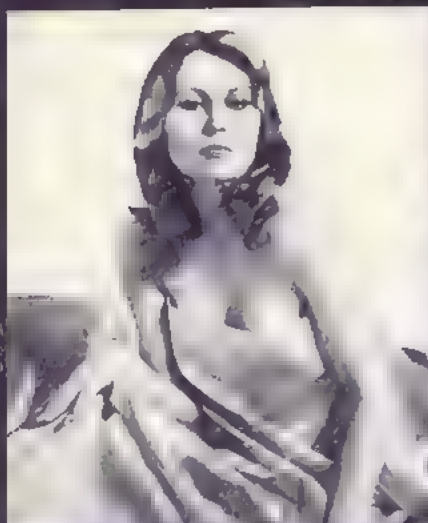
Consider the "punishment" for the crime.

When Herbert Hoover's press secretary George Akerson took leave of the post, which then paid \$10,000 annually, his sentence was a \$30,000-a-year job doing movie publicity. (Thirty thousand dollars a year during the Depression, remember, bought a hell of a lot of apples.) Steve Early, who laundered F.D.R.'s dirty linen in private before displaying it in public, left upon Truman's inauguration for a fat job as vice-president of Pullman Standard Car Manufacturing Company. James Hagerty, perhaps the most powerful White

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House mouthpiece in history, spent eight eventful years with Eisenhower (remember his denial of U-2 flights over Russia?) and then went to his reward: a top network job as vice-president in charge of ABC News. In 1964, laughing-joking Pierre Salinger folded his act to run in the California Senatorial primary. He didn't have to run far. A few months later, his opponent, incumbent Clair Engle, died and California governor Pat Brown appointed him to fill the vacancy. Salinger then lost to tap dancer George Murphy in his bid for a full term, but former White House press secretaries never really lose. Salinger went on to become vice-president of an airline, a successful first novelist (like John Ehrlichman, and Spiro Agnew) and a roving correspondent for *L'Express* and ABC Sports. In 1967, Moyers left lying for L.B.J. (at about \$30,000 a year) to become the publisher of *Newsday* at a salary reported to be \$100,000; there, he did an about-face and mounted an editorial campaign against the war that he had been defending with such evident conviction. Today the former flack is at *CBS Reports* and is really raking it in.

Even Ron Ziegler (dubbed Ziegler after Dean's testimony) and Gerald Warren, floorwalkers to the most deceptive President, are doing OK. Ziegler continued as a \$42,500-a-year Nixon aide until Nixon's transition grant ran out. He made ends meet on the lecture circuit for a few months and is now managing director for international services at Syska & Hennessy, the engineering firm that designed the mechanical and electrical systems at UN Headquarters, Lincoln Center and Madison Square Garden. (One of his main responsibilities is the firm's projects in Teheran, where the shah is rebuilding the city.) And as for Warren, a mere assistant managing editor of *The San Diego Union* before going to the White House, he is now editor of the *Union*, several lines higher on the masthead than before he left, making at least double his White House check.

And so what made Hagerty, Salinger, Moyers, Ziegler and Warren run—and stand on their heads, do loop-the-loops, roll over and heel, all at the bark of their President? Simply this: They knew, no matter how often or how grievously they lied to us, that in America, it really pays to be a flack—especially the biggest flack of them all.

Isn't it odd to live in a society where a Ron Nessen will have a better shot at heading a network news operation than, say, a Dan Rather?

Thomas Plate is collaborating with former New York City Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy on a book about police in America.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

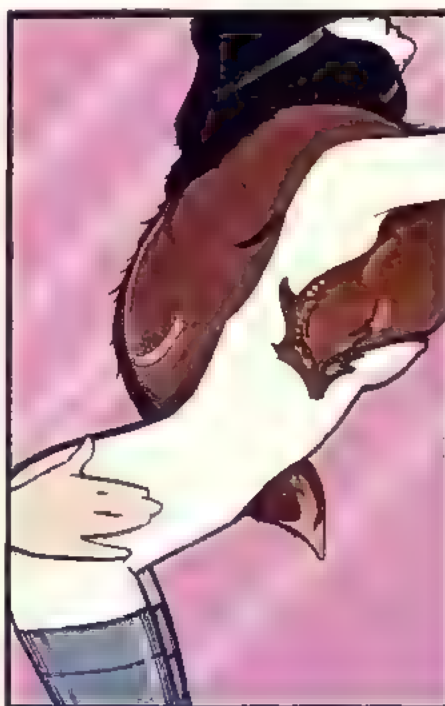
I am a young man who has some difficulty meeting women. For one thing, I stay as far as possible from the madding crowds of singles bars. But what are the alternatives? Do you have any suggestions? I'd even consider computer dating.--D. W., New York, New York.

We tried computer dating once—purely for professional curiosity, mind you. Unfortunately, the computer that planned the encounter was the same one that handles our Carte Blanche account. (Imagine spending an evening with the physical equivalent of a payment due notice.) Oh, well. There's a new twist on the old matchmaking routine that may prove interesting. Most major cities now offer video dating services. For a fee (usually around \$50), you are interviewed in front of a television camera (shades of "The Dating Game"). Prospective partners view the tape of your interview and you view tapes of their interviews. If two parties agree, the party begins. Since it is everyone's secret aspiration to be the fourth guest on the Johnny Carson show, the services have—so far—rounded up some interesting clientele. Although we did hear one guy rave about a video date, "She wasn't much to look at, but she had a great E personality."

My creative writing teacher used to tell his students to write about what they know. Well, I watch a lot of television and have come to know the various characters quite well. I'm curious: How does one go about submitting a screenplay to a given show?—T. P., Laos, New Mexico.

Television producers are reluctant to look at unsolicited scripts from unknown writers—in order to avoid plagiarism suits, they often return manuscripts unopened. Also, many shows are staff written. But the situation is not hopeless. Aspiring writers should contact the Writers Guild of America, 8955 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90048. For a mere dollar, they will send you a television-market list with the names of this season's shows, complete with the names of whom to contact to discuss your script. Since most producers prefer to deal with agents, you might also ask the Guild for its list of approved firms. So, if you think you've got movie McCloud hasn't even heard of, give it a go, cowboy.

Various sex journals have left me with the impression that cunnilingus is something so good women just come naturally to it whatever the technique. Not so. My girlfriend doesn't seem to enjoy oral sex, no matter how hard or how soft I try. Do women have to learn to appreciate the



act, or is my girlfriend minus a few nerve endings?—S. L., Detroit, Michigan.

Both men and women have to learn their sexual responses. It is possible that your partner will have to overcome her reservations before she can enjoy herself completely. Other cultures have discovered that cunnilingus is not immediately pleasurable. According to Iwan Bloch, in the society on Ponape (which is not, as you might think, a resort in the Catskills), "Impotent old men are employed to lick the clitoris with their tongues or else irritate it by the sting of huge ants, so that gradually the organ of voluptuousness is made more susceptible."

It coils, too, the men, at the desire of the women must use not only their tongue but also their teeth to produce a local stimulation of the female genitals. No doubt they use those army ants that will eat anything in their path. It's not our idea of a picnic, but, by all means, persevere.

Coasting a car in neutral is unwise, as you noted in the August *Playboy Advisor*. However, I have heard that there is an exception to the rule. It may be safer to slip into neutral when trying to turn at a low speed on an icy or slippery road. Supposedly, the reason is that badly tuned engines or cold engines can cause cars with automatic transmission to idle as high as 35 mph. If a driver tries to stop on an icy surface, the steering wheels brake, but the drive wheels keep turning. The car doesn't slow, so the driver brakes

harder—at which point the front wheels lock, the car loses steerability and either continues straight ahead or follows an icy run until the rear wheels bring it to a stop. Therefore, the only safe way to turn on ice is to coast—shifting to neutral, so that all four wheels can be gently and evenly braked. True?—D. K. Swoose, New York.

The National Safety Council agrees with your point. It conducted a test in which drivers had to make a sharp right turn at the end of a 12-foot lane (thus simulating a car entering a city street from a private driveway). With the car in gear, none of the drivers was able to complete the turn—in all cases the braking required immediately prior to or through the turn was sufficient to lock the front wheels of the vehicle. Meanwhile, the fast idle speed of the engine was still turning the rear wheels. Exit stage left. In contrast, the drivers who shifted to neutral while braking were able to safely negotiate the turn. You might want to practice this technique in an open parking lot—it could save a fender bender or two.

I've read with interest the surveys that indicate coeds are as sexually active these days as male students. I am a junior in college and can attest to the truth of those reports. The girls are free to initiate sex and seem to be on equal footing with men. I may be paranoid, but they also seem to be the ones who terminate sex. Looking back over my own affairs of the past three years, it seems to me that in almost all cases, my companions were the ones who broke up with me. What gives?—E. J., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Maybe it was something you said. Don't worry. Your experience is common. A two-year study of dating relationships at Brandeis University revealed that coeds are usually the ones to break the bad news. Women terminated affairs in 51 percent of the couples studied, compared with 42 percent of the men (in seven percent of the cases, the parties were in mutual disagreement). It seems that men are more romantic to begin with and are more likely to feel depressed, lonely, unhappy or guilty at the end of an affair (so much for macho.) Women are generally more aware of problems in a relationship or set higher standards for partners. The study put an end to the old hell hath no fury image of scorned womanhood. If you break up with a girl, she won't be waiting in the rhododendron with a switchblade. In fact, the study revealed that when a man calls it quits, the couple tends to stay on friendly

terms. Mom! If you like a girl, get the affair over with quickly, so that you can really get to know each other.

I recall hearing stories last summer predicting that 1976 was going to be the year of the century as far as French wines go. I'm somewhat skeptical. It seems that every year in recent memory has been proclaimed the greatest. However, if there is any truth to the rumor, I would like to take my money out of New York municipal bonds and put it into some fine Bordeaux wine. What do you say?—J. R., Riverside, Illinois.

Not all of the rumors that come along the grapevine are worth getting excited about, but this one has a measure of truth to it. Last summer's drought may have ruined most of the crops in Europe, but for our little friends on the vine, it was nirvana. As a rule, dry years are potentially great years—the grapes swell with sugar and the plants mature early. Since 1975 was an exceptional year, the world was looking forward to another 1928-1929 phenomenon (the good old years, according to most experts) as the winegrowers began to harvest the grapes. Unfortunately, France was hit by three days of rain before all the crops were in. The result: Water is absorbed by the grapes, diluting the flavor. Vintners who harvested early will have superb wines; those who didn't won't. You'll have to take your pick of the pickers. The best bet: a bottle of the old bubbly. The champagne crop came in under the wire and grocers are comparing it to the classic champagne years 1917 and 1959. Move fast and you can get in on the ground floor; move faster and you can get into the cellar, where the good stuff is kept.

My boyfriend plays the piano and sings rather well. I would like to preserve some of his performances on tape. The problem is that I can't seem to get a straight answer on what type of microphone to use. One person told me to use a directional mike for vocals and an omnidirectional mike for the keyboards. Later, I was told that only directional mikes should be used. What type should I use?—Miss F. D., Houston, Texas.

Microphones are to tape recorders what lenses are to cameras. There are specific mikes for specific effects, as well as all round tools for the amateur Nixon. The standard microphone recommended for home recording is the low-impedance dynamic microphone with a cardioid pattern. The mike picks up sound mainly in front, but it also grabs some sound from the sides and rear, thus adding a natural sense of room ambience to the recorded sound. Prices for decent mikes of this type start around \$50.

My girlfriend and I enjoy a wide variety of sexual high-jinks, including anal sex. For the past few years, we've been searching for the perfect lubricant to facilitate our slipping and sliding. Wes-son oil, Vaseline and K-Y jelly aren't quite right—we end up feeling like we've just had a 10,000-mile oil change. Can you recommend something?—B. N., Orlando, Florida.

Tired of that greasy kid's stuff? It just happens that one of our close friends—a lady college professor who shall remain nameless until tenure—has discovered what may be the greatest aid to getting it on since the Self-heating Shaving Cream Sandwich. The magic balm is called Abolene Cream and is available at cosmetic counters everywhere. One of our local folk singers has even written a song commemorating the product ("Abolene, Abolene, prettiest stuff I've ever seen/ Women, they won't treat you mean in Abolene"). It is not the policy of this column to endorse specific brands, but for Abolene we'll make an exception. Of course, if the manufacturer wants to send us a case, it will be appreciated by all concerned.

Alas, I have contracted a herpes type-two infection. The doctors I've visited just shrug their shoulders and give me antibiotics to prevent infections when the blisters that form on my genitals ulcerate. I have heard of a vaccine for this disease. Can you fill me in?—S. R., Newark, New Jersey.

Research is just beginning on herpes; so far, there is no sure-fire cure. The vaccine approach has not been considered successful. The virus that causes herpes infections resides in ganglia at the base of the spine, safely out of reach of any antibodies that would be produced by a vaccine. (Antibodies travel through the blood stream, herpes via the nerve cells—the two systems are separate.) One of the problems in isolating a cure seems to be that everything works a little—one researcher estimated that if 100 herpes victims were given a sugar-pill placebo, as many as 70 would report relief from the symptoms. Possibly the worst thing you can do is worry about it: Anxiety and other forms of stress are thought to cause outbreaks of the blisters. Grit and bear it; the symptoms tend to disappear after one or two years.

One of my favorite suits came back from the cleaner looking like a costume for *Let's Make a Deal*. The label on the coat had claimed that the material was washable, but on the general principle that "Everything is better dry-cleaned," I had sent it out to my local plant. The suit is ruined. The owner of the cleaner apologized and explained that not all materials can be dry-cleaned. The outfit was improperly labeled, and if I had any

complaints, I should take the suit to the store where I had bought it. How can I prevent a recurrence of this disaster?—W. B., Greenwich, Connecticut.


Now you know the origin of the phrase being taken to the cleaners. Your plight is familiar; the most frequent victims are the dry cleaners who have to foot the bill. Certain materials simply cannot be cleaned by washing—wet or dry. The Neighborhood Dry Cleaners Association has a museum filled with items that have defied the laws of laundry. The cleaners feel that improper labeling is the villain that it is the manufacturers' responsibility to include accurate cleaning instructions (the Federal Trade Commission is currently pushing for more explicit labels). To avoid a recurrence of this hassle, know your threads. Then, find a reputable cleaner. (Go to the best, most expensive men's stores in town and ask where they take their work.) Responsible cleaners know their limitations.

While drinking at our favorite bar, a friend and I traded stories about our days in the Navy. My friend recalled that the bell-bottoms worn by sailors in the old days had an unusual feature. Instead of a centered fly, the front of the pants had a flap that was secured by a row of buttons on each side. He proceeded to tell the story of a sailor's visit to a whore house in a foreign port. The sailor unbuttoned the row of buttons on the left side of his pants, pulled out his organ and at the wench tucked himself in and buttoned up. Then he unfastened the buttons on the right side of the pants and announced, "Now for the other one." Amusing, but we were left wondering: Has there ever been a case of a man born with two penises?—B. E., San Diego, California.

Believe it or not, yes. According to an article in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*, approximately one out of every 5,500,000 males is born with an extra penis. Some 80 cases have been reported in the past four centuries; for various reasons, few have reached adulthood. (The joke about the sailor may be more than shipboard bravado.) In most cases, both penises were capable of erection. A survey of medical literature uncovered one 50-year-old patient who confessed to making it from both sides of the plate. No doubt the double jointed fellow kept his spare tucked in the trunk.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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NO-NO, VIRGINIA

A letter in the August *Playboy Forum* describes Virginia's nonsensical sex laws, which were unsuccessfully challenged in the Supreme Court. Now comes Judge Paul D. Brown of Arlington, Virginia, who jailed a woman three months pregnant because she lives with her fiancé. "It's against the law to live with somebody as husband and wife when you are not married to him. It's a no-no," the judge said. She was jailed for three hours until she found another place to live. This is the second time this year this particular judge has jailed somebody for living with someone out of wedlock.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Judge Paul D. Brown. He and the likes of him are alive, and as long as they can, they will continue to make sad the hearts of lovers.
F M. Genty
Colorado Springs, Colorado

SELF-DEFENSE FOR RAPE VICTIMS

I am stunned by the letters in the May and September *Playboy Forums* advocating that women carry pistols and try to kill would-be rapists. What kind of jerk shits are these people, anyway, advising women to kill rather than be raped? Not that I think women should submit to rape; hell, no. But death does no one honor. The human life, in whatever form, is more valuable than anything.

Everything you do eventually comes back to you. Rapists and would-be killers of rapists, take note.

Michael P. Bybee
Sacramento, California

How about if we just let those two groups get together and work things out for themselves?

CONSENTING POLITICIANS

I'm certainly not in favor of the misuse of public funds, and I deplore the God-like looting of all of us by the few in Government, but I think, as pointed out in your September editorial, *Congressional Nooky*, by James R. Petersen, there's something excessive in the outrage against legislators who have installed their mistresses on the public payroll. As Nicholas Von Hoffman remarks in *The Washington Post*, "If every accusation and allegation about this use of public money is true, the total sum involved wouldn't buy one wheel of a B-1 bomber. It wouldn't buy a wing tip."

Stealing public money is bad, not just for sex but for any reason. But sex itself is not bad. As Von Hoffman also writes, "Unless you want to turn the Senate into

the House of 100 virgins, junk the idea that our elected officials should be our moral exemplars. There could be no more bizarre test of public office than sexual purity. Can you imagine this great and free republic of fornicators and adulterers presided over by a small corps of bluenosed magistrates whose only distinction is that they know no bed nor mate but their own?"

I imagine lusty gents like Washington, Franklin and Jefferson would turn over in their graves at the very thought.

(Name withheld by request)
Washington, D.C.

"There could be no more bizarre test of public office than sexual purity."

THE GOLDEN TWENTIES

Sex in the era of silent movies and fabulous flappers was not limited to kissing, regardless of the impression F. Scott Fitzgerald's stories may give. Over 50 years ago, when I was in my early 20s and the century was, too, I was watching *The Sheik* when I realized that the young girl at my side was about to have an orgasm. She had been touching herself under her coat while watching Valentino. After a while, I put my hand on her leg

and she put her hand between my legs and one thing led to another.

Then we went to her home and had intercourse. I dated her a lot after that. She had a beautiful build and was an awesome sight on the beach. In the office, however, she was a prim and proper executive secretary, complete with large glasses that she didn't need. Up until that time, I had thought the proper approach to women was to respect their chastity. She taught me better.

The last time she and I had breakfast together, after a four-hour session, she made eggs over easy and baked oysters; also, Italian coffee with whipped cream. How about that?

(Name withheld by request)
Sarasota, Florida

STICKY WICKET

My girlfriend and I decided to try using honey in oral sex, but a few unforeseen problems came up: We couldn't heat the stuff, being in a dorm; and I have a beard. The result, though tasty, was quite messy. I would suggest that anyone who wants to try this should do it on a surface that is easy to clean and that the male partner be clean-shaven. We were sticky for hours; that stuff gets everywhere.

(Name withheld by request)
New Brunswick, New Jersey

THE NIXON LEGACY

Your September editorial titled *The Nixon Legacy: Part III, "Screw" Screwed in Wichita* hits a new low in your diatribes against people who you know are in no position to fight back. You say the evil Nixon did lives on after him. I defy you to prove that Nixon ever had anything to do with the banning of *Screw* or that he was instrumental in having it sent to Kansas.

It is this kind of editorializing that hurts those who report the news in credible and fair fashion. *Screw* was filthy and you know it and the United States Postal Service is to be congratulated for harpooning it.

Gerald B. Healey, Midwest Editor
Editor & Publisher
Chicago, Illinois

The sentence is, "The evil he did truly lives on after him—in the Supreme Court, in the Department of Justice, even in the Post Office." See Al Goldstein's guest editorial on page 72.

The *Screw* case proves what many people warned of at the time of the



Supreme Court's *Miller* decision. The community standards test for obscenity doesn't merely protect local morality. It is being deliberately used as a weapon to let a few benighted yokels tyrannize the rest of us.

A. Larson
Seattle, Washington

PLAYBOY's somewhat tepid denunciation of the Supreme Court in *Censorship: The Sound of Silence* (*The Nixon Legacy, Part II*, August) is sadly amusing. Back in 1968, stunned by the assassination of Robert Kennedy and incensed by the treatment of Eugene McCarthy, we bleeding hearts sat out the election, knowing full well that we were allowing Nixon to be elected. PLAYBOY did its part to encourage this attitude. You should not now complain. Through you and others like you, Nixon was given carte blanche to ride roughshod over our civil liberties through his appointed swine.

Pete Torge
Hollywood, California

We didn't sit out that election, editorially or otherwise. Confine the breast beating to your own.

I totally agree with *Censorship: The Sound of Silence*. It is clear that many of our freedoms are being eroded, and the only recourse we have is to vote again and again against the scoundrels who are the cause of it, so that all their appointees will be cleared out of office as well.

Jerry Pope
Huntington, West Virginia

HELP FOR HARRY

What can we as individuals do to help Harry Reems with his obscenity trials? Reems has had a key role in making porn films erotically stimulating to women—at long last. Although I didn't see *Deep Throat*, I did see *Wet Rainbow* and *Sometime Sweet Susan*, and these films completely changed my mind about X-raters. Until then, I had considered them to be boring, trashy and absolute turn-offs for women. Reems, however, brings to adult films an aura of dignity and masculine beauty that makes the finished product an erotic work of art. Is there an address to which loyal Harry Reems fans can write to let him know we are on his side?

C. Moore
New York, New York

The address of the Harry Reems Legal Defense Fund is Suite 1070, 120 East 56th Street, New York, New York 10022.

I have to laugh whenever I read about our notorious Memphis porno trials. These trials are the biggest railroading job since the Union Pacific was put through. If all the puritan politicians and so-called Christians would go about their business and stop trying to run everyone else's, Memphis might be a decent city.

I was fortunate enough to see *Deep*

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

WINTER LOVE

HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY—Males are sexually most active in the late fall and winter, according to a Belgian hormone expert. Professor Alex Vermuelen explained to an international endocrinology congress that if a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love in the spring, as Tennyson claimed, it is a



matter of psychology and not of hormones or sexual strength, which increase during the colder months.

THE PRICE OF RAPE

WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND—A 29-year-old woman has filed a \$1,000,000 damage suit against a man who pleaded guilty of assaulting her with intent to rape. Eight other charges were dropped when the defendant accepted a six-year sentence. The suit alleges that the assault caused her to suffer "serious and permanent injury to her nerves and nervous system," as well as humiliation, degradation and fear.

CRIME MARCHES ON

WASHINGTON, D.C.—An independent study of the Government's multibillion-dollar crime-fighting program concludes that it has accomplished little and that the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, which directs the program, should be abolished. The Center for Security Studies found that the more than four billion dollars dispensed by the LEAA since 1968 has produced few worthwhile results. Some local police departments used the Federal funds to create glamorous but largely useless Special Weapons and Tactics (SWAT) teams. Nevertheless, the House of Representatives has voted 324 to 8 to continue the LEAA for another year at a cost of 1.1 billion dollars.

TRIP FOR A TRIP

CHICAGO—A 34-year-old governess employed by a suburban Chicago family has been charged with paying for her cab rides with marijuana. According to police, she ran household errands by taxi, paid drivers with bags of pot and gave them joints as tips.

POT OFFENDER'S RIGHTS

AUSTIN, TEXAS—The Texas Court of Criminal Appeals has struck down a condition of probation imposed by a trial judge on a marijuana defendant. The judge had ordered the defendant to submit "his person, place of residence and vehicle to search and seizure at any time of the day or night, with or without a search warrant, whenever requested to do so by the probation officer or any law-enforcement officer." The court decided that while trial judges have wide discretion in setting terms of probation, an individual cannot be forced to surrender all his Fourth Amendment rights.

HIP ANGEL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A stranger walked into the offices of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws ostensibly asking for information and left behind a briefcase containing a donation of \$10,000 in cash. Keith Stroup, NORML's national director, said the briefcase included a note attributing the donation to an anonymous confederation of independent pot dealers.

MALPRACTICE SUIT

CHICAGO—A Chicago attorney has been ordered to pay a former client \$80,000 damages in a suit charging that he mishandled a divorce case. Testimony indicated that the lawyer failed to appear in court on his client's behalf, with the result that the client's wife gained possession of a house, furniture and 40 acres of land.

FETICIDE

LOS ANGELES—The California Court of Appeals has ruled that the legal reasoning by which an early abortion is deemed lawful also leads to the conclusion that a person who destroys an early fetus cannot be tried for murder. The decision upheld the homicide acquittal of a man who had beaten his wife, causing her to lose a fetus that was less than 15 weeks old. The court ruled that viability—the likelihood of survival after birth—determines whether

or not a fetus has legally acquired the status of a human being.

FINDING FAULT WITH NO-FAULT

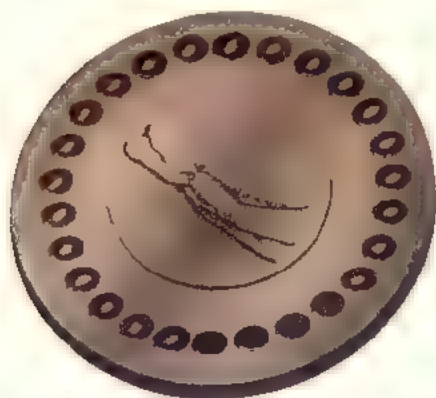
WASHINGTON, D.C.—A Federal study group finds that the no-fault divorce laws enacted by several states work to the disadvantage of women and children. While praising the concept of no-fault divorce, the National Commission on the Observance of International Women's Year reports that most states with such laws don't recognize the economic contribution of the wife who has kept house and reared children during the marriage and who, as a result, has developed no independent earning potential.

TEENAGE MOTHERHOOD

Although world population growth has slightly declined since 1965, teenage pregnancies are increasing. William Burr Hunt, Jr., writing in *Population Reports*, attributes the increase to the earlier menstruation of adolescents and to their moving to urban areas, where they have greater sexual freedom. Fifteen percent of the world's 15,000,000 female teenagers are mothers.

NEW CONTRACEPTIVE?

NEW DELHI—A team of zoologists from India's Rajasthan University is investigating the eating of carrot seeds as a contraceptive. Women in some rural areas of the state of Rajasthan have been using the seeds for generations



and, in experiments with mice, the scientists have found that an extract of the seeds taken for several days following intercourse appears to prevent pregnancy by inhibiting implantation of the fertilized egg in the uterus.

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

COLUMBUS, OHIO—State Senator Paul Gillmor has charged that the Ohio Division of Wildlife used as many as five agents, including two undercover men, to investigate and prosecute an 11-year-old boy for selling fishing worms and crayfish in his parents' front yard. The youngster's stand sold \$4.50 worth of bait in two weeks. Two of his

customers were undercover agents. Gillmor said that throughout the investigation, no one in the state agency "performed the simple act of making a courteous phone call to the parents of



the boy to tell them that the Division of Wildlife regulations require a permit to sell bait, even by a little kid in his own front yard." The case was dismissed in court.

PARENTS OFF THE HOOK

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY—A city law holding parents responsible for their children's criminal actions has been ruled unconstitutional by the Appellate Division of the New Jersey Superior Court. The law provided for fines of up to \$500 for parents whose children had more than one conviction per year, but the court held that parental influence is but "a single factor" among the causes of juvenile misconduct and that most parents do not have enough control over children to regulate their actions.

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

CROWN POINT, INDIANA—Lake County authorities are looking for the prankster who has been telephoning housewives, identifying himself as a doctor and persuading them to cut off large swatches of hair to be tested for a "very contagious" parasite. At least seven women complied. They called police when no lab technician came to collect the samples.

POPULATION PRESSURES

MANILA—The government of the Philippines has passed a law requiring that couples receive instructions in "family planning" and "responsible parenthood" before they obtain a marriage license. Courses will be available through government agencies and various private, civic and church organizations; and officials who issue marriage licenses without being shown certificates of completion in the required courses will be subject to criminal penalties.

Throat and The Devil in Miss Jones and enjoyed both of them. I'm a normal working wife who happens to enjoy pornography. Now, because some overbearing do-gooder has put his nose into my business, I can't see them.

Memphis is known all over the country as one of the most backward cities in the U.S. The reputation is deserved; ask someone who lives here.

Judy Stone
Memphis, Tennessee

OBSCENOMETER NEEDED

A writer in *Science Fiction Review*, a magazine for sci-fi buffs, suggests that censorship law will become rational only when science invents an obscenometer that can measure objectively how many smuts or microsmuts of obscenity a given piece of artwork has in it. Up until now, we have relied on a kind of medieval combat of lawyers that assumes God is on the side of the winning party. That is a work is considered obscene if the last legal case the defendant can afford to file goes against him.

Since no nervous system, judge's or jury's, is an objective obscenometer in the scientific sense, all we get is different opinions. Isn't it a tragic mistake to send people to prison over matters of opinion?

M. Black
Portland, Oregon

There is an apocryphal story that when Justice Felix Frankfurter was on the U. S. Supreme Court, the test of obscenity was "whether it gives Felix a hard-on." Justice Frankfurter would thus have been a kind of national obscenometer. In these days of community standards, however, obscenometers must be located at the grass roots, as the following letter indicates.

I was somewhat aghast to read that a New York City judge has ruled that policemen can arrest performers for obscenity without first obtaining a warrant. This is certainly insane when nobody can say what a court will rule obscene, or even if an appeals court will agree with the first court.

The performers in the case that prompted the judge's ruling were four nude dancers. What they did was a crime without victims in the first place, was not a crime at all in the opinion of the most avant portion of the legal profession and of most young people and cannot objectively be defined in advance so that the performer will know for sure whether he or she is in danger of arrest. At the very least, before inflicting the horrors of arrest in such a case, there should be a judicial hearing on whether or not the act appears *prima facie* obscene to a trained judge.

But, no, the judge in this case has ruled. "This court must assume that the police officer possesses normal sensibilities and prudence, which he can exercise

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in coming to the reasonable belief that an obscene act is occurring in his presence." In other words the cop should be able to predict what, in fact, *nobody* can predict: whether a theologically oriented trial will result in a jury's deciding the act in question is really obscene and not just erotic or artistic.

(Name withheld by request)
Brooklyn, New York

SIN CITY FOLLIES

A letter in the July *Playboy Forum* describes a woman in Sheboygan being found guilty of lewd and lascivious conduct and asks, "What will it take to bring this city into the 20th Century?" I agree with the sentiment and am wondering if I am the woman referred to in the letter. If not, you have another case.

I just moved here from California. I never realized that here it was illegal for unmarried people to live together.

From what I heard from some detectives, D.A. Lance Jones didn't like your publishing that letter. A couple of them asked me if I knew anything about it.

I know I'm being watched, but all I can say is, let them eat their hearts out, they ain't gettin' none.

(Name withheld by request)
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Different woman. It's good to see that the D.A. is giving Sheboygan taxpayers their money's worth.

THE DEITY, MASCULINE OR FEMININE?

It is sad to see the lack of understanding displayed by the anonymous letter writer from Phoenix who doesn't see any reason God should not be referred to in the Apostles' Creed as She or It (*The Playboy Forum*, August). The Apostles' Creed is a Christian statement of belief and Christian belief is based on the Bible. The Bible clearly states that God is male. For example, in *Genesis*: "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him."

Even some non-Christians recognize that God is male. The Taoist *I Ching*, for instance, represents the Creative with a hexagram consisting entirely of masculine, unbroken lines.

Manuel Martinez
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Every time you read the English word God in the Bible, you are reading about a collective frequently called the Elohim, a plural form for an aggregation of males and females. The principal male character is El, whose Sumerian form meant Mighty Penis, about as male as you can get. The principal female, Elohah, speaks as the Supreme Being in *Job* 11:3-5, and the female Shekinah is included in this collective. They all engaged in sexual intercourse, and had sons and daughters who frequently popped in and out of bed with one another.

Jeannette P. Mass, Ph.D.
Honolulu, Hawaii

Certainly, the Deity is a woman, and she is Eris, goddess of discord, who started the Trojan War with her golden apple. Look at all the disorder we find in the universe. Somebody must have put it there.

James Green
Los Angeles, California

HOLTVILLE HORRORS

After reading the August letter from Norm Pliscou on his daughter's struggle to publish a school newspaper in Holtville, I feel compelled to add my observations. I was stationed in the Imperial Valley from October 1972 to January

1976, with the Navy, at the National Parachute Test Range. In my capacity as a reporter for the base newspaper, I picked up on much of the inside skinny in this affair.

I heard only negative things about Norm before I actually met him. I found him a lucid and articulate iconoclast. I greatly admire his courage. But why he stays in Holtville eludes me.

Norm's home was more than once the target of rock throwing; this showed up on police blotters but never in the local newspaper—probably due to the fact that both the *Holtville Tribune* and the *Imperial Valley Press* are run by the most



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conservative old geeks this side of St. Petersburg.

The fact that the local taxpayers let the school board persecute little Lisa Pliscou at public expense should tell you something about the citizenry. The same school board was terribly surprised, in the spring of 1974, when the class valedictorian tore into it in his graduation speech for ineptness and waste of funds. And he wasn't a member of the Pliscou family, either. But I'm certain they'll find a way to get to him. Unless he leaves. Which I hope Norm does, for his own sake as well as that of his family.

Terrence Parkhurst
Seattle, Washington

A.K.A. PORPOISE

In the August *Playboy Forum*, John B. Davenport expresses his alarm at the hunting of whales and dolphins and mentions that because of this, he would not eat the popular Hawaiian dish mahimahi, which, he says, is dolphin meat.

Mahimahi is a fish, not a mammal. The confusion arises because the word dolphin is used to refer both to marine mammals also known as porpoises and to a fish.

Frank D. Eddy, M.D.
North Adams, Massachusetts

Correction, with apologies. In my last letter, I castigated the sale of dolphin for human consumption under the menu listing mahimahi. Since then, I've received a long-distance phone call from a very pleasant gentleman in California, who informed me that mahimahi is a marine fish. I was misled because both the mammal and the fish are called dolphins. I owe an apology to many fine restaurants. At the same time, as my informant agreed, we still face the problem of ensuring the survival of the cetaceans, including the delightful porpoise.

John B. Davenport
Chicago, Illinois

Having neatly resolved the great mahimahi controversy, we turn now to the spawning of salmon and hope that this will take care of you fish fans for a while.

DEATH AND SEX

A letter in the August *Playboy Forum* mentions that Dr. Edwin Flatto's weird antisex book, *WARNING: Sex May Be Hazardous to Your Health*, contains statements about salmon, trout and shad dying after spawning. As a professional fisheries biologist, I must point out that the Pacific salmon is the only salmonid that is biologically programmed to die after spawning. Neither in the Atlantic salmon nor in any trout, nor in any species of shad, is death after spawning a necessary characteristic of life history.

(Name withheld by request)
Portland, Oregon

TWISTED SEX

I've heard of people, both men and women, who can perform oral sex on themselves, but my wife and I can go them one better. My wife can get into the same position, but she isn't interested in performing cunnilingus on herself. She has me for that. What she does is fantastic. She can lick my penis and testicles while we screw. When I come, she does, too, because three quarters of my penis is in her vagina.

Compared with that, people eating themselves is nothing more than auto-erotic homosexuality.

(Name withheld by request)
San Bernardino, California

MRS. CLEAN

Our local newspaper, *The Columbian*, recently ran a series of articles on Vancouver's gay community. The articles included interviews with several members

*"Penises and vaginas are
for creating children only.
Not perverted pleasures."*

of the community and were very interesting and informative. My husband and I wrote a letter to *The Columbian* commending the series. Shortly after our letter was published, we received an anonymous reply, which I would like to quote, in part:

How would you react if an acquaintance kissed you, or a member of your family, and ate at your table, used your utensils and then you learned the person was a homosexual? Make you want to scour your mouth with Mr. Clean and break all the dishes? Human mouths are for speech and eating food, the same as human penises and vaginas are for creating children only. Not perverted pleasures.

When our children were conceived in the first four years of marriage, [my husband and I] agreed that we didn't want any more kids; so there was no need for filthy sex. I feel happy I only had to be befouled four times to create our children. It is much more rewarding to get on your knees and do a paste-wax job on your kitchen and bathroom floor than to get tangled up in bed with smelly, filthy semen. Ugh!

My kids were instilled with our ideas and are doing quite well with their lives. One son got tangled with a wife whose mind was deeply rooted in the gutter. She didn't want kids, just filthy relations. Imagine how awful for a man to have a nude woman open the door when he

comes home from ten hours' hard work, wanting to drag him to bed. He left her after three and a half months.

There aren't many decent young people left anymore. No one wants to look for the many ways there are to enjoy life—clean.

It amazes me that people like this woman still exist. And what a traumatic experience for her poor son to be met at the door by his nude wife!

Nanci Crepeau
Vancouver, Washington

We wouldn't have believed that letter existed if you hadn't enclosed a copy

GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER

A letter in the July *Playboy Forum*, written in the form of a fairy tale by someone who apparently considers himself a master of sarcasm, claims that the shooting of the Kent State students was justified by the violent behavior of the students, who were supposedly incited by outside agitators. I've read nothing in any account of the Kent State shootings to show that the Guardsmen really needed to use deadly force. For my money, the only outside agitators at Kent State were the Guardsmen themselves.

The problem in the U. S. isn't mythical armies of student protesters and youthful guerrillas, it's the well-armed defenders of the peace employed by the CIA, the FBI, the DEA, the state troopers, the border patrol, the local police and the private armies of security guards, all of whom have a license to kill and know it.

(Name withheld by request)
Long Beach, California

SEX WITHOUT FEAR

Last summer, a friend from the West Coast visited this city. After a few hours of conversation in his hotel room, we began to kiss and touch to the point where lovemaking seemed imminent. But then I remembered contraception: I'd just stopped taking the pill and fear of pregnancy made me really uptight. I considered asking him to go out and buy condoms, but I felt that the excitement of the moment could not be recaptured.

What a happy surprise when he told me that he'd recently had a vasectomy and added, "We don't have a thing to worry about." A burden was lifted from my shoulders and our lovemaking had a sense of freedom unlike anything I'd ever felt before.

Several women friends have reported similar experiences. When the fear of pregnancy is obliterated by vasectomy or by its female counterpart, the so-called Band Aid sterilization, sex takes on a new potential for enjoyment and intensity. One friend had her first orgasm after sterilization and enthusiastically tries to persuade her friends of both sexes to choose, when it is a reasonable alternative,

THE PURITAN PRESS

opinion By AL GOLDSTEIN

Freedom of expression is getting a royal fucking in the courts of the nation, but you'd never know it from reading the papers.

As editor and publisher of *Screw*, I was convicted last July in Wichita, Kansas, on 12 counts of conspiring to use the mails to distribute obscene material: i.e., *Screw*. The indictment was public knowledge for over a year. The trial lasted four weeks. Although there were a few stories in the local papers and several items in *PLAYBOY*, there was almost no coverage of the event by the national press, even though the issues raised were crucial to journalistic freedom and as obvious as a pubic hair sticking out of a D.A.'s nose. The case was a travesty of justice—built on entrapment, the narrow community standards definition of obscenity and the contestable use of Federal conspiracy laws. I was forced to stand trial in a jurisdiction 2000 miles from New York, where *Screw* is published and sold. Clearly, the Government was interfering with and seeking to curtail the distribution of a politically (albeit sexually) oriented publication. The trial presented an awesome threat to the basic right of free expression; and yet the powers that be in the press were strangely apathetic. Perhaps they thought it couldn't happen to them.

The media in America have found it politically expedient to be proper and old-fashioned, to reprint passively the two-party line. It is easy to defend the right to publish of the *Reader's Digest* or *The New York Times*. But a freedom is significant only when it is practiced by those most despised, those outside the establishment. To state calmly that a college newspaper or an underground tabloid is not fit to be protected by the First Amendment is to defeat the very purpose of constitutional rights. But looking at the history of repression in this country, it is clear that freedom is not an all-embracing concept: It is selective. The courts of this land have a prevailing disdain for antiestablishment, sexually liberated, freedom-loving publications.

Screw is a journal of human behavior; it presents material that is fundamental and vital to the individual. Sexually explicit reporting may not always be appealing or appetizing, but it can still be an honest reflection of moral, psychological or anatomical truths. But because any small time, tight-assed prosecutor can, at his whim, label my magazine obscene, it is not subject to the same First Amendment protection as the establishment press. The people have the right to know only what the powers that be decide is good for them, the news that they decide is fit to print.

Three years ago, at the annual press counterconvention sponsored by [More] magazine, Abbie Hoffman asked, "What would have happened if the Pentagon papers had been published not by *The New York Times* but by *Screw*?" We might still be in Vietnam. It would have been all too easy to deny the public the right to know if the obscene truth of our involvement in an immoral war had appeared in a sexually oriented magazine. As it was, three of the nine Supreme Court Justices who reviewed the case felt that the *Times* did not have the right to publish the material. I can name six who would gladly have put the screws to my publication. No doubt they will have the chance when my appeal reaches the Supreme Court.

The ostrichlike stance of *The New York Times* and other papers toward the Wichita witch trial is all too easy to explain: It is bred in the blind spot wherein Americans bury sex. The men and women who report the news are as uncomfortable with their own sexuality as were their

Puritan forebears, if not more so. (The editorial board of the *Times* has been accurately described as a bunch of 50 year old logies "addressing some early chapter in the American dream, a ghost of Plymouth Plantation.") The policy makers who write editorials in praise of autumn and against litter grew up in the Forties and Fifties—when people felt that they were getting away with something when they got laid. The younger reporters who cover the stories are not totally comfortable with sex, either—for simple lack of information. Deep in the American psyche lies the feeling that to speak out for sex is somehow to accelerate social decay. Richard Nixon expressed this feeling when he said "As long as I am in the White House, there will be no relaxation of the national effort to control and eliminate smut from our national life. . . . The warped and brutal portrayal of sex in books, plays, magazines and movies, if not halted and reversed, could poison the wellsprings of American and Western culture and civilization."

The contradictions in the attitude of the liberal press are absurd. Several years ago, publisher Lyle Stuart tried to reprint a collection of articles from *Screw*. He was amazed to find that the same printing plant that had done his *Anarchist Cookbook* (an instruction book on how to make pipe bombs and other weapons with which to purify the wellsprings of culture) would not print the *Screw Reader*—because it showed tits, cunts and cocks. *The New York Times* accepted ads for *The Anarchist Cookbook*. Needless to say, it did not accept ads for the *Screw Reader*. The *Times* has a continuing policy of ignoring the existence of *Screw*—it frequently prints excerpts from my film reviews, using my name but not the source. *Screw* is a black sheep, an outcast, an embarrassment to the "family" news papers. Who cares if a paper that celebrates sex is stifled?

You've got to give the *Times* credit for one thing, though. It's consistent. Reporting *PLAYBOY*'s November interview with Jimmy Carter, the *Times* deleted the word screws from one Carter quotation and explained, "Mr. Carter used a vulgarity for sexual relations." I wonder how many *Times* readers thought he said fuck.

The blindness of some members of the press is almost total. Take a look at the letter on page 65 of this month's *Playboy Forum* from Gerald B. Healey, Midwest editor of *Editor & Publisher*. Healey refuses to see any connection between Nixon and the prosecution of *Screw*. Unwillingness to see that connection is a lot like refusing to acknowledge that Nixon knew what was going on during the Watergate caper. Healey writes, "*Screw* was bitch and you know it and the United States Postal Service is to be congratulated for harpooning it." This from an editor of a magazine that purportedly represents the journalistic profession. Freedom of the press, sure, as long as the press doesn't offend me.

It might be instructive to show how Nixon initiated the proceedings against *Screw* or against the producers of *Deep Throat* in Memphis, but it is unnecessary. It is perfectly clear that Nixon created and encouraged an atmosphere in which sexual repression thrives. The chief agents of the purge are his appointees to the Supreme Court. His accomplices are the passive, upright lords of the press. Journalists—the supposed watchdogs of freedom—have put the blinders on. They're keeping sex in the water closet, as if it were not a fit topic for mature human beings, as if sexually explicit material were not news or communication or worthy of controversy. The freedom to know, the freedom of speech, the freedom of expression stops at their navels.

this ultimate contraceptive measure.

I know that for the man I mentioned, who already had two children, this was a practical decision. But for me, his choice made ours a unique and liberating experience.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

PROTECTING PRIVACY

The Livingston Crisis Intervention and Prevention Center is a small Upstate New York mental-health clinic. We provide a number of free services for residents of Livingston County: the treatment of drug abuse, drug addiction, alcohol problems, problems of loneliness and other difficulties among adolescents; we deal with runaways and provide family and marital counseling and suicide prevention. Our annual budget, \$29,600, was supplied by the state of New York. We lost funding after a bureaucrat from the state Office of Drug Abuse Services demanded access to our clients' confidential case records and we refused to give it. We decided that individual case records should be released to officials of the Office of Drug Abuse Services only with the written consent of the clients involved. It is true that the files are coded and that clients' names don't appear on them. But I was also asked to produce our coding system. That meant the names and addresses of our clients could be ascertained by state officials.

My offers of compromises and my request for a public hearing have been turned down by the state office. The agency insists it needs access to our clients' files to monitor our use of state funds. There are 200 clinics like ours around the state and the agency claims we're the only one that refuses to cooperate. The fact is that other clinics quietly go along with state demands for fear of losing their funding. We feel that this issue is an important one. We are not refusing the state access to our files, only making that access conditional on client consent.

We are appealing to the public for financial and moral support. We also asked the county government to supply funds, but they simply haven't the money to spare. At the moment, we're barely hanging on, hoping the public will back us in our fight to preserve our professional ethics and the privacy of our clients.

Howard Myers, Executive Director
Livingston Crisis Intervention and
Prevention Center
Geneseo, New York

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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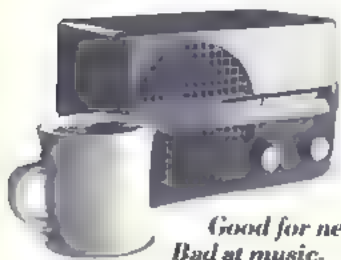
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On the other hand, the Pioneer receiver, turntable and speakers shown here cost about the same as the console pictured at left. And when it comes to sound, there's no comparison.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: O. J. SIMPSON

a candid conversation with the best-liked, best-paid football player ever

Only a few weeks before we went to press, the national guessing game surrounding O. J. Simpson's football future had at last been resolved. Simpson, who last June announced he'd retire if he weren't traded from the Buffalo Bills to a West Coast team, changed his mind at the last moment. With the pro-season opener a day away—and with the Bills having failed to trade him—Simpson signed the most lucrative player contract in the history of U.S. football. For him, it meant he'd receive a reported \$2,500,000 if he completes three more seasons of autumnal glory; for the Bills and the National Football League, it meant that football's most spectacular performer—and leading gate attraction—would continue to dazzle the sporting public.

Quite simply, football has never before seen the likes of Orenthal James Simpson. Combining the speed and deerlike grace of a Gale Sayers and the durability and determination of a Jim Brown, Simpson has by now solidly established himself as the premier running back of his time—and perhaps of all time. Says Howard Cosell, "Certainly, O.J. has every skill a truly great running back needs. He's got the most spontaneous reflexes of anyone I've ever seen, he has an uncanny ability to

lead his blockers and find that extra inch that will allow him to knife through, he seems to have instant acceleration and he also has the strength to break tackles. I wouldn't venture to call anyone the greatest running back of all time, because there are too many intangibles involved, but I'll say this much about O. J. Simpson: I've never seen any man come to the position with greater gifts."

O.J.'s career credentials back up that assessment. Born in San Francisco in 1947, he became an all-American during both of his varsity seasons at the University of Southern California and set a number of N.C.A.A. running records to close out his undergraduate days by sweeping the Heisman Trophy and every other major college-football award. Following O.J.'s senior year, his coach at USC, John McKay—who this year took over the N.F.L.'s new Tampa Bay Buccaneers—said, "Simpson was not only the greatest player I ever had—he was the greatest player anyone ever had." USC's football adversaries didn't necessarily find such praise excessive. After watching Simpson zigzag his way for 150 yards through a vaunted Fighting Irish defensive wall, a Notre Dame sports publicist lamented, "His nickname shouldn't

be Orange Juice. The O.J. should stand for Oh, Jesus—as in 'Oh, Jesus, there he goes again!'"

O.J. has made a similar impression in the pro ranks. His N.F.L. records include most rushing yards gained in one season (2003), most rushing yards gained in a single game (250) and most touchdowns scored in a season (23). Currently fourth on the N.F.L.'s list of all-time ground gainers, he has 8123 rushing yards to his credit in seven seasons and he'll move up to third place and possibly second by the end of this year. Although it's doubtful that he'll ever eclipse Jim Brown's career rushing mark of 12,312 yards, O.J. has come reasonably close, despite being wred sparingly during the first three of his seven N.F.L. campaigns.

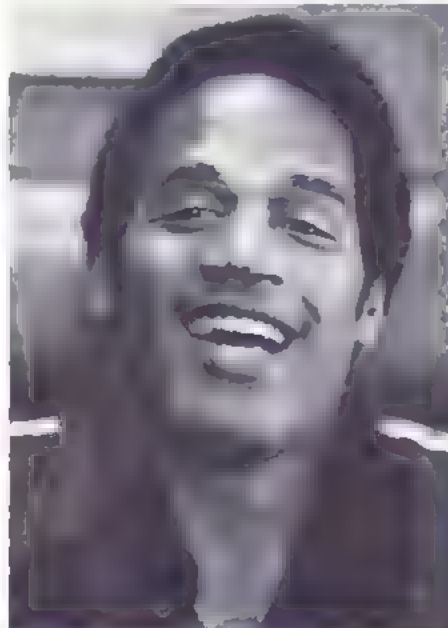
Aside from his consummate artistry at running with a football, Simpson has also emerged as the best-liked athlete in American sport. He rarely turns away autograph seekers, shows up at more than his share of charity functions and keeps himself especially accessible to youngsters. He is no less in favor among his peers. At Buffalo, he has repeatedly focused attention on his blockers and, as a result, such previously unsung players as Reggie McKenzie, Joe DeLamielleure,



"I've always had a very simple question: What's bigger, the N.F.L.'s bylaws or the U. S. Constitution? The Constitution says we're all free to choose how and where we want to earn a living."



"That business about leaving Buffalo is behind me now. I intend to finish out my career with the Bills. But I'll tell you this: I think the Bills would have been better off if they'd made a trade for me."



GRANT EDWARDS

"I never infringed on people. I was just like Clint Eastwood: I only beat up dudes who deserved it . . . usually on Friday or Saturday night. If there wasn't no fight, it wasn't no weekend."

Mike Montler, Dave Foley and Donnie Green have been able to win stardom (and significant salary increases) on their own as *The Electric Company*—an aggressive aggregation whose duty is “to turn on the juice.” Simpson’s appreciation of his blockers’ efforts hasn’t been restricted to flattering references in the press; following the 1973 season, he presented members of the Bills’ offense and coaching staff with gold bracelets, a gesture that reportedly cost him more than \$20,000.

Simpson could afford such largess, for in addition to the mere \$300,000 salary he was supposedly then earning with the Bills, he was hauling down a bundle in other careers—as a sports commentator for ABC-TV, as a commercial pitchman for several companies and as an actor. He has already appeared in five films and has several movie commitments for the coming year. Does he have any talent? Says Lee Strasberg of the Actors Studio, “Simpson is already an actor, an excellent one. A natural one.”

But, above all, O. J. Simpson remains a superlative football player; and to interview the superstar of rent-a-car, the silver screen and the N.F.L., we sent freelancer Lawrence Linderman to meet with him in Southern California. (We also had interviewer Fred Robbins ask O.J. some questions about his acting career while Simpson was in Rome earlier this year.) Linderman reports:

“In June, O.J. and I arranged to tape the ‘Playboy Interview’ while he was in Palm Springs filming a series of Hertz commercials, but the timing couldn’t have been worse. A few hours before we sat down to talk, he had informed Bills head coach Lou Saban that he wouldn’t be returning to Buffalo in the fall, and what had previously been an informed rumor suddenly became the nation’s hottest sports story. Simpson’s decision had left him depressed and by late afternoon, reporters from all over the country were telephoning every few minutes to confirm his decision. We did precious little taping during the next several days.

“But the following week in Los Angeles was a different story. An hour after I arrived in town, a buoyant O.J. picked me up in a Rolls-Royce and drove me to his home. As we headed north on the San Diego Freeway in 65-mph bumper-to-bumper traffic, cars zoomed abreast of us, motorists honked and sined, O.J. waved and I mostly cringed.

“O.J. cuts an imposing figure. Slightly better-looking than he photographs, at 6’1” and 212 pounds, he keeps himself in supershape by running and playing tennis and basketball. He is very achievement-oriented, and since he admits that about the only thing he can’t do well is sing, he’s working on that aspect of his game

with the help of a friend, Bill Withers. O.J. has a distinctive sound, but who wants to hear a foghorn try to warble ballads?

“Luckily, Simpson can do other things. For instance, he can walk into a room and suddenly everyone in it is smiling and feeling amiable. True, celebrities always cause a crowd’s pulse to quicken, but O.J. seems to make people glow as opposed to, say, Warren Beatty, who immediately gets people wondering if their sex lives are all they should be. People who know O.J. rave about his easy, up-front good humor, and I certainly didn’t detect any chinks in the armor.

“Simpson and I stayed in touch throughout the summer, and he was plainly surprised when the Rams and the Bills didn’t quickly conclude a trade for him. As the N.F.L. exhibition season came and went, his surprise turned to well-disguised anguish. A few days before the start of the regular season, the N.F.L.’s interconference trading deadline also came and went, which effectively ruled out any possibility of Simpson’s being dealt to either the Rams or the 49ers—and at that point, the only team with a

“I was upset. I didn’t see why I couldn’t be traded. I started wondering if it’s true that nice guys really do finish last.”

chance of landing him seemed to be the Oakland Raiders. On Friday, September tenth, Bills owner Ralph C. Wilson, Jr., flew to Los Angeles to talk with O.J.—and their meetings provided the opening subject for our conversation.”

PLAYBOY: How did Ralph Wilson convince you to return to the Buffalo Bills? Did he simply make you an offer you couldn’t refuse?

SIMPSON: I can’t say that money wasn’t a big factor, but it wasn’t the major factor. Actually, I knew Ralph was going to try to sign me when, a few days before the season started, he called to say he was flying out to see me; I told him not to come, but he insisted. I was still totally against going back to Buffalo so I thought his trip was going to be pointless.

Well, Ralph got to Los Angeles on a Friday and he, my wife, Marjuerite, and I spent a good four hours talking at our house. His main point was that he had tried his best to make a trade for me but that it just hadn’t worked out. He said he felt it was the wrong time for me to

retire from football and that the Bills would like to have me back.

PLAYBOY: Just how close do you think you came to being traded?

SIMPSON: It’s hard for me to say. Ralph told me he had tried his best, and I have to take him at his word. On the other hand, Carroll Rosenbloom, the owner of the Rams, told me about midway during their negotiations—right after the Olympics—that the Rams wanted me bad but that he didn’t think the trade would be made, because he didn’t want to destroy his own team in the process. He was concerned about the defensive players Ralph asked the Rams to give up—Mike Fanning, who’ll take over at tackle when Merlin Olsen retires, and end Jack Youngblood—because next year the Rams could be in the same situation the Bills are in this year: a lot of offense and no defense. They were also being asked to give up running back Lawrence McCutcheon and two first round draft picks. Rosenbloom felt Ralph was asking too much, so the Rams announced the trade talks had fallen through.

I have to admit that, at that point, I was very upset. I’d gotten it into my head that I’d be going to work every day and coming back at night and seeing my wife and kids all season long. Don’t get me wrong. Aside from L.A. I’d rather play in Buffalo than anywhere else in the N.F.L. because I really like my teammates. But I live in L.A., and I don’t know a guy in pro football who doesn’t want to play for his hometown team.

I was also upset because I didn’t see why I couldn’t be traded. I was just being told, “OK, we couldn’t trade you, so you either play in Buffalo or you don’t play.” But other guys who’ve gone other routes—publicly criticized the management and coaches of their teams, things like that—have had no trouble getting traded. Players who have gotten into fist-fights with teammates and demanded to be traded have been traded. There are players who have gotten into trouble with the law, and they’ve been able to get traded. So I was walking around, thinking, “Hey, here I am dealing with the Bills, doing it the right way, yet I might have to leave the game just because I want to play in my home town.” Right about then, I started wondering if it’s true that nice guys really do finish last.

PLAYBOY: Is that when you considered suing?

SIMPSON: I did seek legal help. I got a lawyer and found out that I have some solid legal rights. But that only put me through heavier mental trips, because I sure as hell didn’t want to end my career with a lawsuit against the N.F.L.

PLAYBOY: By playing the game, in both senses of the phrase, you no doubt picked up a fat contract for this year. Is the \$2,500,000 figure quoted by Larry Merchant on NBC-TV accurate?

SIMPSON: Merchant doesn’t know what

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he's talking about. But if I may anticipate your next question, I'm not going to get into the terms of my contract, except to say that I'm very happy and satisfied with it and that I guarantee you that as long as I play football, I won't ask for another raise.

PLAYBOY: You still haven't told us exactly how Wilson convinced you to return.

SIMPSON: Well, as I said, we talked a long time. He told us what kind of money the Bills were willing to pay, and when we had finished talking, I drove him back to his hotel. I still had no intention of playing for the Bills, but late that night, I changed my mind.

PLAYBOY: What did the trick?

SIMPSON: Things my wife told me. Marquerite said I had been a grouch for about a week and that maybe my pride was getting in my way. Pride can be a funny thing, because sometimes it can keep you from doing what you really want to do—and she thought that what I really wanted to do was play football. I was still being stubborn about it, but we finally decided that if Ralph cleared up some contractual things the next day, which was Saturday, I'd leave for Buffalo on Sunday. Well, Ralph cleared those things up at breakfast the next morning, so on Sunday, I caught the first flight out to Buffalo. Ralph thought it would take me a couple of weeks to get ready, but I said, "Hey, Ralph, I'm going to play Monday night!" And I did.

PLAYBOY: Did those things that were cleared up somehow negate your original objections to returning to Buffalo?

SIMPSON: No; the major problem is that I'm separated from my family. The kids are in school and Marquerite doesn't want to be moving them in and out of schools in Los Angeles and Buffalo, and I can't argue with that. So she and our two children stay in L.A.—they visit me, of course, but for the most part, we're separated for five months. That's not easy on me and it sure isn't easy on them.

PLAYBOY: But aren't you home much of the remaining seven months?

SIMPSON: No, I'm not. When football is over for the year, it seems like I'm always on the road, making appearances for the companies I work for and, in the past couple of years, acting in movies. I gotta do that, because football is gonna be part of my past pretty soon and I have to think about my future—which means finding another career. But all that keeps me on the road and has led to a lot of trouble for us. Marquerite and I were apart more than we were together and a marriage can't work when you're separated so much of the time. I had to make a decision, which to me seemed really to boil down to a question of my family versus playing football away from home again.

PLAYBOY: Was it just a matter of mileage,

or did the city of Buffalo itself play a part in your decision?

SIMPSON: A big part. Marquerite wasn't happy in Buffalo; she just didn't have much to do. And I'm an outdoor person, but unless you're into snow, Buffalo is not the place to be—and I'm not into snow. My biggest problem, I guess, is that I like to do a lot of different things, and in Buffalo, whatever we do one night is pretty much what we do the next night, 'cause it just doesn't have the variety of people and occupations that you find in a city like L.A. There's only one word to describe the negative side of Buffalo: tedium.

PLAYBOY: Is there a positive side of the city for you?

SIMPSON: Absolutely. Buffalo has allowed me to get in touch with myself. In that environment, it's hard to get lost in the party scene the way people do in Hollywood. In Buffalo, you tend to discover what you really need out of life: the frills aren't there, so you get down to basics, and in that respect, I think, the town has been good for me. I'll tell you something else: I never had a friend come

*"One thing last season
proved was that I couldn't
make the Bills champions.
We broke an all time
record, but we were
eliminated."*

visit me in Buffalo who didn't have a ball. Anyway, that business about leaving Buffalo is all behind me now. I intend to finish out my career with the Bills. But I'll tell you this: I think the Bills would have been better off if they'd made a trade for me.

PLAYBOY: What leads you to that conclusion?

SIMPSON: To start with, I may retire after this season, and if I do, the Bills will wind up with nothing for me. During the summer, they could have made a trade that would have ensured them of being a top-caliber team for many years. One thing last season proved was that I couldn't make them a champion. The Bills were the best offensive team in football and we broke an all-time N.F.L. record for first downs—but we were eliminated from the playoffs with two games left in the season.

Obviously, what the team needs is defensive ball players; they have an excellent offense, even without me. I try to do everything from a positive point of view and, looking at it positively, the trade was gonna be better for the Bills, better for the fans in Buffalo—'cause the

team would win more games—and it would certainly be better for me, because I could end my career at home on the West Coast with a team that is a potential Super Bowl champion.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you were being realistic about the Bills' prospects minus O. J. Simpson?

SIMPSON: I think I was. Listen, our highlight film last year was called *They Sure Were Exciting*, and there's no getting around that fact: The Bills in '75 had fans jumping out of their seats. Now, you can win and be a dull team, and the Rams are frequently accused of that. But even though the Bills played some damned wild games last year, the team's lack of defense kept it out of the playoffs. Essentially, Buffalo would've had a fine offense even if it had come up with a merely adequate runner in my place—and Lawrence McCutcheon, the guy Wilson wanted from the Rams, is much more than an adequate runner. The better the runner, the better the offense; but in any case, it had to be a good offense. The defensive players the Bills could have received would have been the key to the trade.

PLAYBOY: Can't they acquire such players without losing you?

SIMPSON: Honestly? Yes, they can get a couple of guys who can help without getting rid of me. You have to go back to that old football cliché about paying the price. George Allen sees guys who might help him get to the Super Bowl today, and all of a sudden John Riggins, Calvin Hill, Jean Fugett, Jake Scott and Pat Sullivan are Washington Redskins. Allen pays whatever price he has to and doesn't worry about later on, because his philosophy is very simple: The future is now.

PLAYBOY: Judging from the boos that greeted you the night of the Bills' nationally televised season opener, didn't your near defection lose you some of your popularity with the Buffalo fans?

SIMPSON: I took that with a grain of salt, because after I had carried the ball a few times, most of the boos turned to cheers, probably because the fans in Buffalo know that I'm there to play football and I don't give them anything but my very best. What booing there was, well, you gotta remember that Buffalo has the most vocal fans in the N.F.L. and they take the game very personally. When you're winning, they really let you know how proud they are of you.

Of course, early in my career, when we looked like a bunch of bums out on the field, they took that personally, too. Except for my first three years in the league, the people in Buffalo have treated me really well. But those three years were rough, because I'd always been cheered—and for the first time in my life, I was being booed.

PLAYBOY: Why were the fans on your case?

SIMPSON: Because we weren't winning. When I got to Buffalo, I was supposed to

be the kid from California who was gonna instantly turn things around for the Bills, but there was no way that could happen.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SIMPSON: That had to do with our head coach at the time, John Rauch. Rauch has a tremendous amount of pride, and I mean he's stubborn as hell. He's a guy who once he says something, will stick with it no matter what—which I think worked against him in Buffalo and which I know worked against me. He and I never hit it off, starting from the time I reported to Buffalo, when he tried to make me a receiver instead of a runner. I was a rookie, so I had to go along with all that, but Rauch and I really started having run-ins during my second year. By then, it was clear to me that the offense wasn't working and I thought we should try something else. Rauch was trying to impress the players with his system and he was determined to stay with it, no matter what our record was or what it was costing the players.

PLAYBOY: How hot did it get between you and Rauch?

SIMPSON: About as hot as it *could* get. I still take pride in the fact that I never asked to be traded during those years, but believe me, there were times I just wanted to scream and get out of there.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you?

SIMPSON: Two reasons: The first was Jack Horrigan, a great dude who was the Bills' public-relations man at the time. Jack was dying of leukemia, but at moments when I was ready to bail out, he'd come around and comfort me. "Juice," he'd say, "there are times in your life when stuff like this is gonna happen, and you just have to ride it out. Things'll get better." When things *did* get better, Jack unfortunately passed away.

The second reason I didn't leave involved hurting my left knee during my second season. In our eighth game of the year, I got hit pretty good returning a kickoff against Cincinnati, and I was through for the season. On the day I returned to camp the following summer, Rauch was fired—and was replaced by Harvey Johnson, a great guy but certainly not a man qualified to be a head coach, in my opinion. We won one game that year. By then, I was about as disillusioned with the Bills as I could be. A pro football team is a \$17,000,000 business, but the Bills' operation wasn't run as well as my high school football program. And coming out of USC, where everything we did was first-class, I found the Bills to be rinky-dink.

PLAYBOY: As in tacky?

SIMPSON: Right. The facilities were incredibly bad. War Memorial Stadium had to be seen to be believed, but when I first saw it, I *didn't* believe it. I guess I was naïve. In college, I'd played at the

L.A. Coliseum, which you can see from a half mile away. In Buffalo, you'd be walking through a black neighborhood and suddenly, 60 feet in front of you, you'd see this old, rundown stadium. I'm an optimist, so I figured, Hey, it doesn't matter, 'cause I'm gonna be on the field, not in the stands. But that should have let me know what I was in for. Check this out: Our locker room for practices was located in a public ice rink and we shared it with kids getting dressed for hockey games. Team meetings were conducted in the hallway of the ice rink, but not exactly in privacy: We had to put a sheet up over a wire so that the mothers and kids wouldn't barge in. We held our meetings right around the ice rink's refreshment machines, so while we'd be going over game plans, kids would come through to get ice cream and sodas. That seemed a little strange.

PLAYBOY: When did things get better for the Bills?

SIMPSON: My fourth year. Lou Saban was rehired as head coach and brought stability and organization to the franchise—and, by then, Buffalo had started building a new stadium. Lou made us a

"We even had hair and dress codes. I think back on those days and wonder how I ever put up with that crap."

running football team, but even more important to the players, he treated us like men. Under Rauch, we'd stay over in Niagara Falls the night before home games—without our wives, of course. We had an 11-o'clock curfew—which the Bills still have—but Rauch would come to our room and there'd be trouble if we weren't actually in *bed*. Three hours before a game, he would give us a written test and we'd have to answer questions like, "Who are we playing today?" It was as if the players were in the third grade, and it alienated us. We even had hair and dress codes, which prohibited us from wearing things like flared pants. When Lou came in, all that shit went right out the window. I'm like a lot of older N.F.L. players in that I think back on those days and wonder how I ever put up with that crap.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier you wouldn't discuss the exact terms of your contract, but we may assume that you're earning well over \$500,000. Do you think you're worth that kind of salary?

SIMPSON: I think a person is worth what he gets. And I also think you can't belly-

ache about bad breaks, because what happens to you is what you *allow* to happen to you. When I was a rookie, Ralph offered me \$50,000 and I thought I was worth much, much more. I'd been the Heisman Trophy winner; I'd gotten a lot of publicity in college and, when they drafted me, the Bills also got a lot of publicity. But I never said Ralph didn't offer me what I *deserved*. I just went to him and fought for more money.

PLAYBOY: Did you win?

SIMPSON: Nope, and I'm kind of thankful I didn't. At the time, I'd placed myself in the hands of some financial people who wanted Wilson to give me a \$500,000 loan, which I'd invest on Wall Street. Ralph wouldn't go for it, but they finally got him to set up a loan for \$100,000, which we immediately invested—and which immediately went down the tubes. That's one reason I'm handling myself today. I'd be willing to bet that about 40 percent of the deals that agents get athletes into don't do better than break even, and the rest of the time, the guys get hurt.

Anyway, when I couldn't budge Ralph to go above \$50,000, I became the N.F.L.'s longest holdout in my rookie year. I might *still* be a holdout, but there were pressures on me to play. I'd signed a three-year contract with Chevrolet that guaranteed me \$180,000, I had one with RC cola for \$37,500 a year, and I'd also signed with ABC Sports. All those things were tied to my football career, which is why I always tell Ralph that he got me cheap. I finally agreed to play for \$50,000.

PLAYBOY: Sports commentators often charge that doing product endorsements detracts from an athlete's concentration, hence from his performance. Do you disagree?

SIMPSON: Sure I do. I've done my share of endorsements and I think my record as a football player speaks for itself. You hear sportswriters say that crap about how endorsements and doing TV distract a player, but, hey, that stuff is gonna sustain me *long* after my football career is over. Don't misunderstand me: Football made it all possible, but I think I've given back to the game whatever I've gotten out of it. I repay the game with everything I have every time I walk onto the field.

I also know that the game goes on and that while you may be the greatest today, no one will know where you are tomorrow. When your playing days are over, the roar of the crowd becomes just a loud echo. Players today know *exactly* what football can do for them: put money in the bank.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a bit cynical?

SIMPSON: I'm not being cynical, just realistic. There are only two reasons guys become pro-football players—to make money and because they enjoy playing the game. Pro football can give you

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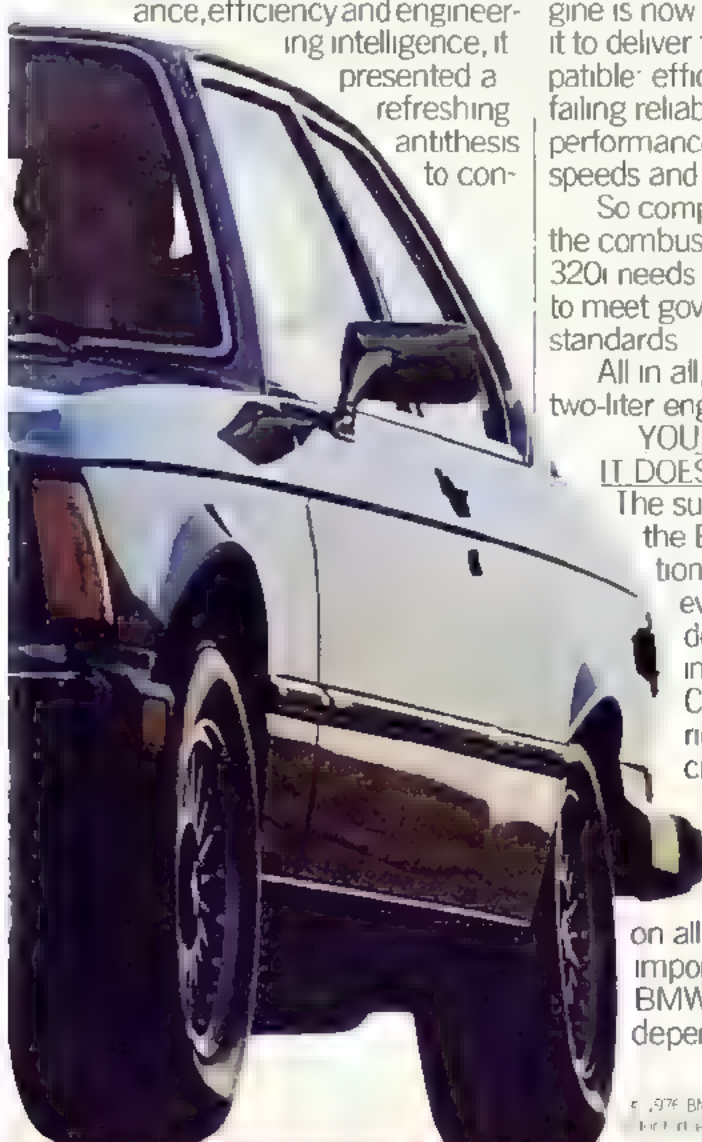
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things like pride and discipline, but the only *tangible* reward it offers is money. People never hear what happens to most players after their careers—which average only about five and a half years—are over. When all that adulation is withdrawn, it's *traumatic*, Jack. I doubt if figures exist on this, but believe me, the divorce rate among retired pro football players is just staggering. The press, management—they don't talk about stuff like that. Instead, you hear things from them about *loyalty*, which is what I heard when I said I wouldn't return to Buffalo. But over the years, I've learned that loyalty in pro sports goes hand in hand with finance, and it's not black and white, it's black and red: The minute an owner starts losing money, his loyalty to a player or a city completely changes. Players don't talk about loyalty; that stuff comes strictly from upstairs. And the players recognize that kind of double talk for what it is: *bullshit*.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with the owners' predictions that if players are made free agents, rich teams will outbid poor teams for talent—with the result that N.F.L. franchises in smaller cities like Buffalo and Green Bay will soon go bankrupt?

SIMPSON: You know, it's funny how team owners always talk about competition having made America great, but *they* sure don't want no competition. Instead, you hear how rich franchises would outbid poor franchises for players on the open market—but meanwhile, which N.F.L. franchise is poor? Green Bay, Wisconsin is the smallest town in the N.F.L., but how can the Packers be poor when they damn near sell out every game? And how can any team afford to offer players more money than the Bills when Buffalo continues to outdraw every other club in the N.F.L.? Ralph Wilson has done *very* well in Buffalo; he's got the most profitable franchise in pro football.

The truth is that *no* club has enough money to buy itself a team of All-Pro's. Right now, I don't even think any team could afford to sign both me and Joe Namath. And I don't see how any team could *ever* wind up with an O. J. Simpson, a Mercury Morris and a Chuck Foreman, because none of us would want to be bench warmers. As far as I'm concerned, all that talk about possible bidding wars is there to help owners smoke screen the college draft—which was finally ruled illegal in court this fall.

PLAYBOY: Why do you take issue with the N.F.L.'s system of drafting college players?

SIMPSON: Well, I've always had a very simple question concerning the draft: What's bigger, the N.F.L.'s bylaws or the U.S. Constitution? The Constitution says we're all free to choose how and where we want to earn a living. Hey, when I came out of college, I was told that if I wanted to play pro football in America, I'd have to go

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to Buffalo. I had no choice in the matter. Owners justified the college draft by saying they needed it to maintain the league's "competitive balance," but they've used that argument to take advantage of the players.

Listen, I think the N.F.L. *does* need some kind of college-draft system, but it's never tried to come up with an alternative that takes the player into consideration. For instance, why shouldn't a player have a choice of signing with at least a *couple* of teams? By way of an answer, the N.F.L.—which means the team owners—says that pro football can survive only by following the rules, but they make *up* the rules. Well, the Constitution is there to give everybody an equal shot, and if football can't survive within constitutional limits, maybe we'd better sit down and talk about it—and change it. Which is what's happening. A lot of N.F.L. rules—like the Rozelle Rule—have been thrown out, and a lot more are *gonna* be thrown out.

PLAYBOY: Do you think pro football could be destroyed in the process?

SIMPSON: It's possible, because as the players gain more control, they might put through changes that could weaken the sport. The one thing I'm sure of is that in the past eight years, pro football has become a better sport for the players and less than the greatest investment for businessmen who want to be team owners. Chris Hemmeter, the last president of the World Football League, got a jump on what's happening. He introduced a plan that didn't have a chance to work out, because people didn't go to W.F.L. games, but it was a sound idea and I guarantee you that the N.F.L. will eventually adopt something like it. The Hemmeter Plan was simple: It gave the players a certain percentage of the money that a franchise makes. Let's say the team gets 43 percent; the average player might sign a contract for one percent and a superstar might get two or three depending on what the other stockholders—his teammates—have to say. What it finally boils down to is that as the rewards of pro football get greater, the players are *gonna* have to step in and take some of the financial risk.

Obviously, team owners are eventually going to be eliminated, because football is a game that can survive without them. Granted, it hasn't so far; there's that old saying about how players come and go, but the owners stay. But in the future, players are going to get more control, and if pro football lasts for another 50 years, the players will own all the teams.

PLAYBOY: If something akin to the Hemmeter Plan were in effect, do you think your teammates would vote to pay you as much as you're making now?

SIMPSON: No way; so in one way, I guess I'm lucky that I'll be long gone by the time all that takes place.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to the subject of your imminent retirement: How firm are you about your announced intention to leave pro football after this season?

SIMPSON: Pretty firm. I'll be 30 before the start of next season, and about the only runners I can think of who played well at that age were journeymen backs like Bill Brown, Tom Woodeshuck and Tom Matte. But I can't think of any of my kind of runner who played well once they turned 30. At that age, you start to lose one step in terms of speed, and most people don't realize it, but all that separates the better backs from the journeymen is that one step. Leroy Kelley of the Browns was still good at 31, but he'd lost an awful lot by then. Kelley was amazing in that he knew just where the holes would open up. He played his last two years on his knowledge of the game and I think I could, too. But I don't *want* to. I don't ever want to be out on the field and remember a move and think, I can't do that anymore.

The thing is, I want to leave the game like Jim Brown—who quit while he was still the best—and not like Johnny Unitas. Johnny Unitas was one of the greatest quarterbacks who ever played the game, but young guys who saw him at the end of his career saw a guy who wasn't anywhere *near* the great player he'd been. It's like something I once read about Willie Mays. A guy took his son to see Willie play and he gave the kid a big build-up about Willie, but by then, he was with the Mets and what the kid saw was almost a caricature of Mays. He was thick with age, his hat didn't fall off when he ran and he couldn't hit or run the way he used to. The kid finally walked out of the stadium doubting that Mays had *ever* been great, and I don't want that to happen to me.

But, having said all that, I also gotta say that I'm still as fast as when I came into the league. If I trained for track, I think I could run the 100-yard dash in 9.4 seconds. In fact, I'm sure of it: last year, I ran the 100 in 9.6 in tennis shoes and on asphalt for ABC's *Superstars* show. So while I think this is my last season, I'm sure I could play next year at the same level I played at in '75.

PLAYBOY: What are the chances that you will?

SIMPSON: I'll tell you who really has the say-so on that: Dino De Laurentiis and Milos Forman—De Laurentiis' director on *Ragtime*. They haven't cast the movie yet, but if I get the part of Coalhouse Walker, Jr., and they shoot it next fall, then that's it for me and pro football. But in the meantime, I don't have the part—or even an inside track on it.

PLAYBOY: Why are you so ready to quit football for *Ragtime*? Aren't you being offered other movie roles?

SIMPSON: Yes, but there are certain parts that can build a movie career very quickly—and I think that Coalhouse Walker

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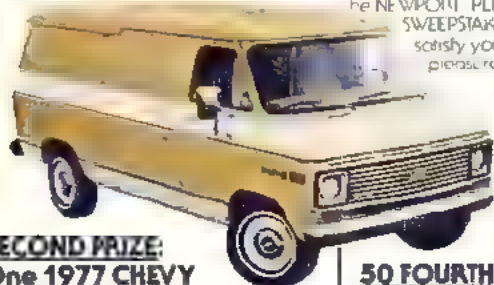
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is one of those parts. They don't come around that often, either. This might not be the best example, but I remember that Robert Redford was hangin' in for a lotta years before he made *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, which is when his career really took off.

PLAYBOY: How serious are you about becoming an actor?

SIMPSON: Very serious, because it's what I want to do with my life when I'm through with football. I've been acting since my rookie year in the N.F.L., when I did an episode of *Medical Center*. I played a top college football player who was sick but who was trying to convince everybody he wasn't so he could be drafted by the pros and get that big bonus for his mamma. It was supposed to be the sixth show of the series, but the producers liked it so much that they used it for the series' premiere. People in the industry who saw it said, "Hey, this kid can act," and for almost two years after that, I was told to follow it up with something. Between football, working for Chevrolet and RC cola and going to sports banquets, I didn't really have time. But after my third year in the N.F.L., a friend named Jack Gilardi, who was senior vice-president at Creative Management Associates, arranged for me to be in a film called *Why?* The whole movie was improvised; it was about a bunch of kids going through a marathon group-encounter session. We'd just sit there eight hours a day with the cameras grinding, and it was like being paid to take acting lessons, which is why it didn't matter to me that the movie was never shown in theaters. A year later, some guy talked to me about *The Klansman*, and all of a sudden, I had a part in it. It was a hell of a surprise, because being in a movie with actors like Lee Marvin and Richard Burton couldn't do me anything but good.

PLAYBOY: When *The Klansman* was on location in Oroville, California, it was reported that you were usually the only sober actor on the set. Was that accurate?

SIMPSON: Oh, there was some vodka absorbed, Jack. Like cases and cases of it. I learned that in the acting industry, the heavy drinkers all go for vodka, because it doesn't smell. Lee Marvin amazed me with his stamina, 'cause he'd go through an entire bottle and still do his lines without a hitch. Same thing with Richard Burton. And sometimes, when he was incriminated Richard would start ramblin' on in that booming voice of his, maybe recitin' from *Camelot* or something, just to get your attention. We'd play a game in which we'd all try to ignore him, but we couldn't. And I've never seen a cat, tipsy or not, who could charm a lady more than Richard could. I spent about six weeks working on *The Klansman*, and even though critics destroyed the

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movie, I got reviews saying that the only redeeming thing about it was my performance. After that, I got a part in *The Towering Inferno* as a security guard, and that led to a couple of other movies, *Killer Force* and *The Cassandra Crossing*, which has people in it like Sophia Loren, Ava Gardner, Richard Harris and Burt Lancaster. So it seems to be happening, you know?

PLAYBOY: Have you set any goals for yourself as an actor?

SIMPSON: I'll settle for becoming what producers call bankable—having enough of a following to know that people will go to see movies I'm in. But I don't want to just play action parts where I do a lot of runnin' around. The guys I want to be like are character actors. I'd really like to be a cat like Dustin Hoffman, who I think is probably the greatest actor in the world. Another guy I dig is Martin Balsam, and I'll go to watch him—like in *The Anderson Tapes*, where he played a fag—just to see what kind of trip he's into. I'm also not lookin' for parts that necessarily call for a black cat, the role I played in *The Cassandra Crossing* was written for James Coburn, but when he got tied up in another movie, they got me. I play a priest in it.

PLAYBOY: A priest? How did you prepare for that kind of role?

SIMPSON: Well, I sort of surprised my wife for the last two months before I went to Rome to make the film by going to church with her every Sunday. She's Catholic. And after church, I would speak to some of the priests. I also knew a few priests in San Francisco who used to work with the baseball teams that I was on; so when I went back to the city, I made it a point to look them up, just to be around them to pick up maybe a few of their mannerisms, how they said things and how they kind of carried themselves. I watched them and I thought, if I were a priest, how would I act? That's pretty much my approach to all the roles I've gotten into; it's worked for me.

PLAYBOY: What was it like working with people like Sophia Loren and Richard Harris? Did they accept you, a comparative newcomer to acting?

SIMPSON: They made it very easy for me. The first time I met Richard Harris, even before I saw him, I heard somebody yelling "Juice, Juice" and describing a play. "Second and ten, and clock's running out; Fergy drops back, hits Juice going down the middle 64 yards, he scores! Buffalo wins, 24-23." I looked around and it was Richard Harris. He was describing one of the big plays of the past season, so I knew he was a fan. He came up and made me feel at ease. Sophia Loren, the first day I was on the set, noticed me watching her when she had a little break. She said, "Come over and sit down," and she started helping me with a little Italian. Later, she became my gin partner. Whenever we were

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on the set, we were playing gin. She's a great poker player, too.

PLAYBOY: Did your wife and your children go with you to Rome?

SIMPSON: No, but if I had to do it over again, I'd take them with me. All my life, I'd always visualized myself as a father, with kids, but I never really thought about being a husband, and there are certain responsibilities you have as a husband. That's hard for a free spirit like me. But, fortunately, I've got a good lady and she's made adjustments for it.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to the fact that a guy in your position is constantly surrounded by groupies?

SIMPSON: Well, I haven't run into a plethora of groupies, but it all comes down to the two of us, how much we trust each other and how much we love each other. We've had our problems, like any other couple, probably a few more of them, because of my lack of privacy. Of course, we married young—I was 19 and my wife was 18—so we had a lot of growing up to do.

PLAYBOY: Early marriage isn't as popular as it used to be. How do you feel about it today?

SIMPSON: I wouldn't advise it for everybody, but for me it was probably the best thing. I was pretty extroverted and I did

a lot of messing around, and marriage sort of gave me some responsibility at an age when I needed it. I stayed home nights with my wife—she was working, so she was usually too tired to go out—and did my homework. If I hadn't been married and had her to go home to, I think I could have been moving a little too fast for myself.

PLAYBOY: There's no subtle way to ask this question, so let's just bulldoze into it. Have you ever found yourself in a situation that was ugly purely because of its racial overtones?

SIMPSON: I've been in places in the South and also in the North—where some dude started making race remarks. But when loudmouths say those kinds of things, I just make 'em disappear, to me, they're not even there. Of course, you can only take it so far and then you gotta let a guy know he's out of line. I've heard guys in bars yell, "C'mere, boy. Hey, boy, come over here." I ignore them until they try to pull me over to where they are. That's when Hertz comes in.

PLAYBOY: Hertz?

SIMPSON: Right, baby. I give 'em a hard hunk jab in the chest and say, "Hertz, don't it? Not Avis—Hertz." Politely you let 'em know they're startin' to walk on thin ice. I've been fortunate in that I haven't run into too many racial situa-

tions; but when they've come up, I've been able to handle them in some places and avoid them in others. I think that when you find guys beatin' up on dudes because of race remarks, it's generally because of some insecurities. But, hey, I know who I am: I'm the Juice. I'm black—and that's cool with me, baby, and just another reason why I'm the Juice. If you came up to me and called me a nigger, I'd probably look you in the eye and say, "Oh, is *that* what I am?" But if you're gonna call me a nigger, you best not touch me or give me any legal reason to hit ya, Jack. 'Cause, believe me, I will.

PLAYBOY: Somehow, that doesn't jibe with the Mr. Clean image you project in your Hertz commercials. Is there a real difference between your media image and your private personality and, if so, does it bother you?

SIMPSON: At times it worries me, because I don't quite understand the reasons for it. It might be because I have a lot of friends, and a friend often tends to make you seem like a good guy. Another reason, I suppose, is that I always try to be as direct and honest as I can be, maybe because I don't have to deal with who I am, especially in terms of race. I'm black and that's it. I can't change it and I wouldn't want to change it, as much as I couldn't and wouldn't want to change

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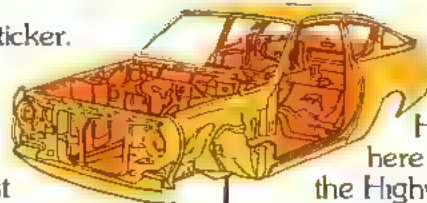
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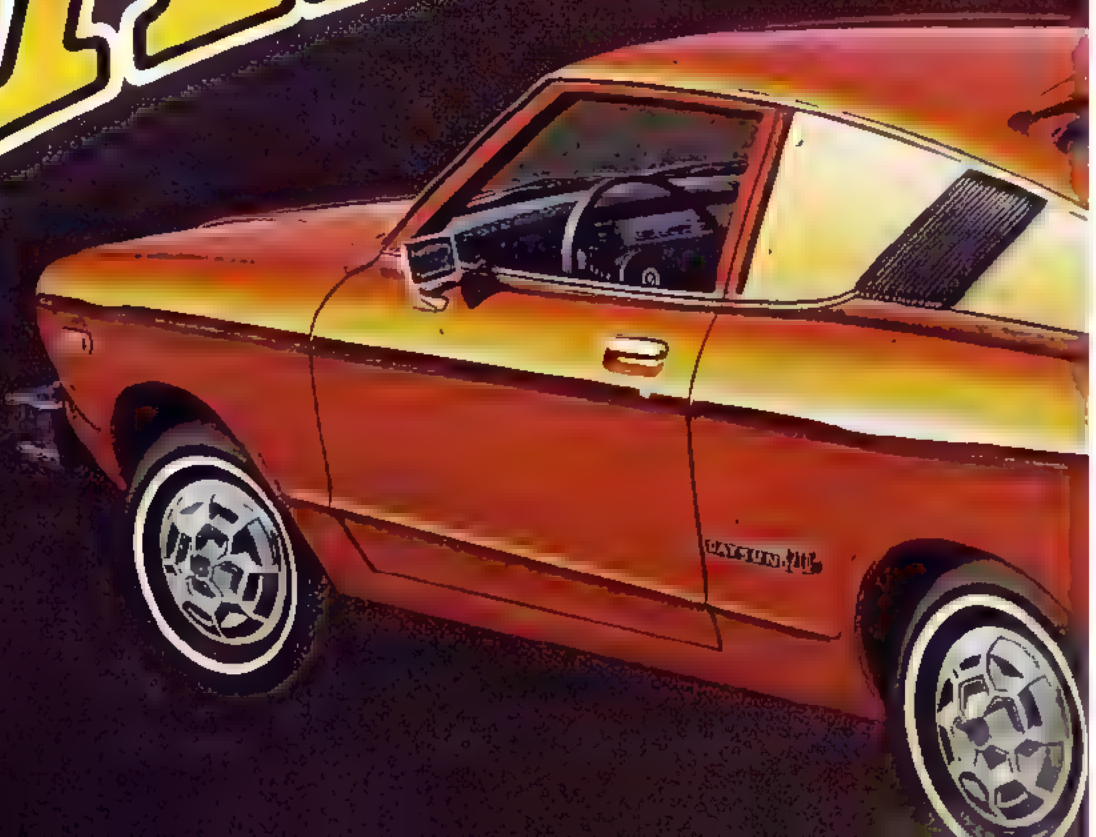
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what's in the damn sky. I'm happy with being black and I don't trip about it.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever gotten racial put-downs from blacks?

SIMPSON: Only when I was in college. When I was at USC, black athletes across the nation were looking for an identity and we all did things like grow our hair long. At some colleges, half the football team would be suspended for doing that, but on our campus there was no resistance because coach John McKay made any adjustments he needed to make without a hassle. Most of the cats on our team were cool, anyway, so it was never a big deal. But a lot of the middle- and upper-class black students were having a tough time discovering who in the hell they were. I remember that all of a sudden, USC had a black student union and then—bingo!—the black student union was talking about who was *black enough*. Students from affluent black communities like Baldwin Hills were coming up to guys like me who came from lower-class areas and tellin' us we weren't *black enough*. I'd tell those cats, "Hey, I don't have to go through any changes to prove that I'm *black enough*; I am *black*. I grew up *black*. I knew it the day I was born, I knew it when I went to school—I knew it *all* the time. You're just findin' it out, but that's *your* problem, not mine, so deal with it the best you can. But don't judge my trip by yours—and don't tell me about who's doing more for whom, or what. That ain't my trip, Jack."

PLAYBOY: Is there any particular reason why it isn't?

SIMPSON: Yeah, and it goes back to something that happened when I was about 15 years old. I'd been sent to the Youth Guidance Center in San Francisco for about a week—it had to do with a fight I had had—and a couple of hours after I got back home, somebody knocked on the door and said there was a guy downstairs who wanted to see me. So I went outside and there, sittin' in his car, was my boyhood hero—Willie Mays. I was the most loyal Giants fan you ever saw, and every day after school when the Giants were in town, me and my friends would sneak into Seals Stadium—that was before they built Candlestick Park—just to see Willie play. And there was Willie Mays, waitin' for me! I found out afterward that a neighbor had told him I was in trouble and had brought Mays around to talk to me. But Willie didn't give me no discipline rap; we drove over to his place and spent the afternoon talking sports. He lived in a great big house in Forest Hill and he was exactly the easygoing, friendly guy I'd always pictured him to be. It was a fantastic day for me. Well, a short time after that, Jackie Robinson took a shot at Mays by saying he didn't do enough for his people. That hurt me;

I took it like he'd said it about me, 'cause it was like I was Willie Mays back then. I'd always admired Robinson, but I never really saw him play and, besides, Mays was my *man*. Willie always put out good vibes, and even after I got to college, I knew that he had done more for me than anybody else. I was well aware of what Jackie Robinson had done and I appreciated it, just like I appreciate what George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Edison did. But I don't think he should have gotten on Mays. For myself, if I reach a lot of people and have a positive influence on them, that's great. I got that from Willie Mays, he was there to help a kid who was in trouble.

PLAYBOY: How much trouble did you get into when you were young?

SIMPSON: Oh, I wasn't *bad*, just mischievous. Some of that had to do with growing up in the Potrero Hill district of San Francisco, which to me was the greatest place in the world. My mother worked—my father didn't live with us—and me, my brother and my two sisters

"When there wasn't anything to do, somebody would say, 'Hey, let's go hit the pie factory.' So we'd go down and steal maybe 30 pies."

always had a terrific time. Blacks talk about other blacks' bein' your brothers and sisters, and that applies even more in the projects, where everybody's momma is your momma and three or four nights a week you'll be eatin' over at somebody else's house. It's like living in a federally funded commune. On a real level, Potrero Hill was an area where 70 percent of the people were on welfare, and it's bullshit to think they sat on their asses waiting for Government checks, because the luthers were always out looking for jobs, but there wasn't any work for them. I wasn't aware of all that, of course. To me, Potrero Hill was America the Beautiful, and I think most of the people who lived there felt the same way. I remember that at world series time, everybody would crowd around a radio to listen to the games, and when the national anthem was played, the whole room would stand up. *Everybody*—mothers, fathers, kids—would be on their feet, and this was in the projects. Mostly, I remember all the adventures we had. There was a polliwog pond, railroad tracks, a lumberyard and lots of factories nearby, and in the summer, when

there wasn't anything to do, somebody would say, "Hey, let's go hit the *pie* factory." So we'd go down there, sneak around the fence and set up what looked like a little bucket brigade, and we'd steal maybe 30 pies. My favorite was blackberry; man, that was *good*. Or we'd hit the Hostess Bakery or the milk factory. We had a good group of dudes and my best friends then are still just about my best friends now. We also had the toughest gang on Potrero Hill; couldn't nobody whup us on the Hill.

PLAYBOY: Was it dangerous to belong to a gang?

SIMPSON: I think it was more dangerous *not* to. There was never any blame attached to it, and if you weren't in one, you had to be kind of goofy or else just plain out of it. When I was 13, I joined my first gang, the Gladiators, and I was the president; me and all my little cronies got these great burgundy-satin jackets that I later learned were baseball windbreakers. There were about 14 of us and we stayed on Potrero Hill and never dealt with any gang outside the district, because we were too young.

I joined my first *fighting* gang when I got to junior high and got with the Persian Warriors. There were about 25 guys in the club and I think I was the only one who didn't live in the Fillmore District. And, of course, we had our ladies' auxiliary; the Persian Parettes were the best female club in San Francisco. I was 14 when the Parettes came into my life and, man, they gave me an *education*. We did a pretty good amount of fighting and the big showdowns would usually take place on holidays, when everybody would get on down to Market Street. You'd hear cats sayin' "You gonna be at the Golden Gate Theater tomorrow? The Roman Gents are gonna fight the Sheiks!" I joined a club called the Superiors when I got to high school, and that's when we started steppin' out of all that rowdy shit and started giving dances instead. I think the IRS would've been interested to find out about them, because we made us some bucks. One year, we rented a hall in the Sieraton-Palace Hotel and gave a Halloween party that hundreds of kids came to. We cleared about \$3300 for the night, which, to us, was almost unbelievable.

PLAYBOY: What did you do with all that money?

SIMPSON: We put it in our kitty and then put on a picnic that the whole city was invited to. The Superiors finally broke up when about four of the guys went to jail and a few others joined the Army. All of a sudden, there were only about four active members left, and the club had \$2800, so we did what we thought was best for everyone concerned. We voted to split up the treasury. All right?

PLAYBOY: Had you ever scored like that before?

SIMPSON: No, but as a kid, I always managed to keep myself in lunch money, especially during football season. We'd go down to the 49ers games and sneak in, and then afterward, when the game was over, the management would give you a nickel for every seat cushion you turned in. Me and my friends would grab all the cushions we could, and sometimes we'd also grab all the cushions *other* little dudes had picked up. It was like a dog-fight.

But the way to make real money at 49ers games was to hustle tickets. To do that, you needed a little dough up front to work with. If my momma would lend me a few bucks, I was over like a hot rat, but most of the time I'd have to get the money together by myself. So on Fridays, I'd go fishing down at the pier and then sell my catch in the projects. On Saturdays, I'd hustle bottles for the deposit money, and by game time on Sunday, I'd have \$3.50 for a reserved seat ticket. That wasn't to get in, 'cause we'd *sneak* in—that was money to work with. I'd go up to people outside the stadium and ask if they had extra tickets. Lots of times, cats would be waiting for friends who didn't show, and if I thought a guy could be talked out of a ticket, I'd kinda whimper and say, "Oh, I just *got* to see old Hugh McElfenny." Some people would give you the ticket, but the average cat would want something for it and he'd say, "Nope, I won't *give* it to you, but how much money you got?" You'd tell him \$1.50 or two bucks, he'd sell it to you, and then you'd go sell it to somebody else for the \$3.50. Sometimes you'd catch a seat on the 50 yard line and you could scalp those for four or five bucks. By game time, I'd pick up about \$40—and this was a little dude whose momma gave him a quarter a day for lunch.

PLAYBOY: You weren't exactly shy and naive as a child, then?

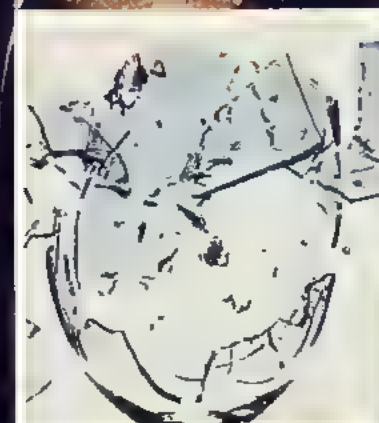
SIMPSON: Hey, I was *aggressive*. I've always had lots of energy, which is why my teammates on the Bills started calling me Juice. That didn't have anything to do with orange juice, only with the kind of guy I am—always juiced up, always moving around. A lot of guys probably think I'm *too* active and *too* loud, but that's the way I am and that's the way I was as a kid. But I wasn't called O.J. or Juice when I was little. As a kid, I was called Headquarters and Waterhead, because my head was about the same size then as it is now, and I was very sensitive about that. I was also sensitive about my legs. When I was, oh, maybe two years old, I came down with rickets—a lack of calcium in the bones—and the disease made my legs skinny and left me bow-legged and pigeon-toed. I needed braces

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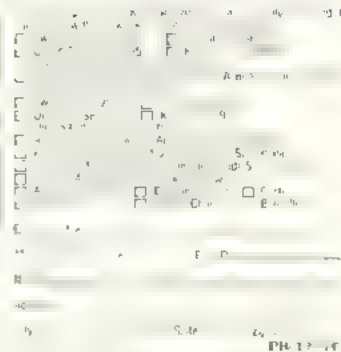
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to correct both of those things, but my mom couldn't afford them, so I wore a pair of shoes connected by an iron bar. I'd get into that contraption a few hours every day and until I was almost five, I'd be shufflin' around the house. But then my legs improved and I got to be a very rowdy character.

PLAYBOY: How rowdy?

SIMPSON: Well, at dances, I'd wear this long white hat down over my eyes, and if I saw a girl who looked good, I'd go right up to her and start rappin', even if she was with a guy. I didn't care what the dude said, 'cause I'd tell him, "Hey, I'm talkin' to her, not you, man. If she can't want me to talk to her, she'll tell me she don't want me to talk to her." It rarely got into punches, because most of the dudes didn't want to fight me.

PLAYBOY: Why not? Were you such a tough kid?

SIMPSON: Oh, I could handle myself, but you also gotta realize that San Francisco isn't a big town and it ain't that hard to develop a reputation. I got most of mine from a fight I had with a guy named Winky. He belonged to the toughest club in the city, the Roman Gents, and when we fought, he must've been about 20 and I was maybe 15. That was one fight I sure didn't start. One night, I was at a dance in the Booker T. Washington Community Center when, all of a sudden, this loud little sucker—an older O. J.—comes up to me and says, "What did you say about my sister?" I'd heard of Winky—just about everyone had—but I didn't know that was who this was, so I just said, "Hey, man, I don't know your sister. I don't even know you." It wasn't cool to fight in the community center, so the guy started walking away, but he was still talkin' crap to me and I yelled back, "Fuck you, too, man!"

Well, a few minutes later, I see a whole bunch of Roman Gents trying to get this cat to be cool, but nope, he's comin' over to me and he shouts, "Motherfucker, I'm gonna kick your ass!!" And then—bingo!—the music stops and I hear everybody whisperin', "Winky's gettin' ready to fight Winky! Damn, I didn't want to fight him. So as he walks up to me, I say, "Hey, man, I really didn't say *any* thing about your sister." But before I can say anything else, Winky's on me and swingin'. Well, I beat his ass—I just cleaned up on the cat—and as I'm givin' it to him, I see this girl Paula, who I just loved, so I start getting loud. And as I'm punchin', I'm also shouting: "Alutha-fuckah! You gonna fuck with me?"

Well, the head of the community center finally pulled me off but Winky and his friends wanted for me outside and I had to sneak home. For the next few weeks, wherever I'd show up, it wouldn't be too long before somebody would come up to me and say, "Hey, man, Winky

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It really got hot for me—no jokin' around—so that summer, I moved in with an uncle in Las Vegas. When I went back, I was sure things had cooled off, but one night I'm comin' out of a party and who do I bump into? Right, Winky and his boys. But instead of fightin' with me, he says, "Hey, little dude, you got a lot of guts. Come on in and have a drink with us." I was leery as hell, but there wasn't much I could do—I was surrounded by all these *big* mothers—so I went back inside and Winky told everybody, "This is our little dude. From now on, anybody fucks with him gotta fuck with us." And so, throughout my high school years, most of the guys around San Francisco knew who I was.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever take advantage of your notoriety?

SIMPSON: Nope, I never infringed on people. I was just like Clint Eastwood. I only beat up dudes who deserved it.

PLAYBOY: And how often would that be?

SIMPSON: At least once a week, usually on Friday or Saturday night. If there wasn't no fight, it wasn't no weekend.

PLAYBOY: Did it ever get beyond fists?

SIMPSON: Not with me, it didn't. I was in gang fights where a couple of guys got croaked, and you could be at the Y.M.C.A. with 600 people when a mini-riot would break out and, the next day, you'd read about some cat gettin' stabbed. But, basically, me and my buddies were all into sports. And even then, sports was lucky for me: If I hadn't been on the high school football team, there's no question but that I would've been sent to jail for three years.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SIMPSON: When I was in the tenth grade at Galileo High—I think it was 1962—the whole Haight-Ashbury thing had already started. San Francisco always used to have beatniks, but now all these weirdos were coming in from all over the country and the only thing they talked about was *margarine* or *marijuana*; I finally found out it was called *marijuana*. Up till then, me and my friends thought dope was something you only put in your arm, so we decided to make it over to Haight-Ashbury and see what was happening. We'd go down Page and Stanyan streets and walk into parties and see bald-headed Japanese cats praying and all kinds of characters smokin' that shit, and to us, it was just *weird*.

Naturally, the boys had to check out marijuana, and one day at school, we got hold of a joint; but when they passed it around, I just pretended to take a hit. I was a dihard athlete, and besides that, I didn't want to get *deranged*, right? I finally tried it one day and didn't get high—but I ran all the way home from school, breathing real hard to get it out

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of my system. I believed every horror story I'd heard about grass, and while I was runnin', I remember thinking, God-damn, why did I do that? I'm gonna get addicted'

Anyway, during football season, a friend of mine named Joe Bell came up to me and my buddy Al Cowlings and showed us these two joints he had. Joe told us that a teacher wanted to buy them for a dollar apiece. Me and Al had football practice—Joe had been kicked off the football team—so we couldn't go with him to sell them. It turned out that the teacher was a narc. Joe wasn't a pusher, but for sellin' two joints to a narc, he spent three years in the big house. When Joe got out, he went to the University of Washington on a football scholarship, got his master's and is now working on his doctorate—he's into prison reform. Me and Al just happened to have football practice that afternoon, or else we'd have been sent up, too. That's the kind of life it was for us. We were just kids like any other kids, but we weren't growing up in Beverly Hills.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you alluded to having spent time in the Youth Guidance Center. What kinds of things did the police arrest you for?

SIMPSON: Fighting, and once for stealing, which I didn't do. I don't want to make myself sound good, but one time our club was giving a dance and instead of

buying the wine, the guys decided to rip it off. I kept tellin' 'em we had the money to buy the stuff, but no, they wanted to steal it. I didn't even go into the liquor store with 'em. I wanted out side and when they came out, we walked around the corner—and right into the hands of the police. We'd planned that dance for months, had sent out hundreds of invitations, had done all kinds of advance work—we were callin' it The Affair of the Year—and there we were, up against the wall, and then in jail. It was the worst. But we're only talking about the hairy moments now, and they were a real small part of growin' up. Mostly, we had *super* times. And the majority of 'em had to do with bein' in the park from the time school was out until it got dark. We'd get out of school at three o'clock and we'd have a game goin' by 3:20.

PLAYBOY: What kind of game?

SIMPSON: Baseball. Everybody thought I'd become a major-league catcher and I probably would have if I hadn't kept busting up my right hand. The first time it happened was on a play at home plate during a high school baseball game. When I couldn't play baseball anymore that spring, I started running track—and I discovered that, while no one came to the baseball games, all the pretty girls showed up for track meets. At Galileo

High, I ran in the 880 relays and we set a city record. The same kind of thing happened when I got to junior college. I broke my hand during baseball season, so I joined the track team, ran in the 880 relays and we set a national collegiate record.

PLAYBOY: How did you injure your hand a second time?

SIMPSON: You ever hear of an actress named Vonetta McGee? I broke my hand hittin' her brother Donald in the head. That hurt, Jack. It also convinced me to cool it on the fighting.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin playing football?

SIMPSON: Oh, I'd always played it, and I was on the team all through high school. But I never thought about playin' college ball until the latter part of my senior year. Up until then, we'd always been easy to beat; in fact, in my junior year, we didn't win a game. In my senior year, though, we started winnin' and I made All-City. But I was overshadowed by the runners on the two top high school teams. I was the third back, and when the All-City team got written up, the papers said, "And O. J. Simpson rounds out the backfield." When I graduated, I didn't get a single scholarship offer.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, that seems hard to believe. Why not?

SIMPSON: One reason was my grades. They were lousy. My only interest in school was in gettin' out, so I took courses like home economics and didn't exactly kill myself studying. I was gonna join the Marines and fight in Vietnam, but before I graduated, a friend came back from Vietnam missing a leg, and I thought I had to be *crazy* to go there. The football coach at Arizona State had shown some interest in me, but he took one look at my grades and told me he'd be in touch when I got out of junior college. So I enrolled at City College of San Francisco and in my two years there I broke all the national junior college rushing records. That time around, I got a *lot* of scholarship offers.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that major football colleges staged a virtual bidding war for your services?

SIMPSON: Right. A whole bunch of 'em were offering all kinds of under-the-table shit. In addition to a regular scholarship, most of the schools were talking about \$100 or \$500 a month and stuff like a car. One school was gonna arrange for my mother to clean up an office for \$1000 a month; another was gonna get my mother a house. A lot of stupid Watergate-type recruiting shit went on in those days, but in recent years, it's changed for the better, because the N.C.A.A. has

cracked down pretty hard on a lot of schools. Even then, the N.C.A.A. was tryin', because they let it be known they were gonna investigate *whatever* school I picked.

PLAYBOY: Did USC offer you anything under the table?

SIMPSON: No, and it was probably the only school that *didn't*. It was also the only school I'd ever wanted to play for. When I was in the tenth grade and had just finished my first season of high school football, USC was playing Wisconsin in the Rose Bowl and I watched the game on TV. Early in the game, USC scored a touchdown, and all at once, a beautiful white horse was galloping around the field. Right then and there, I thought, "That's the school I want to go to!"

Well, at the end of my first year in junior college, we played in a bowl game—the *Prune Bowl*, can you dig it? We were playing Long Beach, the defending national champion, and after being behind 20-0 in the first half, we came back and destroyed 'em, 40-20. I scored three touchdowns in the second half and was voted Most Valuable Player, and as I was walking off the field, a guy came up to me and said, "O. J. Simpson, that was a great game. My name is Jim Stangland and I'm a coach at USC. How would you like to be a Trojan?"

The man had just said the magic word. Inside my head, *bugles* were blowin' and that white horse was *gallopin'*. But I had a problem: Because of my high school record, USC couldn't get me in after just one year of junior college. I really didn't want to stay in junior college for another year, but USC assistant coach Mary Gous convinced me I should. So I did.

PLAYBOY: How did he get you to change your mind?

SIMPSON: He guaranteed me that if I went to USC and played the kind of football he thought I was capable of playing, I'd get more money out of pro football than anybody else ever got—much, much more than any other school could offer me. And the reason I love USC so much is that's exactly what happened. I was in the right place at the right time: We were good football players and in the two years I was there, our team was on television 17 times. The L.A. media are very powerful, and all that exposure during my first year helped me get voted U.P.I.'s player of the year. The second year, I won the Heisman Trophy.

I had the time of my life at USC, probably because that's where I started getting recognition—and when you're raised in a poor area, that's what you want more than anything else. It's the same thing Rocky Graziano felt when he

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was a kid: I am *somebody*. Recognition is more of a motivating force than money, because it's really hard to sit home and dream about *dollars*. You can think about what money will buy you, but recognition is really what you want. It was certainly the thing I wanted.

PLAYBOY: Few football experts, if any, would dispute the notion that you've been the most successful running back of your time. What do you think enabled you to become unique as a runner?

SIMPSON: That's hard to say. I never consciously tried to develop a running style or to imitate anybody else's, because any time you do that, you ain't gettin' into nothing but trouble. When they hand you the ball, you don't think, because you don't have time to think. You just run. And you react. You gotta be able to recognize certain things that are happening out there and react without thinking. To do that, you have to daydream about running. I can watch a million game films, but I do myself more good driving down the freeway, daydreaming about runs against various teams. Last season, you wouldn't believe how much I daydreamed about running 90 yards against Pittsburgh, which is one reason I was able to do it. When you're really into it, incredible things can happen. I've had teammates come up to me and ask, "How did you fake that cut? You never even saw him!" And I'll look at game films and it's true—I have put moves on guys I didn't see, but the thing is, when you're running, you can sometimes feel when a guy's almost on you. What you have to do is react as if he's already there, 'cause you may not even have the time to look. Some of the guys call that transcendental meditation, but to me, it's just putting yourself out there beforehand and imagining everything that's supposed to happen on every play. You got to be very receptive to that during a game, but that's not always easy. It calls for deep concentration.

PLAYBOY: At what point during a game does all this concentration become something like pleasure?

SIMPSON: When I'm doing my thing, man. The rush part of a game for me is running, and the biggest rush is in settin' a cat down. When you're running with the ball and you put an unbelievable move on a guy, just about every fan watching the game feels the same thing you do. It's a rush and the whole stadium shares it with you.

PLAYBOY: Is that what separates the superstar from his colleagues—the ability to make inspired moves?

SIMPSON: I think so. In basketball, you can cheer for a solid player like Lou Hudson, who can stand out there and pop for 25 points every night, but then you have to look at the difference between

him and Earl Monroe. Well, Hudson comes down and hits his shots and he's methodical and he's great, but the Pearl will show you stuff you ain't never seen before, and suddenly you're on your feet, 'cause he's just too much!

In football, you watch good journey-men running backs like Ed Podolak and Jim Kiick, and they can put that shoulder down and follow their blocking and maybe get a little dippy, but when they make a move, it's usually a move that you saw coming. Then you look at Mercury Morris and just when you think he's trapped in the backfield, he'll do some thing you never saw before and every body in the stadium is shouting. "Did you see that?" And your friend's coming up the aisle with beers and you're yelling, "Man, you missed it! Mercury just done some shit you wouldn't believe!"

I call that *crazy* running and guys who do it are cats like Mercury. Chuck Foreman, Greg Pruitt, Otis Armstrong and Johnny Rodgers, who's playing up in Montreal. They all make insane moves that don't seem to have any logic, but somehow it turns out brilliant. And the crowds really dig it: lots of times I've gotten up after gaining maybe all of eight yards and the entire stadium is on its feet. More times than not, even the guy who was tryin' to tackle you is standing there starin', 'cause he knows he's lookin' stupid—and you know you just blew his mind.

PLAYBOY: How much are you going to miss all that—or are you?

SIMPSON: Oh, I can't say I'm not gonna miss football; I'll miss it, Jack. But the cold fact of the matter is that I'm gonna have to miss it, because I have no choice in the matter. If I couldn't have played this season, it would've been tougher to take, but eventually, you reach a point where you just *can't* play anymore. Once an athlete reaches that point of no return—and I'm not far from it—he realizes he's gonna have to retire. So I've tried to prepare myself for it. I've been watching other guys who've left the game and I've tried to evaluate where they are now. I've also thought about whether I could ever reach the same level in another profession that I've reached in football, and that's a tough one to answer. But whatever happens, I think I'll be able to handle it, even though you never know how you'll react to *anything* until it happens. I guess the only thing I can finally do is look back on what I did and be happy for it. And I am. I always enjoyed football and I think the guys I played with and against will remember me as a pretty good dude. In terms of being remembered as a player, I really think that if the game endures, then I'll endure. Hey, I'm *more* than willing to settle for that.



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and he had, even, a small coterie of students who supported him. Clark Austen was another case entirely. Not only had he published his doctoral dissertation—*Stagecraft and Costume Design in Ford's "Tis Pity She's a Whore"*—at one of the top Ivy League schools, and a respectable scattering of scholarly critical essays in excellent journals, but he seemed to be on a casual, first-name basis with eminent scholars in the Ivy League, at Oxford and Cambridge and even at various European universities. He dressed beautifully, though rather formally—in suits with vests, blazers with gold buttons, dress shirts and ties. It was evident that his nails were manicured regularly, his neckties were in exquisite taste and his hair razor-styled so that its rather youthful length was not inappropriate for a man in his late 40s. Rumor had it that Clark's shoes were custom-made, sent to him from a Bond Street shop in London. In any case, he carried himself well, as if constantly aware of an audience; he was always friendly, always good-natured, though sometimes his conversations were staid, even abstract and perfunctory, and members of the English department remarked to one another that there was something "remote" and "mysterious" about him. Frank Ambrose, the department's only black man, and one of the few men in the entire university who dressed with the quiet and expensive good taste with which Clark dressed, said that he liked Clark very much; they had had a lively discussion about the staging of Addison's *The Drummer* one afternoon, but, still, there was something quite secretive about the man. "Any one from the Ivy League who winds up at a university like Hilberry has got to have some reason for it," Frank said soberly.

From the first, however, Clark was popular with his colleagues. He had a certain style, having been born in Boston of evidently quite well-to-do parents, and he was a delightful conversationalist when relaxed, after a few drinks; moreover, he showed his gratitude profusely—and even a kind of sweet humility—by complimenting his hosts on their lovely homes and charming children and delicious food. Sometimes he took a dozen roses, sometimes a bottle of Scotch or an excellent wine. "He's really very attractive," the wives said, as if arguing a subtle point. Indeed, he had a sort of ruined beauty, striking green-gray eyes and a noble nose and mouth rather eroded in the fattish contours of his face.

It was noted that he could drink a remarkable quantity of alcohol before he started to show any effects. Basil May, the department's new head, had an open house in September at which, it was estimated, Clark drank at least five martinis before his speech became slurred; and

even then, he grew more and more gracious, more courtly. He complimented his hostess at great length, as if he'd never seen anyone so beautiful. "That dress is so becoming. Mrs. May, I've never seen such lustrous, healthy hair—such an exquisite auburn shade!—it's impossible to believe that you're really the mother of three growing boys, it's just wonderful, just . . . just surpassingly wonderful!" The poor woman stood there by the buffet table, plain Joanna May, blushing, confused, embarrassed. Clark took another drink and self-consciously joined a small group of men who were discussing the phenomenon of popular culture and its consequences for English studies: Were *King Lear* and *Peanuts* mutually exclusive or were they, perhaps, part of the same creative expression, the "human essence"? Clark appeared to be listening politely, but he said nothing; he finished his drink quickly. It was said afterward by Jake Hanley, who stood nearest him, that his skin had gone dead white in a matter of seconds. He interrupted the intellectual discussion by pointing to Eunice Ambrose and Marcella Blass, on the far side of the room, both of whom wore long dresses with floral prints and ropes of pearls. "Flowered skirts . . . flowered skirts and pearls and . . . and perfume," Clark said very slowly. "What does it mean? What does it mean?" When no one answered, he narrowed his eyes to slits, puffed out his cheeks and made a face that could only be called—so everyone said who happened to see it—incredulous. He waited a moment, then said in an even slower voice, gesturing with his forefinger, "I say flowered skirts and pearls and perfume and open-toed shoes and shaved legs and shaved armpits and . . . I say, What do they mean? What . . . what do they mean?"

Then he staggered, set his glass down, complained of being suddenly dizzy. Of course, everyone came forward to help. Mrs. May asked if he might like to lie down for a few minutes, in one of the upstairs bedrooms; Brian Packer offered to drive him back to his apartment, since he and his wife were about to leave any way. "Yes, thank you very much, thank you very, very much," Clark whispered. "I do think it's time for me to go home. . . ."

After the Packers drove off with Clark, everyone talked about what an extraordinary thing to have happened. Clark Austen suddenly so drunk, his skin lardish-pale, his eyes glassy and tiny and somehow—this was most terrifying of all—somehow *not quite human*. Dr. May had been out of the room at the time of Clark's peculiar metamorphosis, so it had to be demonstrated for him. Jake Hanley tried but was too grossly melodramatic; Frank Ambrose, himself a little drunk, but nerved up and witty, did a much better

imitation. Everyone laughed though of course it wasn't a laughing matter: it was really very strange, very unfortunate. Very sad.

They talked of little else but Clark Austen for the rest of the evening. The last persons to leave were the Ambroses. Saying good night to the Mays, Frank Ambrose suddenly ran a hand over his head, as if he had just thought of something incredible. "Do you suppose—look, do you suppose that poor bastard doesn't know he's queer?" Frank cried.

Almost immediately, Brian and Natalie Packer took up Clark's cause. Because the Packers were from Toronto, and therefore supposed themselves sophisticated, they were eager to befriend Clark; he was a remarkable man, Natalie insisted, far more sensitive than most. And he was lonely. Very lonely. Large groups upset him, Natalie said, but he was very much at home with the Packers; they were, after all, the only people in the department to have permanent orders at a downtown newsstand for the *Sunday New York Times*. Clark loved the ballet as much as the Packers did, and he was ecstatic over Natalie's cooking and genuinely fond of the Packers' twin poodles—large, rather flabby white dogs in late middle age, so it came about quite naturally, that the three of them, in Natalie's words, constituted an "oasis" of sorts in the midst of Hilberry's general mediocrity.

Brian Packer was a tall, frail man in his early 30s, with a wistful, sweet, cherubic look; a specialist in 17th Century literature. He did not mind that Natalie governed both of their lives and tried to inspire him to write critical essays—so that, someday, they could return to Toronto and civilization. Everyone liked Brian. It was Natalie who claimed attention, hardly five feet tall, chirrupy, assertive, with a loud, abrasive, lusty laugh, she was five years Brian's senior and always caught up in special projects. One year it was harp lessons; another year, pottery; still another year, she decided to enroll in the master's program in sociology at the university but dropped out midway because of a violent quarrel she had with one of her professors, in front of an entire class. "The man is an idiot! A total idiot!" she cried. For months she went about to faculty wives' meetings, to parties, telling everyone who would listen, including friends of the professor, what an idiot he was. "A creature like that should be fired immediately," she declared. She wrote letters to the dean of humanities and to the president of the university, but naturally, nothing was done. Hilberry was such a mediocre place, what else could she and Brian expect?

(continued on page 120)



*"With me getting older, the winters getting colder,
toy materials and labor costs going up and up,
kids becoming more cynical and demanding—believe me,
if it weren't for this stop, my dears. . ."*



MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE COLONEL

memoir

By DICK GREGORY
with JAMES R. MCGRAW

in which mr. gregory talks turkey with some high level friends and brings off an airlift to mississippi

A COUPLE OF DAYS before Thanksgiving 1964, I was getting ready to board a plane in Jackson, Mississippi, when one of the SNCC kids asked, "When we gonno see you agoin, Greg?"

I automatically answered, "I'll be back Christmas."

I had in mind spending Christmas in Mississippi with my wife and kids. On the plane to New York, I got to thinking, "Maybe we could take Christmas dinner down with us and eat it with some needy family." My thoughts kept rolling: "Why just one dinner and one family? Why not take a turkey dinner to as many needy Mississippi families as possible?" By the time my plane landed, I had made a private promise to take 20,000 turkeys to Mississippi on Christmas Day.

I've always had a thing about hunger. If I have a hobby other than track, I suppose it's feeding hungry folks. My earliest involve-

ment in the civil rights movement in the South reflected that concern. In retaliation against black voter registration in Leflore County, Mississippi, white officials had stopped passing out free Federal-surplus food to poor folks, claiming they could no longer afford the \$37,000 a year for storage and distribution. I hit the streets of Chicago and collected 14,000 pounds of food and personally delivered it to Greenwood, the county seat.

I felt that Mississippi was the key to the civil rights struggle, especially in the North. Mississippi was a symbol in the black community. Northern blacks made blocks from Mississippi the butt of jokes and put-downs. Mississippi had a strangle hold on the minds of all blacks; whenever there was a lynching, for example, everybody thought immediately of Mississippi, even though there were lynchings in



other states. Feeding hungry Mississippians at Christmas would go a long way toward removing the lingering fears still plaguing the black community.

I knew I would have to go public with my private promise if I were to find a way to get those turkeys to Mississippi. The highly touted return match between Sonny Liston and Muhammad Ali (then still called Cassius Clay by most fans and sportswriters) was coming up in Boston. I figured if I could get each of the two fighters to buy 10,000 turkeys, I'd be home free. I phoned Sonny Liston and got a tentative OK. I then laid the idea on Ali, who thought it sounded great.

My next call was to columnist Drew Pearson. Now that I had the financing (I thought), I needed an organization to give the project stability and respectability. Drew had recently gone through a conversion experience. Earlier in the year, he had written a column criticizing me, Adam Clayton Powell and others; the entire column was an open letter inviting me to stay out of Mississippi.

Then Drew made the mistake of going to Mississippi himself. All of a sudden, new thoughts, new attitudes and new opinions started appearing under his by-line. One beautiful column related his experience of sharing sweet-potato pie with a Mississippi sharecropper family. I figured the time was ripe to get him involved—while he could still taste that pie!

I got Drew on an airport phone in Kansas City. His first words were, "Dick, I must tell you that you were right and I was so wrong!" What an opener! I hit him with the idea of 20,000 turkeys for Mississippi. When I hung up, Drew Pearson was cochairman of a committee called Christmas for Mississippi. Immediately, the project became tax-exempt—taken under the wing of America's Conscience Fund, an established organization that was under the leadership of Drew Pearson and Harry Truman.

In his next column, Drew began plugging the idea. He had received a letter from a wealthy oilman named Emmett Thornhill of McComb, Mississippi. Drew had identified him as a Ku Klux Klan member and Thornhill was writing to set the record straight. He said he had broken with the Klan after it dropped the first three bombs in churches. Thornhill insisted that he had always enjoyed good business relationships with "coloreds" and complained, "This publicity you've given me has hurt me with 'em."

Drew offered a suggestion in his column:

Probably there is no man in America, even Representative Adam Clayton Powell, who is more hated by the Ku Klux Klan than Dick Gregory. He has given up performance fees of more than \$6000 a week

to raise money for the Freedom Movement in Mississippi and elsewhere.

Likewise, there is no organization more hated by Dick Gregory than the Ku Klux Klan.

However, if a man who has now renounced the Klan, such as Emmett Thornhill, would join in Dick Gregory's drive to give turkeys to the less privileged people of Mississippi—both white and black—it would prove beyond any possible doubt that he means what he says about a fair break for Negroes.

Furthermore, and even more important, it would prove that Americans can rise above personal prejudice.

Art Steuer, who'd been a friend since he interviewed me for an *Esquire* article some years before, and I flew to Boston to tighten up details with Sonny and Ali, only to find management on both sides locked in a clinch that looked like it wouldn't be broken. I returned to New York discouraged, knowing that something was going to happen to call off the fight. The next day's sports page told the story. The world's heavyweight champion had discovered a hernia "the size of a small lemon," which the examiners just happened to miss a couple of days earlier. The fight had to be postponed. Whatever the truth was about the fight cancellation, my 20,000 turkeys—along with countless bookies—had flown the coop.

But the idea, I decided, was too big to let go. I had an organization and a co-chairman, so I decided to do it myself—with a little help from my friends. I figured we could raise the money in Chicago through street donations and a big benefit show. With the latter in mind, I paid a visit to the New York City town-house residence of Sammy Davis Jr., who was then starring on Broadway in *Golden Boy*. I was ushered into the living room and told that Sammy would be right down. Pretty soon he descended the spiral staircase. Sammy seemed a bit nervous, and I could understand his reaction. He didn't know if this was a social call or if I were going to ask him to integrate a lunch counter in Alabama. Besides, he was already 45 minutes overdue at *The Tonight Show*, where he was guest host for the evening. It was now or never, so I laid my turkeys-for-Mississippi idea on him. Before I could say "We shall overcome," America's greatest one-man show had agreed to appear at the Aric Crown Theater, McCormick Place, Chicago, on Sunday evening, December 20. I could see those turkeys come flying back to the roost!

Art and I flew to Chicago to start the ball rolling. The city's leading radio, television and newspaper personalities

picked up the turkey banner and we were given office space by Leo Rugendorf, a supermarket owner in Chicago's South Side black community. I was criticized for accepting it, because people were saying Leo was involved with the Mafia. But his store was located in the heart of the black community; the legitimate side of his operation was making money for black people, and I desperately needed office space! I was sure I could use the facilities without getting mixed up with organized crime.

My personal priorities were tested one Sunday afternoon when Leo invited me to attend a recital on Michigan Avenue. The recital was in progress when I arrived; there were only a few people in the dark recital hall and a magnificent tenor was singing onstage. I found out later that he was one of Italy's most famous singers and the "family" brought him over each year for a private recital.

Afterward, we went upstairs for a little party. I was taken to meet somebody special. It was Tony Accardo. I knew the name, of course, from his Mafia reputation. Tony was reminded of my Christmas-for-Mississippi project. He said, "Oh, yeah. I heard about that. I like it. Good program. Help your people. Help your people."

Knowing who Accardo was and what he stood for, I really didn't want to talk to him about anything. So I walked away. A priest came over to me, obviously drunk. Filled with the spirits, the father said thickly, "Dick Gregory, I want to tell you something. You're a very likable guy, but you're moving too fast."

I was outraged. I said, "Wait a minute. You're a priest. And you're in the same room with Tony Accardo and Dick Gregory. Whatever you think about my activities, don't say nothing to me until you go over there and tell Tony Accardo and his Mafia henchmen about their ways."

The priest sputtered, "That's what I mean. That's the attitude there that's going to get you killed."

A "family" spokesman came over and told me, "You're really doing a good job. We like what you're doing. You don't have to worry about getting those turkeys. We'll take care of that for you."

I played ignorant. "Well, how? Christmas is only a few weeks away!"

"We have our ways."

"Well, I suppose you're talkin' about hijackin' the turkeys like y'all do whiskey. I'm taking those turkeys down to poor honest folks in Mississippi. It would leave a bad taste in my mouth to feed them with stolen turkeys." I left the party.

Jim McGraw, a minister friend, was one of the special people I called upon for advice and personal support, along
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PORTFOLIO: POMPEO POSAR

highlights of a playboy
lensman's 16-year love affair
with the ladies

TO FAITHFUL readers of *PLAYBOY*, the name Pompeo Posar is synonymous with the glamor that comes from 16 years of photographing thousands of gorgeous ladies—often in some of the world's most exotic locales. He holds the record both for Playmate shootings (45) and for *PLAYBOY* covers (38). His ability to capture the woman he's photographing as a person rather than as a prop is legendary. Born in Trieste, Posar is still very Continental—sensitive, considerate, patient and enthusiastic—and it shows in his work. Here, we present positive evidence of Posar's exceptional picture-taking talent.

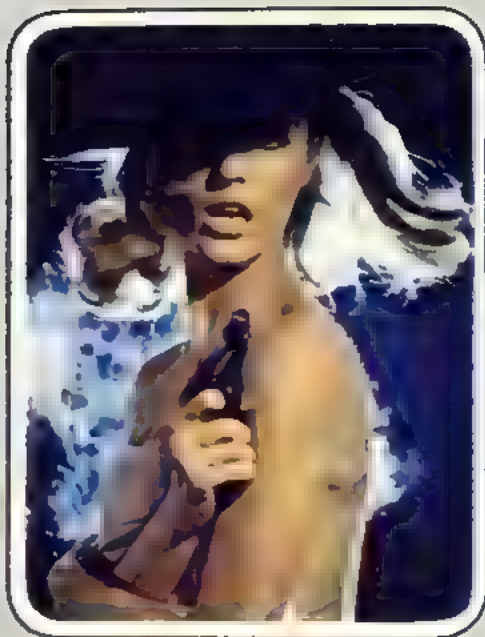


Left: Cyndi Wood caught by Posar in nought but the boa she wore for her June 1974 cover. Above: A spectacular view from Pompeo's head of Susan Kiger—next month's Playmate.

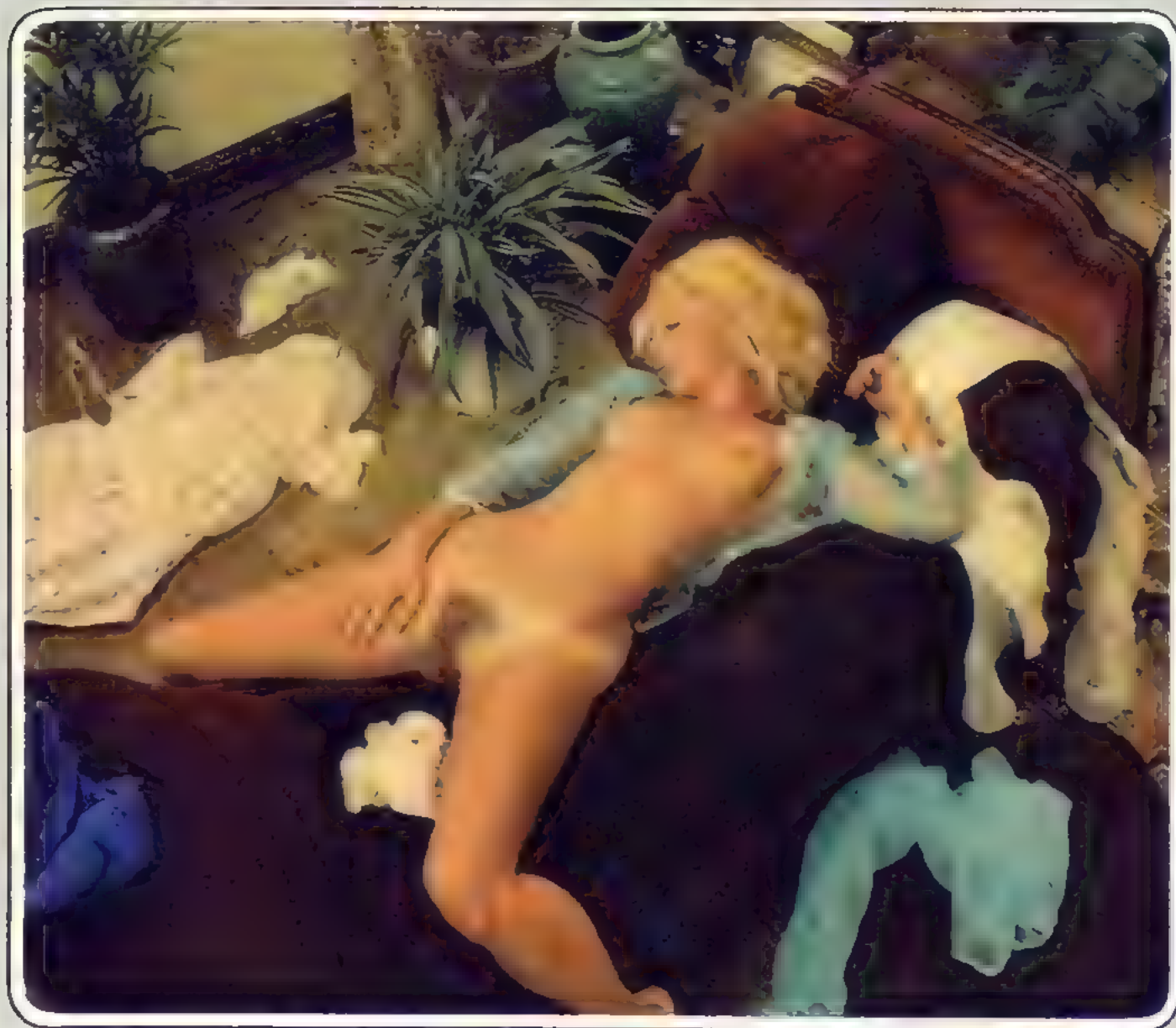




Left: Hoboken's claim to fame—besides “On the Waterfront”—is Janet Lupo, whom Posar spotted while photographing the “Bunnies of ’75.” At first reluctant to pose, she later went on to stardom as Miss November of 1975—the same issue in which the Bunny story appeared. Janet’s comment: “Being naked with Pompeo was as natural as undressing for my doctor.”

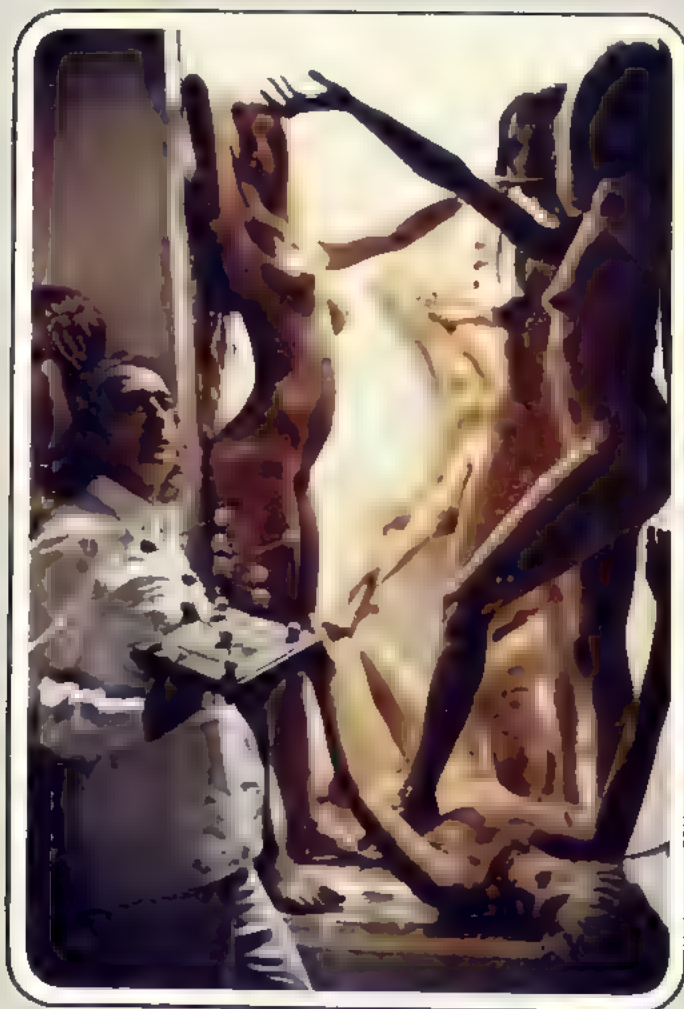


Left: Posar created November 1965's striking James Bond cover by placing model Beth Hyatt by a bucket of dry ice back-lit by a strobe and from the front by a floodlight. Below: Eva Maria caused quite a tear in March 1975's pictorial “Ripped Off”; Posar snapped her here relaxing after the shooting—a tug of war with a male model over her nightie. We think you know who lost.





Above: The ample dimensions of December 1968 Playmate Cynthia Myers were delightfully captured by Posar in this gatefold test shot. Below: To photograph "The Erotic World of Salvador Dali" (December 1974), Posar stayed at Dali's villa in Spain, depicting on film the surrealistic landscape of Dali's mind.

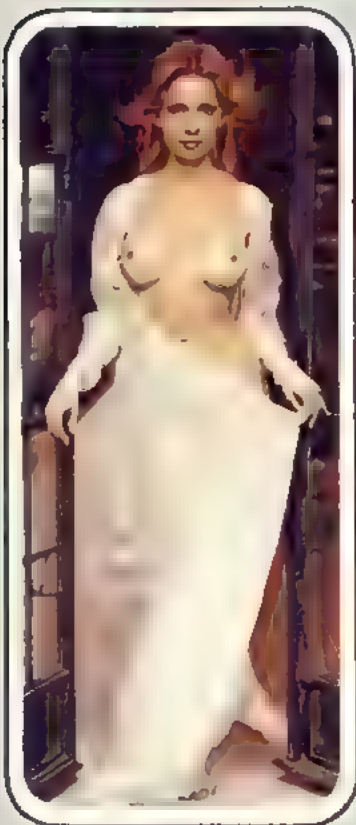


Right: On location for "The Girls of Munich," Posar discovered Anulka Dziubinska in a shopping arcade and convinced her to pose for Playmate test shots. As a result, she became Miss May of 1973, later was cast in the Ken Russell film "Lisztomania." Below: "She doesn't have to be naked to be sexy" was Posar's comment on Donna Michelle, 1963's immensely popular Playmate of the Year.

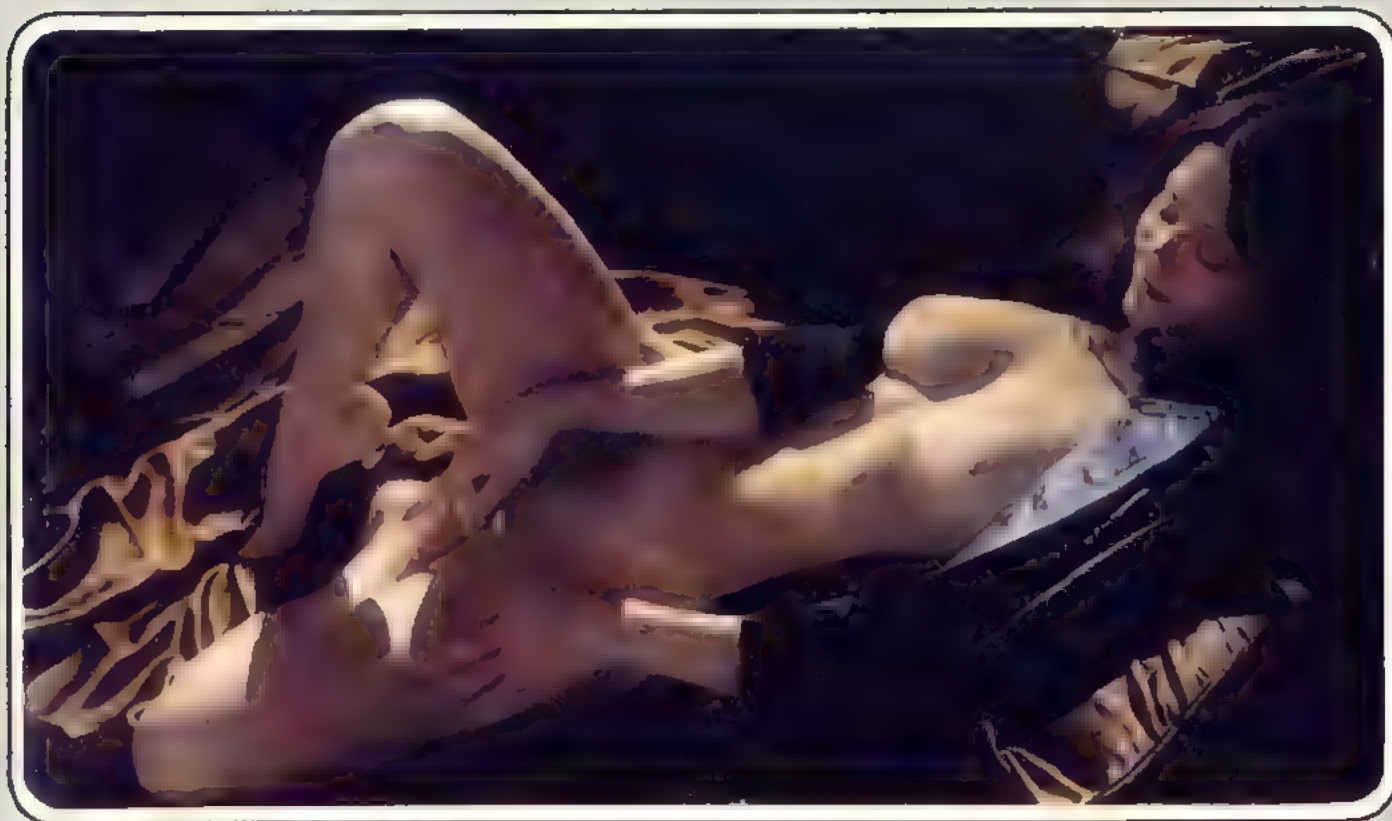


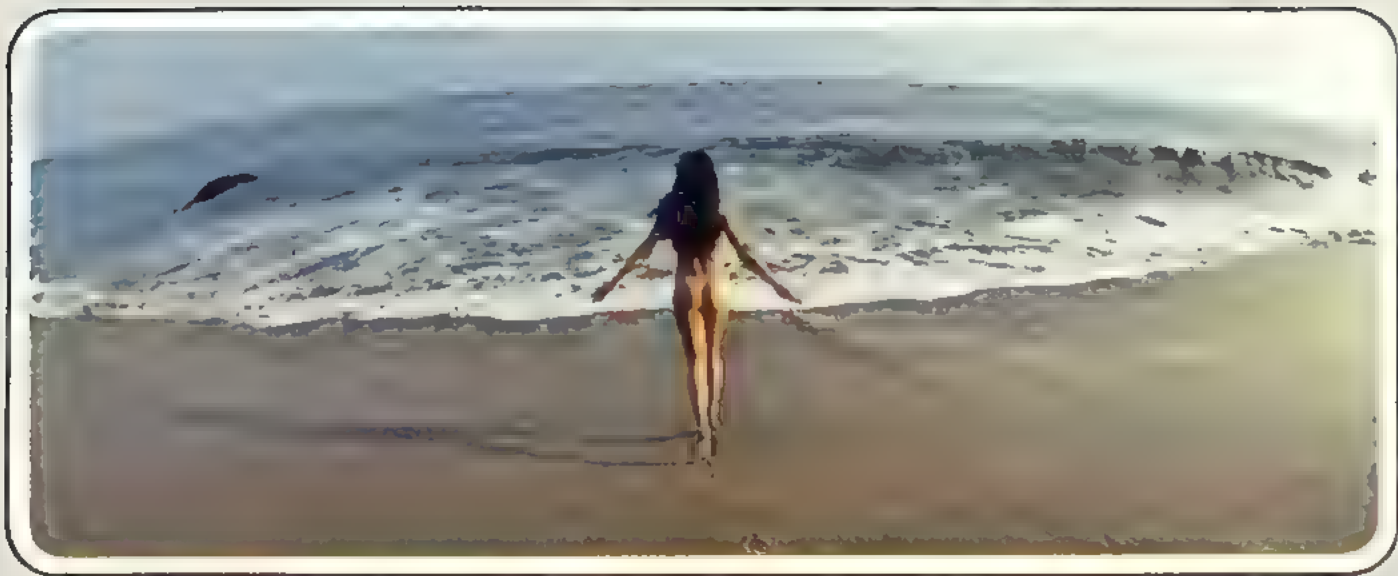


Left: In New Orleans, Posar test-shot a local Bunny, Brandi Peters, as Playmate. Although she never graced our centerfold, her shots were kept on file and she now makes her debut.



Left: Posar's famous Cyndi Wood centerfold (February 1973); the dress she almost wore originally appeared in a Fred Astaire/Ginger Rogers movie. Above: While talent-scouting the Caribbean for a "Girls of" feature, Posar spotted fetching Linda Carlsen in a hotel lobby; a beach rendezvous revealed additional charms. Below: Posar's photos of Playboy staffer Kim Komar ran in our August 1975 issue. She describes him as being "appealingly shy and disarmingly stubborn."





Above: Posar aptly describes this view of former Playboy Jet Bunny Carole Green as a "grab shot"—one that's meant to keep you coming back for more. He comments that "Photographing Bunnies is demanding, because a single photographer has to produce a lot of material in a short time."



"Nothing makes a girl feel better when being photographed than knowing that you're confident of her and think she's beautiful," says Posar. That they are beautiful can be attested to by these pictures of December 1971 Playmate Karen Christy (left) and Playmate prospect Lisé Kaiser.





(continued from page 106)

Natalie insisted that Clark come for dinner two or three times a week. She insisted that he bring things to be mended, if he had any; and she sent him back to his apartment—in a cold, regal, expensive high-rise north of the campus—with plastic containers filled with leftovers. She was convinced he didn't eat right, being a bachelor. He drank too much, she said bluntly—bluntness was one of Natalie's deliberately cultivated virtues—and he had poor eating habits and at times his shoulders slumped, as if he were very unhappy. While Brian corrected student papers at the dining room table, Natalie and Clark sat in the living room, sipping espresso and talking earnestly about innumerable important things: Clark's childhood, Clark's education, Clark's sensitivity and disappointments, his successes, his failures, his sickly father and his ignorant mother and his four vain, selfish sisters, his frank opinion of Hilberry—it was truly mediocre, wasn't it?—and of various individuals in the department: They were so lazy and pathetic, weren't they? And, of course, these people gossiped. Constantly. Natalie had been amazed at the amount of gossiping and backbiting that went on at Hilberry; it was so contrary to her own nature, and foreign to her own experience, that she had had difficulty adjusting to life here. Even now, six years after Brian's appointment, she could not quite believe how vicious her husband's colleagues and their smug, dowdy wives could be.

"Don't let them hurt you," she said warmly. "Don't *ever* let those small-minded people hurt you, Clark."

"Why, how would they hurt me?" Clark asked, surprised.

"Well, you know."

"I do . . . ?"

"They're narrow minded, they're hopelessly bourgeois," she said. Though she was a small woman, her face was rather large; it had, somehow, a creased, muscular look, as if she were continually tensing her forehead and cheeks. When she was especially excited, as she was now, her glasses began to ride down her nose. Clark liked her—he was sure he liked her. She was so intense, so intelligent, so different from the other faculty wives. . . . He was sure he liked her, though at times she intimidated him. "They simply can't tolerate people who are different from them; they're right-wing prigs, believe me. So don't ever let those fools get you down."

Clark tried to smile. His forehead was damp, his toes and fingers were twitching helplessly. What on earth was this awful woman saying . . . ?

"I'm not sure I understand," he said rather stiffly.

"Oh, Clark, for Christ's sake." Natalie laughed. "You needn't pretend with us. We're your friends, aren't we? You know we are! . . . Look, it's perfectly all right; Brian and I lived in Toronto for years. We quite approve of alternate lifestyles. We've always been totally liberal. And I mean liberal! It doesn't matter to us, Clark, not one bit."

"What doesn't matter to you . . . ?"

It was at that point, Natalie said afterward, that Clark fixed her with such a strange, malevolent look . . . so coldly vicious a look . . . that she faltered and could not speak. He had had only two drinks, and yet his eyes were glazed, there was a frightening, almost demonic air about him. And how quickly it had happened. . . .

"Why, why. . . . Clark, you look so angry . . ." she stammered.

"You horrible squat creature," Clark whispered. "You . . . you runtish little . . . ugly little runtish little sow!"

He rose from the sofa. He got his coat. He left.

For days afterward, Natalie talked of nothing else. She went to visit other faculty wives, she made telephone calls, she dramatized again and again Clark Austen's terrifying metamorphosis, sometimes breaking into tears. How awful it had been, how totally unexpected! They had been such warm, intimate friends, and then he had turned on her! For no reason! No reason! Brian tried to calm her, but she refused to be calmed. "I have never in my life been so *frightened*," she told Joanna May, whom she met in the A & P. "The man looked at me as if he was about to strangle me. I'm not exaggerating! His face was twisted, his voice was guttural and inhuman. . . ." While walking the poodles, she saw Eunice Ambrose driving by and shouted after her, waving her arms so energetically that Eunice had no choice but to stop, she told Eunice all about Clark, stressing the rapidity of his change, the totally unexpected nature of his hostility. "He hates women, of course. I should have known that. In a way, I *did* know. But I was trying to be generous, trying to be liberal. It was such a shock! Such a blow! One minute we were the best of friends and the next, he had turned on me . . . called me an ugly little runtish sow, can you imagine?"

"Natalie, he *didn't*! A what?"

"Brian and I stayed up all night afterward, literally shaking. Shaking with fear that he might come back. Brian isn't very strong, you know. These things upset him. When we looked back over our relationship, we could see how Clark was primarily interested in Brian: He was always asking Brian about his classes, about his students, about where he bought

his clothes. That sort of thing." Natalie shivered dramatically. "I have absolutely nothing against homosexuals. I never have. Some dislike women—are afraid of us, I suppose—but I sympathize with them. I'm as understanding as can be. But, you see—and this is something I worked out for myself, and Brian agrees that I'm right—the freakish thing about Clark Austen is that while he knows very well he isn't a normal man, he imagines—the poor fool imagines!—that the rest of us are deceived. *That* is his secret."

"He thinks . . . ?"

"He thinks no one knows he's queer," Natalie said angrily.

By midwinter, Clark had gained at least ten pounds and his stylish clothes were tight on him, and rumpled-looking, and he seemed to have a perpetual cold. Frank Ambrose, whose office was next to his, complained that the man was always snuffling and wheezing and clearing his throat. Though it was said that his students liked him—he was evidently quite a good lecturer and had a beautiful reading voice for Shakespeare—he seemed rather unhappy at Hilberry. He sent a note of apology to Natalie Packer, but it was so absurdly hypocritical, Natalie said, so falsely obsequious and groveling, that she'd ripped it up immediately. "God, how I abhor effeminate men!" Natalie said.

Her stories about Clark involved now not only the ugly circumstances of their last evening as friends but other matters entirely: Clark's miserable childhood, his envy and hatred of his four beautiful sisters, the probability—she would swear to it, really—that he had been fired from his previous teaching positions, and his truly shocking opinion of the Hilberry faculty (the place was a "hotbed of mediocrity," in Clark's own words). Worst of all, in Natalie's opinion, was the man's pathetic self-deception as if everyone didn't know fully well what he was!

"I thought you didn't mind homosexuals," Frank Ambrose said.

"Of course I don't *mind*. I certainly don't. But Clark Austen is a hypocrite." Natalie said hotly. "And he's sick; the man is really sick."

Nearly everyone detested Natalie, how ever much they liked Brian; they repeated to one another, in scandalized delight, *Ugly little runtish sow!* Didn't that describe their Natalie perfectly? By contrast poor Clark seemed quite harmless. And he was lonely. It was pathetic, really, how lonely he was. Taking pity on him, Frank Ambrose stopped by his office late one afternoon. He was conscious of the man's transparent gratitude that someone should say hello; Clark's face actually seemed to light up. He asked Frank to have a seat, please. Please do! Would he like some coffee? Some tea?

(continued on page 282)

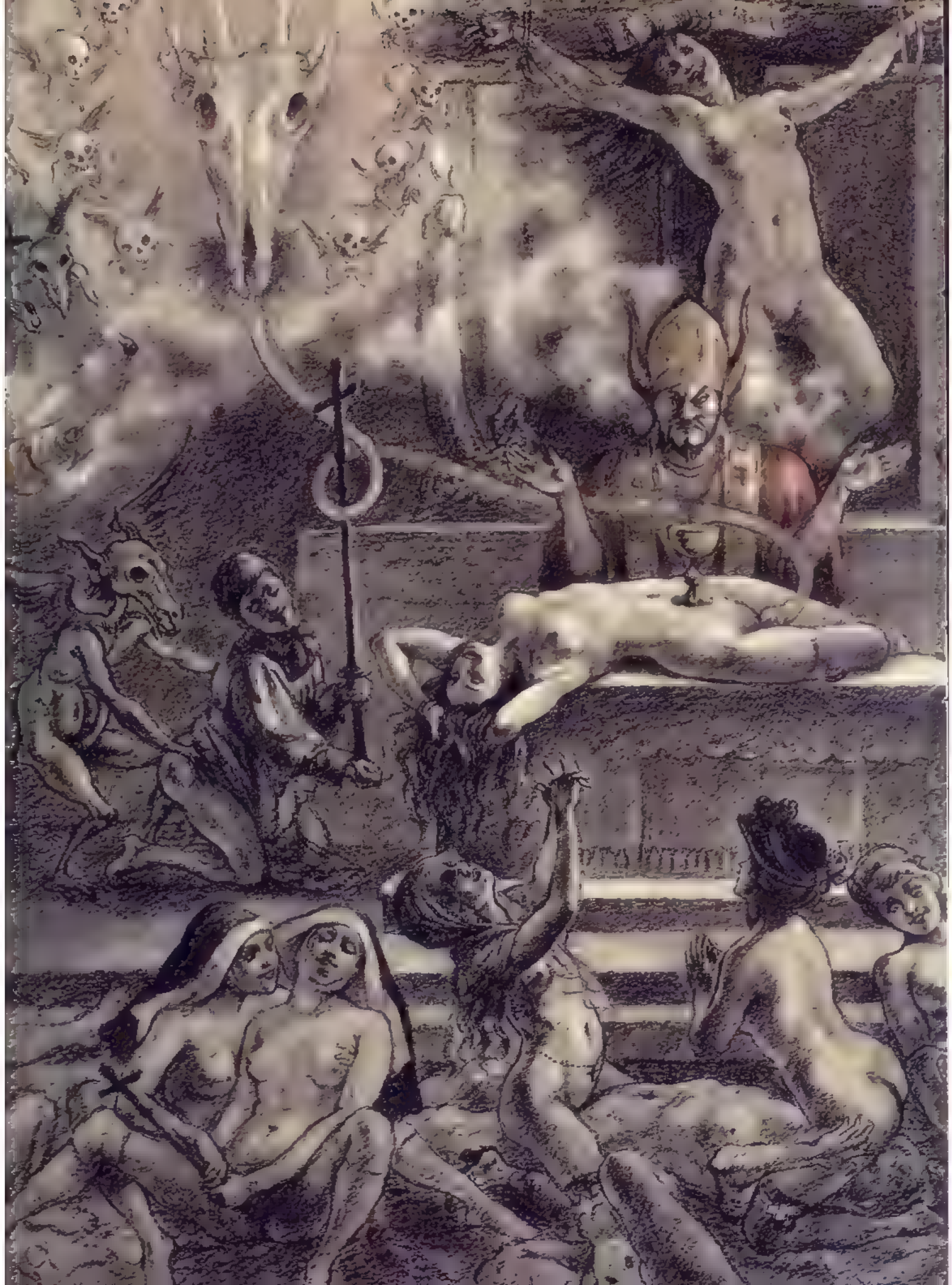
NOW PLAYING



TRIAL OF THE WARLOCK

NO ONE WILL BE SEATED DURING THE BLACK MASS

SCREENPLAY BY
NORMAN MAILER





WE SEE PARIS on an autumn evening. We sense the period: It must be about 1890. Pavements are wet with mist. Carriages go by.

We follow Durtal, a writer in his early 40s. He has dark hair and a pale complexion, mustache and goatee. He enters a house, rings at a first-floor apartment, is received by a servant, offers up hat and cape, is led into a vast, high-ceilinged drawing room where a party is going on.

On the walls are religious pictures, plus a portrait of the host, Chantelouve, three quarter length, his hand resting on a pile of his works. Chantelouve is small, rotund, with a well-fed stomach, red cheeks, long hair drawn up in crescents along his temples, smooth-shaven. His wife, standing for a moment next to him, is considerably younger than himself, a blonde, with marvelous eyes, alternately "cold and gleaming with sparks, thin sensuous lips. She is voluptuous for a slim woman and remote from the company, as if bored with her duties as a hostess.

Chantelouve: "What an honor! You are becoming the most famous recluse in Paris."

Durtal. "On the contrary. Nobody invites me out. Fame has a way of walking around my books."

Chantelouve: "Everybody assures me you are a marvelous writer."

Durtal, looking around the room, takes in the throng now packed into Chantelouve's library and drawing room and sees a friend. "There's Des Hermies," he says to Chantelouve and moves along. Across the room we see a man who looks out of place. Tall, slender, somewhat pale, his eyes have a cold blue gleam. With his flaxen hair

The place is a pandemonium. One could be looking at a congress of prostitutes and maniacs. A young girl bends over and barks like a dog.

and Vandyke, he might be a Norwegian or an Englishman. His garments are of London make and the long, tight, wasp-waisted coat, buttoned clear up to the neck, encloses him like a box. He is very cold in the presence of strangers.

Durtal makes his way toward Des Hermies. We see faces that might belong to *fin-de-siècle* priests, poets, journalists, actresses, dabblers, occultists, a few scholars.

As Durtal and Des Hermies shake hands formally to greet each other, Des Hermies for the first time shows a friendly expression. "Never go to a party given by a Catholic historian."

"I don't know," Durtal replies. "I would think a priest comes here at the risk of his reputation."

Madame Chantelouve joins them. "What is the value of a reputation," she asks, "if it takes no risks?" She smiles at Durtal. "Tell me, if you will, the book you are working on now."

Durtal: "I confess I have in mind something on Monsieur Gilles de Rais."

Madame Chantelouve: "He was a soldier who fought by the side of Joan of Arc through all the campaigns. He was with her when she was wounded and adored her."

Durtal "Yes"

Madame Chantelouve: "And with her again at Reims during the coronation of the dauphin. Of course, I remember. But then, there is something else about him that I forget. Something not so nice."

Durtal: "Oh, there's a great deal to him."

Des Hermies: "Wasn't he put on trial for something obscene and immense?"

Durtal. "All of that."

Madame Chantelouve "I can hardly wait."

She moves on.

Des Hermies: "Let's go. I've seen nothing but patients all day and feel as if I still haven't left the hospital."

As they leave, we hear Madame Chantelouve say in annoyance at Durtal's departure, "The level at which Durtal flirts with the Church reminds me of the way a prostitute works up to entering a brothel. Ah, to be free of the chase and come in from the rain."

Durtal's apartment. A small sitting room and smaller bedroom. A fire on the hearth in the sitting room.

The place is furnished without luxury. The sitting room has been converted into a study. Black bookcases crammed with volumes lute the walls. In front of the window is a large table, a leather armchair and a few straight chairs.

In the study, there is a large print of a Crucifixion by Matthias Grünewald. As we hear the conversation of Durtal and Des Hermies, the titles begin and the camera offers us the print to examine.

Christ rises before us nailed to a cross of rough wood. His arms bend under the weight of his body and an enormous spike pierces his feet. Almost ripped out of their sockets, the tendons of his arms seem ready to snap. His fingers are constricted. His thighs are greasy with sweat. His ribs are like staves. The flesh is swollen, blue, mottled with fleabites, specked with thorns broken off from the lashes of his scourging. These thorns are festering now beneath his skin.

The wound in his side drips thickly, his thigh shows blood congealing. A discharge oozes from his chest and drips to his abdomen and loincloth. His knees are forced together, but his lower legs are held apart. His feet, however, have been crisscrossed one on top of the other. They are turning green where the flesh has swollen over the head of the spike. His toes show horny blue nails.

Christ's head, encircled by a broken, disarrayed crown of thorns, hangs lifeless. One eye half opens with a shudder. All the drooping features weep, while the mouth is unnerved. Its under-jaw laughs atrociously.

While we look, Durtal is saying, "As you see, this is not the Christ of the rich, no, not that well-groomed boy with his curly brown hair, elegant beard and those doll-like features. No, this is the man who was abandoned by his Father to die like a thief in his own putrefaction. Yet, for me, this Christ is the Son of God."

Des Hermies replies, "Did you know that after we are dead our corpses are devoured by different kinds of worms? It depends on whether you're fat or thin. In fat corpses, the rhizophagous maggot is found. In thin corpses, the phora, an aristocrat, a fastidious maggot that sneers at copious breasts and juicy fat bellies. It looks for a corpse that is chic. Just think, no equality, not even in the way we feed the worms."

Durtal: "Isn't it enough that you are famous for being on intimate terms with demonologists, alchemists and cabalists, without adding maggots to your list?"

Des Hermies: "Dear friend, I respect the innocence of your heart, for it can look on this painting every morning and then eat breakfast. I go back to the worms. There has to be a higher intelligence that designs different worms for the well bred and the obese. Don't look for compassion in that."

"It's not for God to prove the existence of compassion," Durtal answers. "It is for people."

"I agree with you," says Des Hermies.

"You amaze me."

"No, you think I'm interested only in twisted natures. I know a few who are not. Durtal, the time has come to introduce you to the one marvelous man I know, Louis Carhaix. He's an intelligent

Catholic who, save us, is not sanctimonious. In fact, he is the one human I know who is without hatred or envy for anyone."

Last of the titles.

The Place St. Sulpice: The square is almost deserted. A few women are going up the church steps, met by beggars who murmur prayers as they rattle their tin cups. An ecclesiastic, carrying a book bound in black cloth, salutes the women. A few dogs are running about. Children are jumping rope.

We see Durtal and Des Hermies. On a stone porch in the flank of the church of St. Sulpice, they read the placard, TOWER OPEN TO VISITORS.

At the back, a little kerosene lamp, hanging from a nail, lights a door to the tower entrance.

In close to utter darkness, they climb. Turning a corner, Durtal sees a shaft of light, then a door. Des Hermies pulls a bell cord and the door swings back. Above them on a landing they can see feet, whether of a man or of a woman, they cannot tell.

"Ah! It's you, Monsieur Des Hermies." A woman bends over, so that her head is in a stream of light. "Louis is in the tower."

"Permit me to introduce my friend Durtal."

Durtal makes a bow in the darkness.

"Ah, monsieur, how fortunate. Louis is anxious to meet you."

Durtal gropes along behind his friend. Finally, they come to a barred door, open it and find themselves on a balcony.

Beneath them, they can see a formidable array of bells hanging from oak supports lined with iron straps. The dark bell metal looks oiled. Above, in the upper abyss, are more bells. There is a place inside each, worn by the striking of the clapper, that shines golden.

The bells are quiet, but the wind rattles against the shutters, howls along the spiral stair and whines in the bell vases. Suddenly, a light breeze fans Durtal's cheek. He looks up. The current has been set in motion by a great bell beginning to get under way. There is a crash of sound, the bell gathers momentum, and now the gigantic clapper opens a deafening clamor. The tower trembles and the balcony on which Durtal is standing shakes like the floor of a railway coach.

Durtal manages to catch sight of a leg swinging out into space and back again in one of those wooden stirrups, two of which, he notices, are fastened to the bottom of every bell. Leaning out so that he is almost prone on one of the umbels, he finally perceives the bell ring er, clinging with his hands to two iron handles and balancing over the gulf.

Durtal is shocked by the face. Never



"Is this wise, Melchior?"

has he seen such pallor. The man's eyes are blue and bulging, but their expression is contradicted by a truculent Kaiser Wilhelm mustache. The man seems at once a dreamer and a fighter.

He gives the bell stirrup a last yank with his foot and with a heave back to the platform regains his equilibrium. He mops his brow and descends, smiles at Des Hermies.

When he learns Durtal's name, he shakes hands cordially.

"I have read your books, monsieur. I know a man like you can't help falling in love with my bells."

Once more, they grope up the winding stairs in the near dark. Having reached the door to the room beneath the tower roof, Carhaix stands aside to let them pass. They are in a rotunda that is pierced in the center by a great circular hole that has around it a corroded iron railing orange with rust.

"Don't be afraid to lean over," says Carhaix.

But Durtal feels uneasy. As if drawn toward the chasm, the camera gives a vertiginous view of the fall.

They descend and Carhaix, in silence, opens a door to a large storeroom, containing colossal broken statues of saints, scaly and dilapidated apostles, Saint Matthew legless and armless, Saint Luke accompanied by a fragmentary stone ox, Saint Mark lacking a shoulder and part of his beard, Saint Peter holding up an arm from which the hand holding the keys is broken off.

"What is that over there?" inquires Durtal, perceiving, in a corner, an enormous fragment of rounded metal, like half a gigantic skullcap. On it, dust lies thick, and in the hollow are meshes on meshes of fine web, dotted with the bodies of lurking spiders.

"That? Ah, monsieur!"—there is fire in Carhaix's mild eyes—"That is the skull of an old old bell whose like is not cast these days. The ring of that bell, monsieur, was like a voice from heaven." Suddenly, he explodes, "Bell ringing is a lost art. People will spend thirty thousand francs on an altar, but mention bells and they shrug their shoulders. Do you know, Monsieur Durtal, there is only one man in Paris besides myself who can still ring chords? Yet there's your real sacred music."

They descend to Carhaix's apartment. It is a vast room, vaulted, with walls of rough stone and lighted by a semicircular window just under the ceiling. The tiled floor is barely covered by a worn carpet and the furniture, very simple, consists of a round dining-room table, some old armchairs covered with slate-blue velvet, a little walnut sideboard on which are a few plates and pitchers of Breton faience, and opposite the sideboard a little black bookcase, which

might contain 50 books.

"If I had a place like this," Durtal says, "I would fix it up and work on my book and take my time about it." He smiles. "I certainly do like your place."

"Oh," says the wife, "it's so cold! And no kitchen—"

"You can't even drive a nail into the wall to hang things on," says Carhaix. "But I like this place too."

Des Hermies rises. All shake hands and Monsieur and Madame Carhaix ask Durtal to come again.

"What refreshing people!" exclaims Durtal as he and Des Hermies cross the square. "But why is an educated man like that working as a day laborer?"

"If Carhaix could hear you!" says Des Hermies. "You'd be in trouble. He lives for the bells. They're human to him. A bell, he told me, is baptized like a Christian. Then it's anointed with seven unctions of the oil of the infirm, in order to send a message to the dying. According to Carhaix, bells, like fine wines, mellow with age and lose their raw flavor."

The conversation is still with Durtal as he goes to bed. He hears Carhaix saying, "The ring of the bells is your real sacred music." As he lies in bed in his small bedroom, the moonlight of Paris is coming through his window. The sound of the bells starts up in his mind. He drifts on their sounds into a dream of a slow procession of monks kneeling to the call of the Angelus, Chimes sound over narrow medieval streets, over cornet towers and dentilated walls. The chimes shout Prime and Tierce, call out Sext and None, Vespers and Complin.

It is here in Durtal's dream that we receive our first view of Joan of Arc, and she is astride the stirrups that rock the bell in the tower of a church. Her feet are in the ropes like those of Carhaix, the bell ringer, so that she is alternately suspended over space and virtually embracing the bell. The sound of the bell becomes, ideally, married to our first sight of her face. She is lovely, but in no delicate fashion, handsome and strong as a rich peasant, not male nor female so much as quintessentially athletic, with a bright and smiling face, and perhaps by such measure five centuries ahead of her time. Her sexuality has become as simple and as separate from herself as the force of her vigor, and her vigor is a natural force apparent to us in the powerful reverberations of the bell—part of its resonance seems to come out of the gusto of her body.

As the bells stop, she calls down merrily to the market place below. "I told you I could ring them," she cries out. "Once our bell ringer at Domremy slipped and the bell sliced off his leg—

what a sound it made when the leg hit the ground!"—she makes a thwooping sound with her tongue, not crude but all too comfortable, a soldier's sound—"I was the only one the curé could get to climb up into the tower. The boys were afraid." She gives a great laugh, large as her sense of competition, but surprisingly attractive.

At the foot of the tower is Gilles de Rais. He is 25, also vigorous, a robust, active man immaculately dressed in light armor. His face is angelic in expression. His body is carnal in power. He is unbelievably handsome, a man—as described by contemporaries—"of striking beauty and rare elegance." If he is delighted with the sight of Joan swinging on the bell, she is also, by his measure, taunting him. He quits the soldiers grinning beside him and starts to climb.

In his reverie, Durtal is looking down the fall again from Carhaix's tower at St. Sulpice and again feels the abysmal vertigo he has known that afternoon. He shudders in his bed. The image of his fall coalesces into the fall below Gilles and Joan, and we see them on opposite sides of the bell, ringing it back and forth. Since the bell is massive enough to provide stirrups on either side, they offer it a powerful momentum, sufficiently intense to suggest that union acrobats can know.

Gilles takes it further. He leaps out of the stirrups, races around the circular catwalk and jumps to grasp the bell rope above her hands. She immediately frees one of her feet to allow him a stirrup, and in this position, facing each other, each with a leg in a stirrup and the other over the abyss, each holding with one arm to the rope, they toll the bell, faces three inches apart.

"I've come to claim a kiss," says Gilles.

"Never."

"Not even for the bravest man in France?"

"I'll give you a kiss after we take Paris—if I give any man a kiss."

She is looking into the face of a diabolical angel.

"Joan, dear Joan," says Gilles. "Think of me as a girl. Leave a kiss on this brave girl's lips."

"You're mad. I wouldn't kiss a girl. I'd sooner eat garlic."

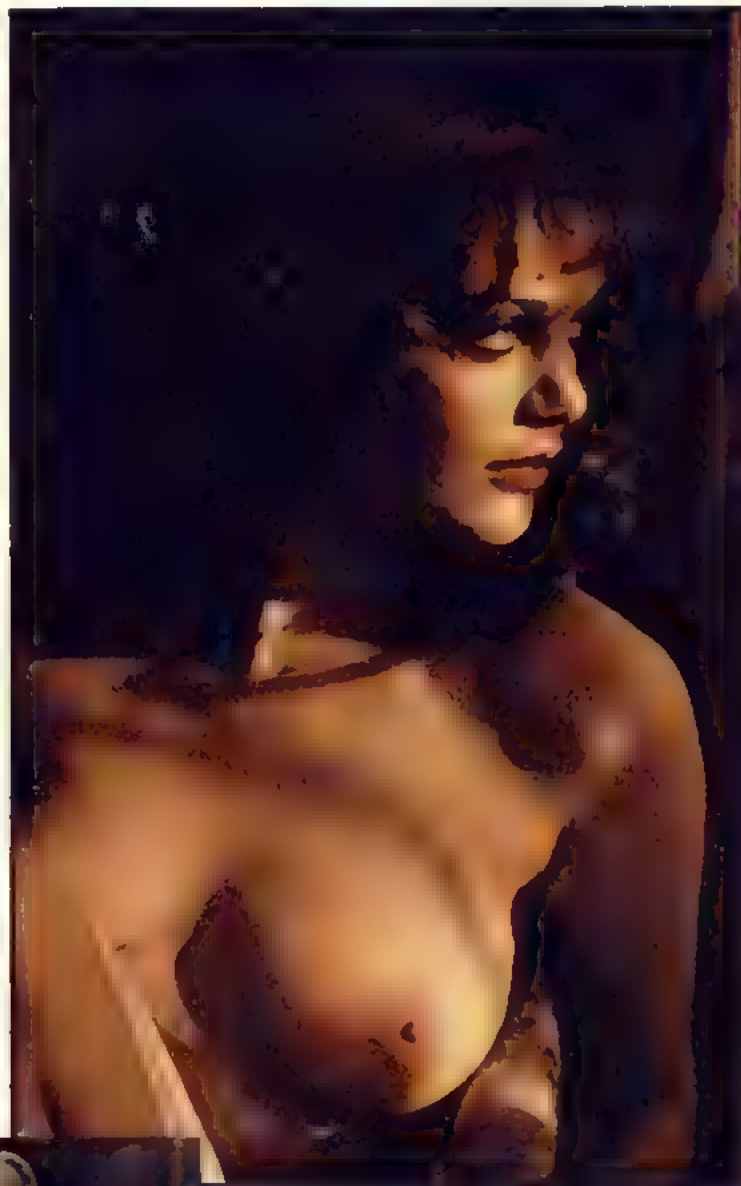
"You do," he says.

She jumps to the catwalk and tries to kick him. He jumps as well and they wrestle on near to equal terms, their armor thumping comically against each other. As they come to a stop, he is in the midst of a speech he has not expected to make and can no longer control. Half muttered, half growled, the words and sounds of a lover near to burned out of his senses come forth in a riprace of confession. "I could eat you. I could drive my hands through your body. I

(continued on page 132)

the bizarre excesses of history's
most notorious swordsman are brilliantly caught
on film in federico fellini's

CASANOVA

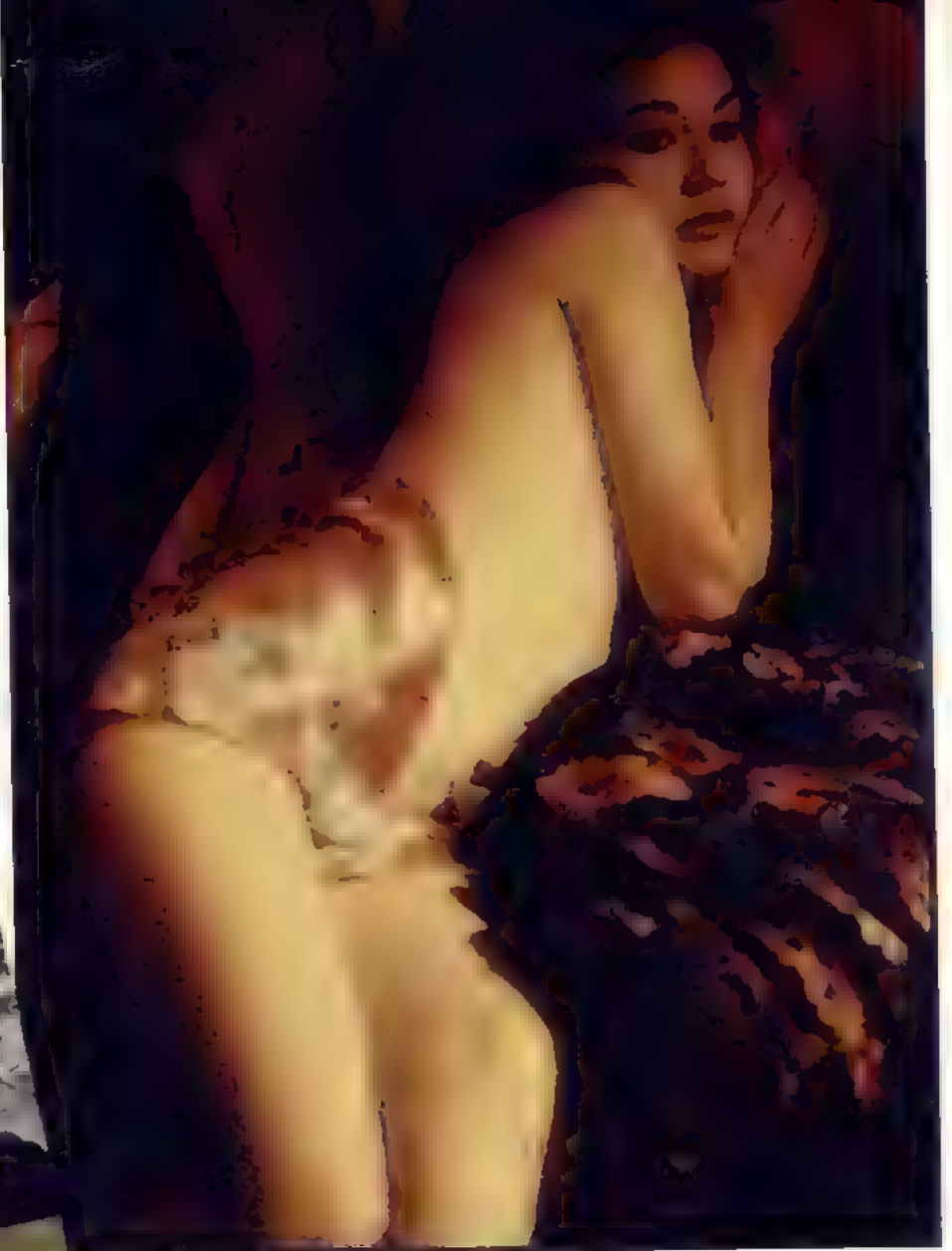


What prompts a director to undertake a project the size of Fellini's *Casanova*—a film that took three years and cost \$10,000,000?

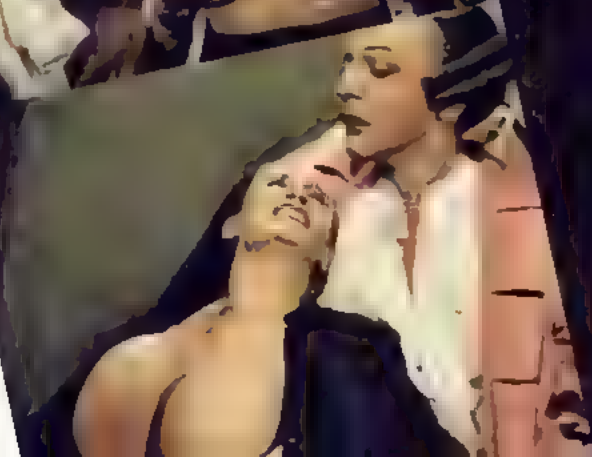
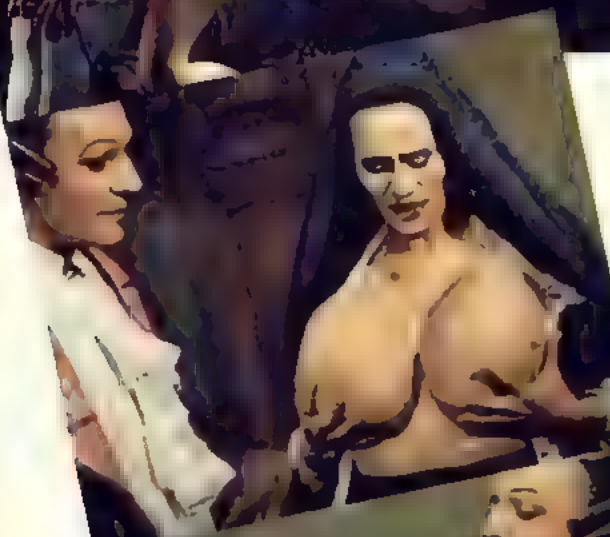
According to the maestro, "I made the film because I signed the contract. I didn't read *Casanova's* *Memoirs* until after I'd signed. When I did, I was immediately overcome with a sense of giddiness . . . with the mortifying impression that I'd made a false move." It may not have been love at first sight, but by the time Fellini finished filming, he had created a work that was worthy of the master.



Fellini chose Canadian actor Donald Sutherland to play the world's most famous lover (the two are shown at left). His reason was typically Italian: The actor's face was completely alien to the conventional idea that people have of Casanova. Therefore, "He's the only one possible in the world." Sutherland spent up to six hours each morning getting made up. Was it worth it? "I could go on like this for the rest of my life, making *Casanova* with Fellini." With co-stars such as Margareth Clementi (left) and Tina Aumont (right), it's easy to see why.

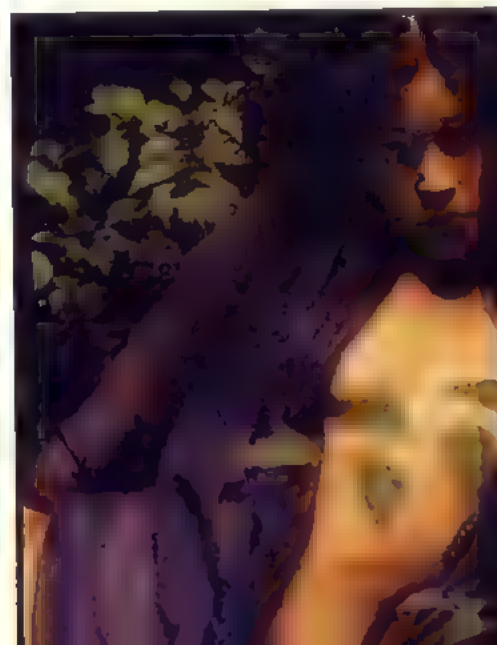


Fellini read Casanova's escapades in a rage, tearing out whole pages. "There is nothing in the *Memoirs*. Only dust raining down upon you. They contain nothing of nature, animals, children, trees and adjectives. Casanova roamed the whole world and it is as if he never left his bed." He was too busy. Shown at left are some of the scenes Fellini left intact: a visit to a Turkish bath with a young prince, a capulatory contest at the palace of Lord Talau, a complicated evening with a worldly nun and a bewildering encounter with Barbarina (Chesty Morgan).





Margareth Clementi (shown here) is half French and half Vietnamese. She plays Maddelena, a nun who has mastered 39 sexual positions. She reports that working with the maestro was marvelous. "I felt I was doing the love scenes with Fellini more than with Sutherland."



Fellini portrays Casanova as something of an erotic robot, devoid of emotion, untouched by the people he touches.

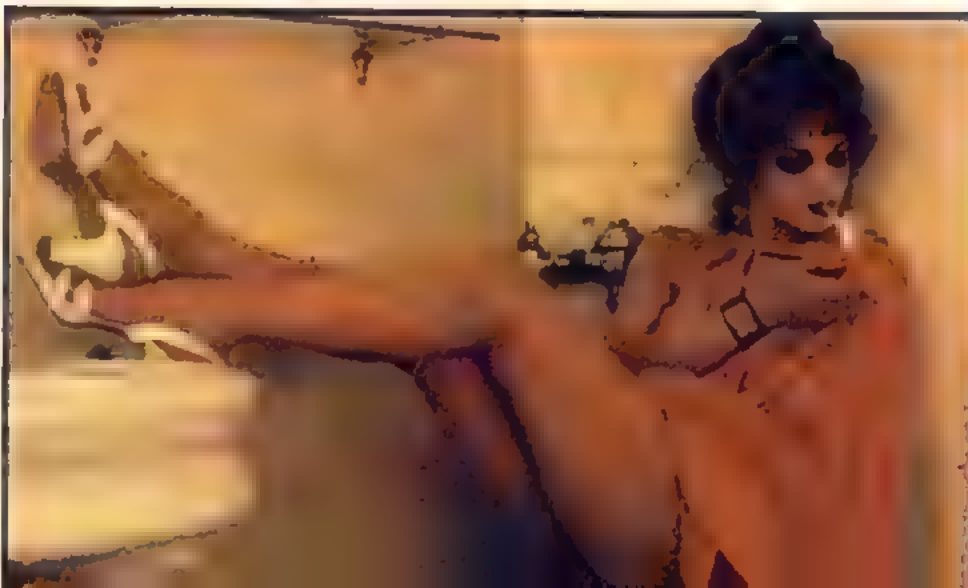
In prison, Casanova recalls his past loves (the bounteous Barbarina, the deliquescent Annamaria), but once free, he moves on to new loves—including a one-night affair with a cellist (second from top).

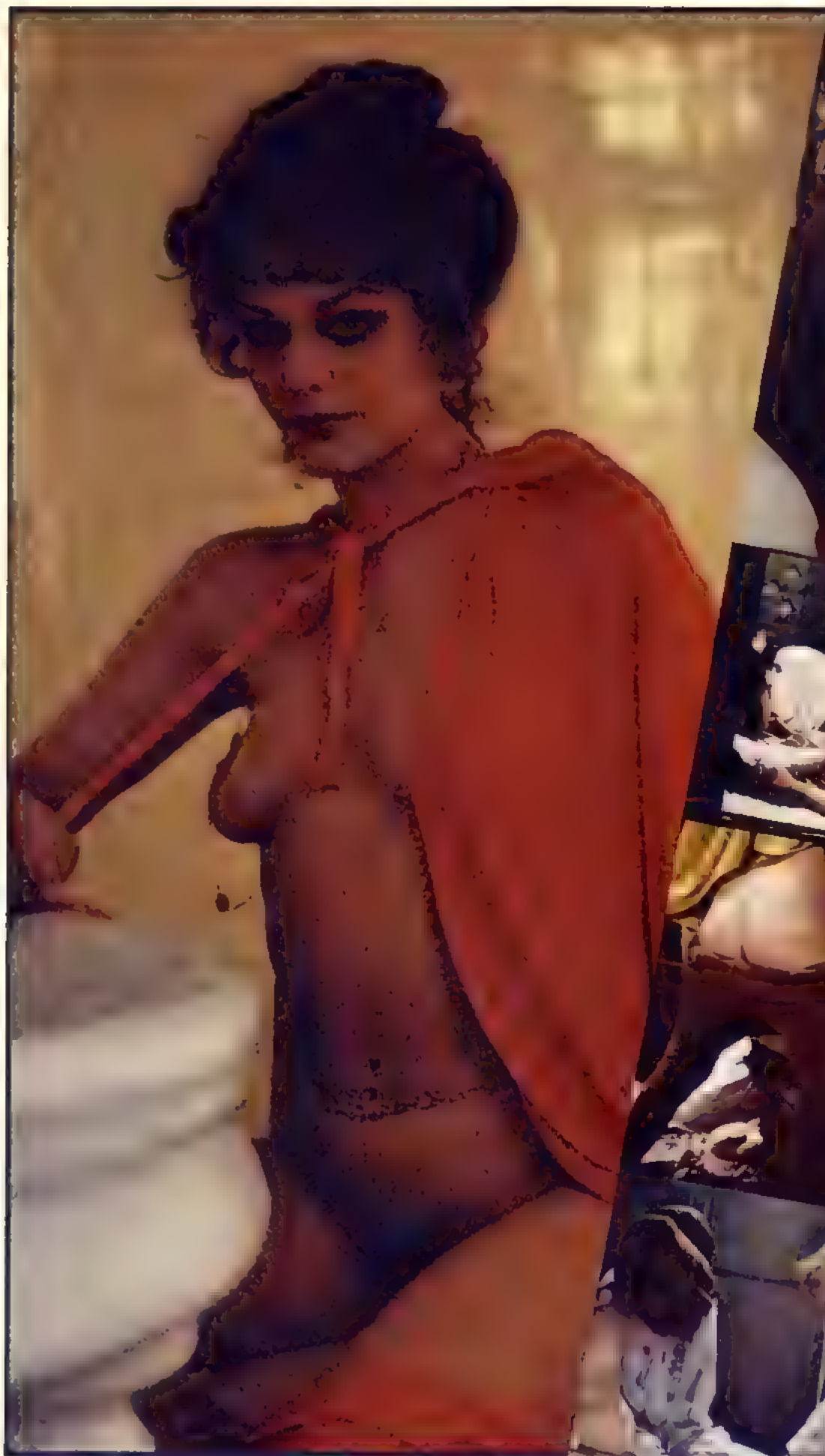
In France, he finds protection in the house of the Marchioness d'Urfe, a wealthy old necromancer. Financed by her money, he engages in one sexual escapade after another. An abbat who has escaped to

Paris to marry his young mistress involves Casanova in a *ménage à trois* of the occult. For an encore, Casanova tries some tag-team wrestling with a troupe of agile actresses (seen in the bottom three pictures at far right). Rumors of the wild activity on the Fellini set swept Rome, and an unknown thief stole two reels to see for himself. Fellini substituted work prints for the missing footage, so you won't miss a stroke.



Tina Aumont, the stunning lady shown here, plays Henriette—one of Casanova's more memorable partners. She brings impeccable credentials to the role, being the daughter of Jean-Pierre Aumont and Maria Montez, two movie idols of the Forties. Of Casanova, she says, "This Fellini thing is a deep part of my life right now. But I want more. Acting is not enough to fulfill one's life. You feel fabulous while you're doing it, then even more drained and vulnerable afterward. To work with Fellini, of course, is fantastic. I'm madly in love with him. He likes to be amused, to be amusing. I play the cello for Federico in the film. People are always saying that he's difficult. Just voices. People are disturbed always by genius. No?" By beauty, also.





WARLOCK

(continued from page 126)

could drink your blood. Drink your blood and be blessed."

She shivers. She sees before her Grünewald's Christ freed of its frame. It is now a man rather than a portrait. As in the picture, however, we see the Virgin keeping watch. Her face is pale and swollen with weeping. The vision fades. Joan says to Gilles in a hoarse voice, "I do not live in my body, Gilles de Rais, as you live in yours."

He kneels on the narrow catwalk and touches his hand to her boot in apology.

"You light up a court of ruffians and bandits, arouse a cowardly king, purify a castle and wash the orgies off black old goats. You rouse everybody out of bed long enough to fight and even induce me to take Communion the morning of a battle. Maid of Orleans, fantastic Maid of Orleans, I confess I love you."

She looks more troubled. "Once," Joan says, "my Lady told me that I must protect the tears of her son from the evil of men. 'Beware of the French,' she said, 'for they are full of greed, and abhor the English, since they are next to Satan.'"

"I live just across the sea from England," he replies.

She looks at the Christ she perceives in the air, that quivering presence of the Grünewald head.

We see the same Christ again, back in its picture, back in its frame, there on the mantelpiece of Durtal's apartment. The author is talking to Des Hermies while he pets his cat. "Joan had her visions, and I must say, I am certainly beginning to have mine. I cannot get Gilles de Rais out of my mind. Yet, for all my research, I don't begin to comprehend him. A man of such contrast is beyond all measure. There's no question he had to experience some mystical emotion when with Joan. Yet not ten years after her death, he is on trial for butchering children. Why? To enrich his Black Masses, he confesses. To bring him nearer to the powers of Satan. How do you comprehend a total paradox? He spoils my sleep. I don't know if I can manage this book."

Des Hermies: "Why don't we visit what's left of his château? Let's take a trip to Tiffauges."

Durtal: "One hundred and forty children, tortured and murdered. What frightful nights there must have been."

Durtal and Des Hermies are walking along a country road toward the château. The castle towers over the valleys of the Crème and the Sèvre, facing hills of granite overgrown with formidable oaks and the roots, protruding out of the ground, resemble nests of snakes.

One could believe oneself in medieval Brittany. The same melancholy heavy sky, the same sun, which seems older than in other parts of France, the gloomy age-old forest.

One feels this iron-gray sky, this starving soil, these roads, bordered with stone walls. One still sees the inhospitable fields and crippled beggars on the road, medieval in their sores and filth. Even the black sheep have blue eyes with a cold, pale gleam. The landscape appears unchanged through the centuries but for a factory chimney in the distance. Within the castle walls, traced by the ruins of the towers, is a miserable produce garden.

A thatched hut has been built in a corner. The peasant inhabitants move only when a silver coin is held up. Seizing it, they hand over some keys.

Durtal points to the cabbages and the carrots. "It may interest you," Durtal says, irritated by their apathy, "that where these vegetables now grow, knights once fought in tournaments."

Peasant (shakes his head): "It came to a bad end."

His wife crosses herself.

Durtal and Des Hermies enter the castle. We see them wandering around the ruins, climbing the towers. There is a great moat at the bottom of which huge trees are growing. The wall of the dungeon is broken and they can see into it near the foot of the moat.

Within, one vaulted room succeeds another, as close together as cabins in the hold of a ship. By spiral stairways they descend into cellar passageways.

In these corridors, so narrow two persons cannot walk along them abreast, they pass cells on whose walls mineral salts sparkle in the light of the lantern like grains of sugar. There are dungeons still beneath. Voices echo here.

As Durtal and Des Hermies make this trip, we begin to see the soldiers of Gilles de Rais, somewhat transparent, not wholly corporeal, standing in the corridors and up on the summits of the towers, as if the past has attempted to materialize for a moment.

The ruins seem to restore themselves. Transparencies of people in costume become manifest in the bare rooms.

The walls reclothe themselves with wainscots of Irish wood and tapestries of gold and thread of Arras. The hard black soil of the courtyard is repaved with green and yellow bricks and black and white flagstones. The roof vaults are starred with gold and crossbows on a field azure. The marshal's cross, sable on shield or, is set shining there.

The furnishings return, each to its own place. Here are high-backed signorial chairs, sideboards with carved bas-reliefs,

painted and gilded statues of saints. Great beds are reached by carpeted steps.

Durtal, excited, is speaking all the while: "Why, Gilles was dabbling in alchemy long before he even met Joan. He knew more about perfumes and wines at the age of 20 than anyone alive. He was brilliant. Wrote a play at the age of 16 to celebrate his own wedding to the local heiress. Nine years later: He's with Joan. But there is so little known about them. It maddens me. He was supposed to be lurking in Rouen for days before she was burned at the stake. Was he plotting her rescue? How could he survive her death? And then to come back here, to these feasts and these debauches."

We see a banquet in a great room. The guests eat and disport. All men. No women. Gilles and his friends are not in their damasked field harness but in glittering pleated jackets that belly out in a small flounced skirt at the waist. The legs are shown in dark skintight hose. As they eat, call out, jostle one another, stand up and bow, Durtal's voice gives us a clue to what the camera sees of the bill of fare.

Durtal: "Beef pies, salmon pies, squab tarts, roast heron, stork, crane, peacock, bustard and swan; venison in verjuice; Nantes lampreys; salads of bryony, hops, beard of Judas; vehement dishes seasoned with marjoram and mace, coriander and sage, peony and rosemary, basil and hyssop—dishes to give one a violent thirst and drinks to spur the guests in this womenless castle to scandalous frenzies of lechery."

Durtal has a passing vision of men embracing men.

"Of course there's also his wife, Catherine of Thouars," says Durtal.

"I have some recollection," says Des Hermies, "that she was an absolute bitch."

"There's a letter from her to the Duke of Brittany written just a few years after Joan perished at the stake. In the letter, she complains bitterly of Gilles's extravagance."

We see an attractive woman (who looks somehow familiar to us). Dressed with consummate disregard for cost, she is speaking to a scribe who takes down her words. "My husband possesses a grand library with a painter to illuminate his books. He revels in rich materials and dreams of unknown genius, weird stones and uncanny metals. All this is very expensive."

As she speaks, we see the panoply she describes, and again, this evocation of the past sits like an overlay or transparency on the ruins of the château through which Durtal and Des Hermies are exploring.

The wife: "He has a guard of 200 men and all these people have personal attendants magnificently equipped. The luxury of his chapel is extravagant. He

(continued on page 232)



"And to think when you asked me back to your place to eat organic, I thought you were some kind of health nut!"

Are You Sexually Liberated Enough to Make It with More Than One Person or Species at the Same Time and If Not, Why Not?

or, what did you do during the sexual revolution, daddy?



quiz By BARBARA NELLIS and JAMES R. PETERSEN

IF YOU ANSWERED yes to the title of this quiz, then you are probably liberated. Or weird. Or both. Don't let that stop you from tackling the rest of the questions presented here. The sexual revolution has been going on for decades. We figure that it is time to identify the patriots, the victors, the free souls who were there in the vanguard—shoulder to shoulder, thigh to thigh, chest to breast, whatever. You know who you are. If not, take the following quiz and find out. We have divided the inquiry into several sections that test your knowledge of the basics (different strokes, erogenous zones and sexual accessories), your willingness



to carry the battle out of the bedroom and onto the beaches, your actual front-line experience and, finally, your over-all ability to survive in the man-eat-woman world of orgies. The authors would like to make it clear that the answers to the following questions do reflect the views of the management. Good luck. You may begin at any time.

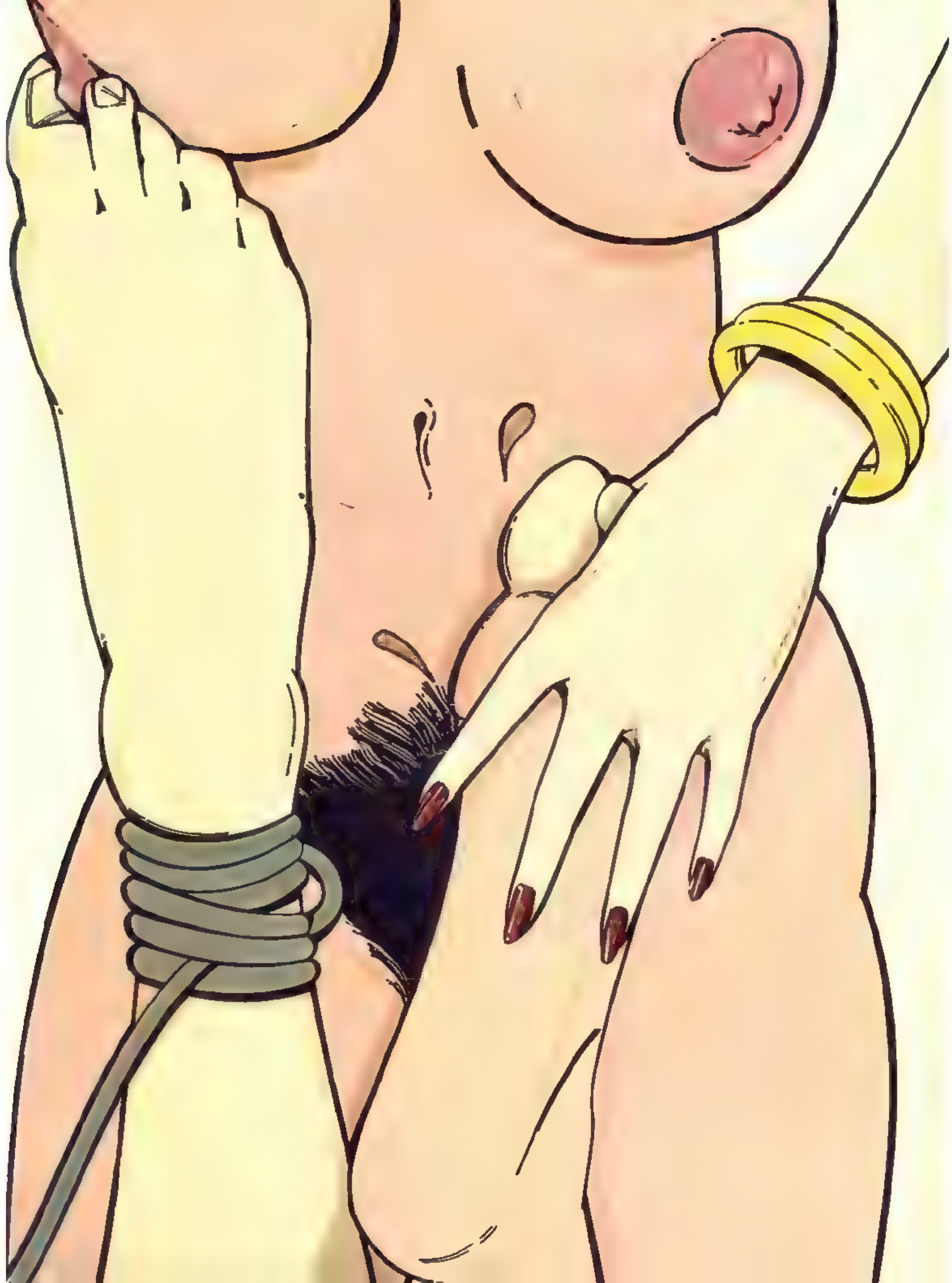
Section One: Different Strokes: If you find yourself at an orgy, do you wonder about technique? (Let's see, if there are 18 women present and I spend ten minutes on foreplay with each, it will be three hours before I get laid.) There is more to sex than climbing into bed to practice the Dead Man's Float atop a passive partner. The liberated lover contin-

uously refines his approach, building a repertoire of gestures that express sexually his entire personality. His education begins at an early age: Sneaking into his parents' bedroom, he memorizes the good parts of an aged, yellowing copy of *The Marriage Art*, by Dr. John Eichenlaub. (Yes, a handful of crushed ice applied to the genitals at the moment of climax can heighten an orgasm. It can also freeze your balls off.) Later, he diligently improves his pornographic imagination by perusing the classics: *Hot to Trot*, *Jungle Fever*, *Teacher's Pet*. Or he subscribes to *Screw* and *Fetish Times*. He keeps up with the state of the erotic arts by consulting manuals designed to enhance the act of love. Have

you read *The Joy of Sex*, *Oragentalism*, *The Sensuous Woman* or *The Kama Sutra*? If you are truly liberated, you will probably be able to match the following descriptions of technique with the title of the works from which they were taken. Give yourself one point for each correct match. Give yourself another point if you have actually tried the technique or had it done to you. (Maximum possible score: 8.)

1. "All the motions of her hips and torso that the woman can use in coital postures where she lies, kneels, stands or squats over the man can also be used when she is in the same position over the man for cunnilinctus or the 69. In particular the woman can use—and should





make a real effort to try to learn, and learn well—the superb pelvic motion or mysterious gyration first made public in the erotic technique manual *Les Paradis Charnels*. . . . This is known in French under the jocular name of *La Diligence de Lyon* (The Lyons Stage Coach), about which a famous hoax or shaggy-dog story is told. . . . *La Diligence de Lyon* . . . is a rapid and continuous forward and backward rolling motion of the kneeling woman's hips, similar to that known in horseback riding under the name of posting, or 'broncobusting,' where the rider's body sinks and rises rhythmically forward and backward to match the motions of the galloping or bucking horse. In the human version the man may not be making any motions at all, while the woman posts . . . her whole body riding in this way on the edge of infinity."

2. "When a person is going on a journey and makes a mark on the thighs, or on the breast, it is called a token of remembrance. On such an occasion, three or four lines are impressed close to one another with the nails. . . . The love of a woman who sees the marks of nails on the private parts of her body, even though they are old and almost worn out, becomes again fresh and new. If there be no marks of nails to remind a person of the passages of love, then love is lessened in the same way as when no union takes place for a long time. Even when a stranger sees at a distance a young woman with the marks of nails on her breast, he is filled with love and respect for her. A man . . . who carries the marks of nails and teeth on some parts of his body influences the mind of a woman, even though it be ever so firm. In short, nothing tends to increase love so much as the effects of marking with the nails and biting."

3. "The idea is to tie your partner hand and foot, firmly but comfortably, so that they can struggle as hard as they like without getting loose, and then bringing them to orgasm. . . . On any bed with four posts you can stake a partner out, supported by one or more pillows. This is the traditional bordel method, probably because it needs no skill. Extension like this inhibits orgasm in some people—many feel more with the legs open, but the wrists and elbows firmly behind the back, or by being tied to a chair, or upright to a post. The critical areas where compression boosts sex feelings are the wrists, ankles, elbows (don't try to make them meet behind by brute force), soles of the feet, thumbs and big toes (artful women break off halfway to tie these last two with a leather bootlace—if you doubt this, try it). . . . Some energetic people like to be gagged as well. As one lady put it, 'It keeps the bubbles in the champagne.'"

4. "One of the most arousing things you can do to a man is the Butterfly

Flick. On the underside of the penis, about one or two inches behind the head, is a ridge called the corona. Just underneath the corona is a delicate vertical membrane. This is the most sensitive area on the man's body. To drive him straight into ecstasy, take your tongue and flick it lightly back and forth across this membrane—like you were strumming a banjo. Now run your tongue down to the base of the penis and back up again a few times and then return to the Butterfly Flick, only this time flicking all the way up and down the underside of the penis. Continue until the man begs for mercy."

A. *The Joy of Sex*, by Alex Comfort

B. *Oragenitalism*, by Gershon Legman

C. *The Sensuous Woman*, by J.

D. *The Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana*

1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____ 4. _____

Section Two: *Know Your Turf*: An orgy is a crowded place and sometimes you have to wait in line, right? Wrong. The liberated lover is an explorer. He maps a partner's body, charting the areas that have erotic possibilities. No holds are barred. If it moves. . . . The following is a list of erogenous zones. Place a value from one to five on each of the areas named—one for least sensitive, five for most sensitive.

1. Side of neck _____ 2. Sacral dimples _____ 3. Buttocks _____ 4. Inner thigh _____ 5. Behind the knee _____ 6. Ear _____ 7. Outer curve of breast _____ 8. Nipple _____ 9. Labia _____ 10. Clitoris _____ 11. Lips _____ 12. Tongue _____ 13. Stomach _____ 14. Toes _____ 15. Anus _____ 16. Hair _____ 17. Back of neck _____ Total: _____

Section Three: *Things That Go Buzz in the Night*: According to a recent report, some 4,795,000 dildos have been sold in the United States in the past decade by one manufacturer alone. We can account for most of those among our friends. Still, even counting them, it's obvious that America has come a long way. For superpatriots and the Daughters of the American Revolution, there's a Bicentennial dildo in red, white and blue. Sure beats Mom and apple pie. The liberated lover maintains a well-equipped toy chest to entertain his guests. He knows his tool and how to use his toys. The following is a random selection of sexual accessories, most of which are guaranteed to produce voluptuous sensations. Give yourself one point for each item that you have tried. Give yourself an extra point if you own the object. We recognize the difference between the man who merely experiments and the man who actively seeks to convert others. You depraved bastards.

THE TOYS	USE	OWN
1. Scented body oil	_____	_____
2. K-Y jelly	_____	_____
3. A fur mitten	_____	_____
4. Satin sheets	_____	_____
5. Water bed	_____	_____

Give yourself two points for use, two points for possession of the following:

6. Vibrator _____
7. French shower head _____
8. Orgasmatron _____
9. French tickler _____
10. Stimula condom _____

Give yourself three points for use, three points for possession of the following:

11. Handcuffs or thumb cuffs _____
12. Leatherwear _____
13. Whips _____
14. Polaroid _____
15. Video-tape system _____

Subtract five points for use, five points for possession of the following:

16. Inflatable vagina _____
17. Prolong _____
18. Auto Suck _____
19. Penis enlarger _____
20. Flavored douches _____

Total: _____

Section Four: *Have You Ever Done It in the Bedroom?* The liberated lover is foot-loose, fancy-free and flexible. "Have Body, Will Travel." He always has the time and he is always in the right place. Sometimes he even does it in bed. The following are locations for the filming of your own X-rated movie. Award yourself one point and one year in jail for each location you've tried.

1. The shower _____ 2. The beach _____ 3. The kitchen table _____ 4. The office desk _____ 5. An airplane _____ 6. A car _____ 7. A taxi _____ 8. A train _____ 9. A disco floor _____ 10. An elevator _____ 11. A phone booth _____ 12. A hot tub or sauna _____ 13. A forest _____ 14. A church _____ 15. A library _____ 16. A nudist colony _____ Total: _____

Section Five: *Are You Now or Have You Ever Been Sexually Liberated?* A sage once said that a man who desires to be liberated should act as if he were liberated and, to all intents, he will be. And he'll also be fucking his eyeballs out. The following questions will simply determine, from the confession of your own behavior, whether you're in the right ball park.

1. Have you ever been nude in front of more than one person at the same time? _____

2. Have you ever had sex in front of other people (i.e., in the presence of another person or couple. Flashing does not count.)? _____

3. Have you ever had sex with more than one person at the same time? _____

4. Have you had sex more than once with more than one person? (I.e., have you repeated the experience with the original cast and crew?) _____

5. Were your accomplices of the opposite sex or mixed? _____

6. If you have engaged in group sex, (continued on page 274)



WORKING OUT

article

By **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

sometimes even a man who works out faithfully has to live with his love handles

In the past 15 years, by rough count, I have spent 6000 hours in gyms. Had I invested that time in the study of the slime mold, mankind, not to speak of the slime mold, might very well have been enriched by my observations. As it is, I have developed firm arms and am able to dash off suddenly and race after taxicabs in the rain, catching up with them a block away and thereby delighting dinner dates. I am winded after these exercises but appear to be less so than the next fellow.

I began to frequent (continued on page 164) 139

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

TO A WOULD-BE
WASHINGTON
SECRETARY



WHAT DIFFERENCE IF YOU GRAB THE PHONE
AND HOLD IT TO YOUR EYE;
WHO CARES IF WHEN YOU HEAR IT RING
YOU ANSWER WITH "GOODBYE!"?
AND WHY SHOULD ANY FOLKS COMPLAIN
(UNLESS THEY'RE JUST OLD MEANIES),
IF YOU THINK THAT OLIVETTIS
ARE THOSE GREEN THINGS IN MARTINIS?
SO IF YOU LACK SOME OFFICE SKILLS,
YOUR HEART CAN STILL BE IN IT!
(WHAT GETS A GIRL LIKE YOU TOP PAY
AIN'T 60 WORDS PER MINUTE.)

TO AN INFINITE
NUMBER OF HEIRS



Before you came upon the scene,
We lived on farfetched tales
Of board-room fights and midnight flights
And ten-inch fingernails.
But thanks to you, at last we've learned
Of Howard's biggest thrills—
Forget the loot and ladies;
Hughes got off on making wills.

TO A
BICENTENNIAL
FREAK

You sprayed Old Glory on your car
And also on your beagle.
Abe Lincoln's tattooed on your chest
(Your wife has got an eagle).
The freedom bell upon your lawn
Your missus made from Jell-O.
Your house may be the nation's first
Split-level Monticello.
The season's very best to you,
Although we're full of fears, friend,
You'll freeze like George at Valley Forge
To celebrate the year's end.

MISSIVES AND MISSILES FOR THE JOLLY SEASON

verse

By JUDITH WAX



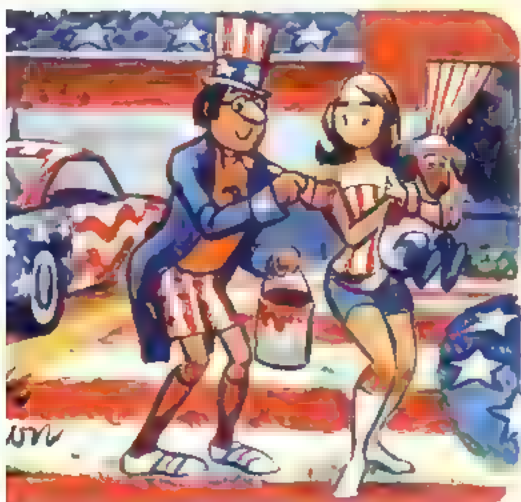
TO A DOG LOVER

To hell with ho, ho, ho,
We'd like to get you with a weapon
For year-round gifts you've left for us,
The kind we had to step in!

TO THE MAKERS OF DISASTER FILMS



You guys deal cheer throughout the year,
And so we lift our toasts
To merry tales of Richter scales
Gone mad . . . and high-rise roasts.
And fish that nosh on cities,
And trauma in the skies,
And once an underwater peek
At Shelley Winter's thighs.
We've faced the rigors staunchly,
The water and the flames,
And never screamed when you guys creamed
Some stars with real big names.
We've managed to survive it all,
'Cause that's what fans are for;
But next year, please have mercy
And don't trap us in one more.



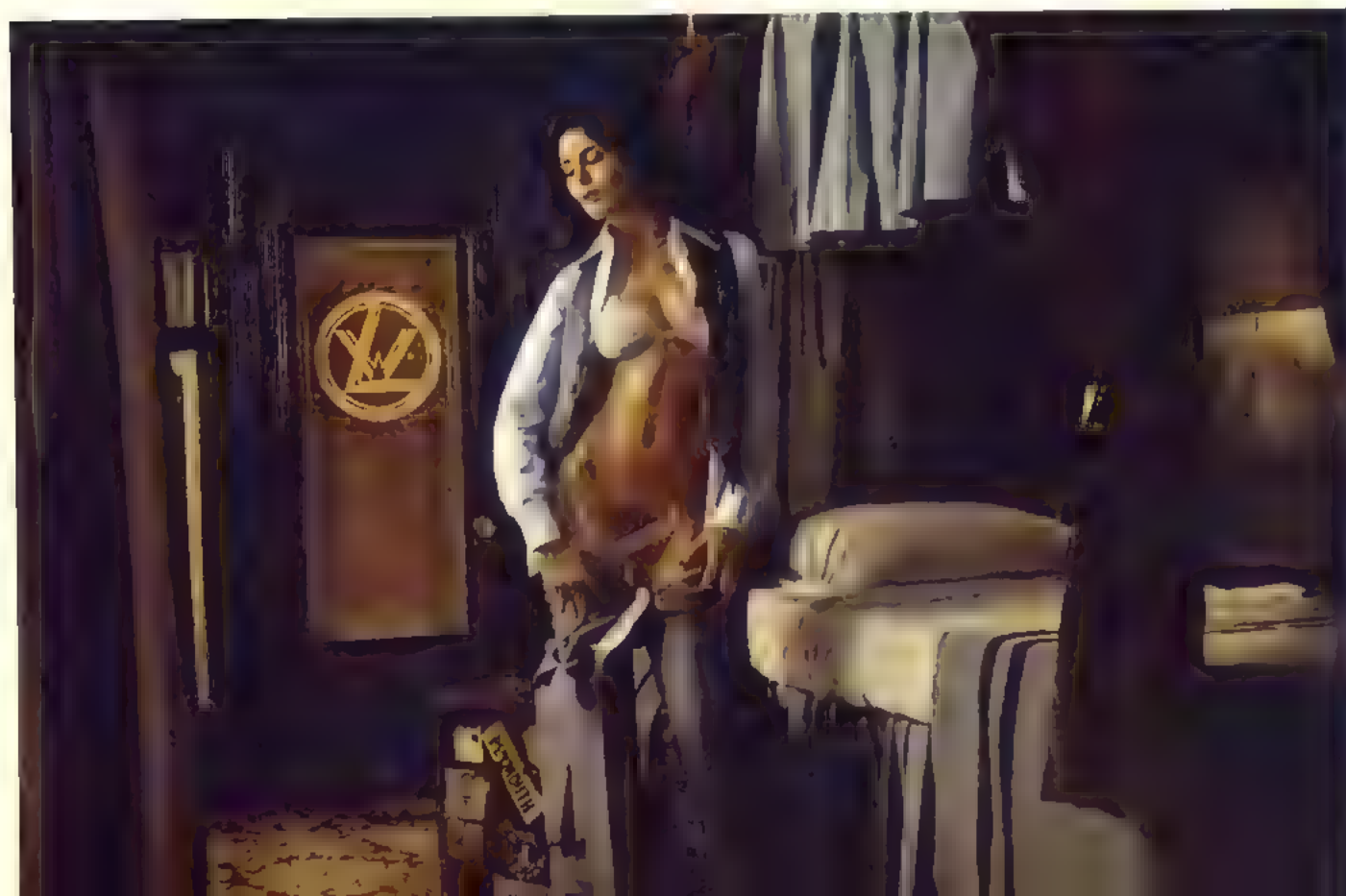


PHOTOGRAPHY BY
PHILLIP DIXON

Alone, waiting for the train that will take her to points West, Karen indulges in a fleeting fantasy. The romance of the old 20th Century Limited. Scenery out of Thomas Wolfe flickering by. And possibly even a quick, zipless encounter. Shades of Jung and Jong.

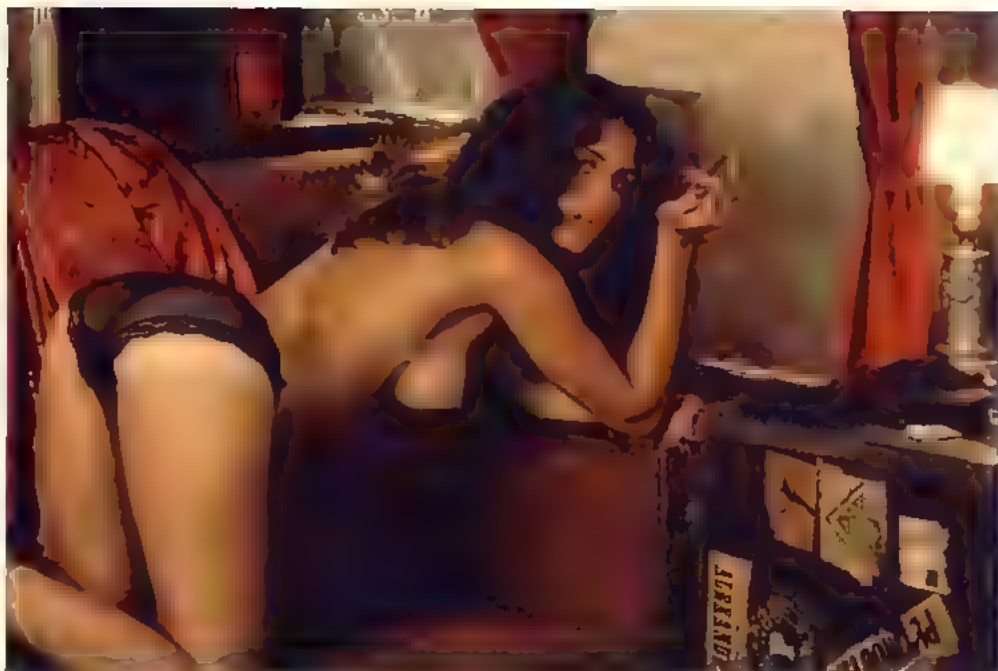
MAKING TRACKS

playmate karen hafter thinks air travel is for the birds. so when she made the move from new york to california, she kept a low profile

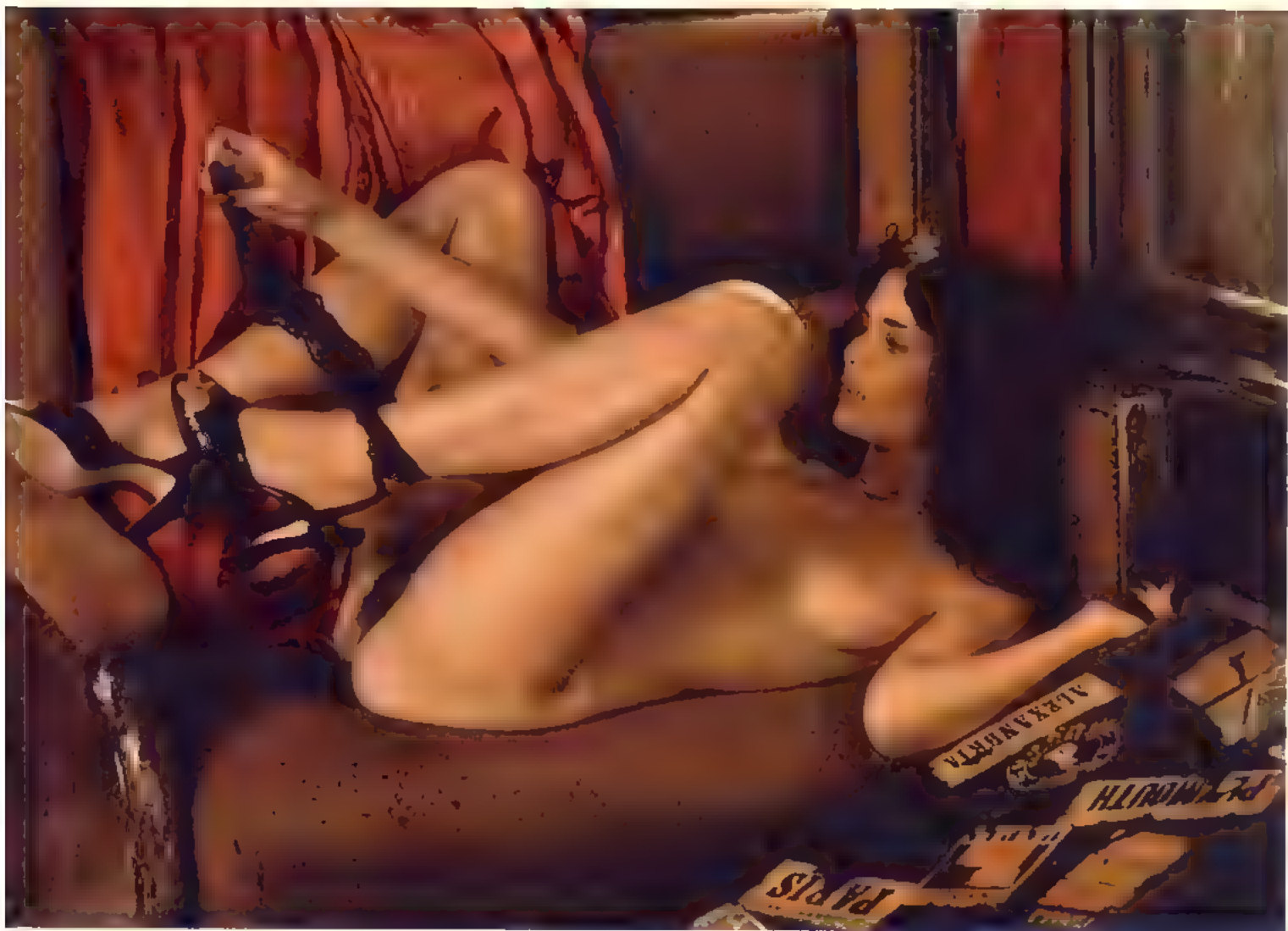




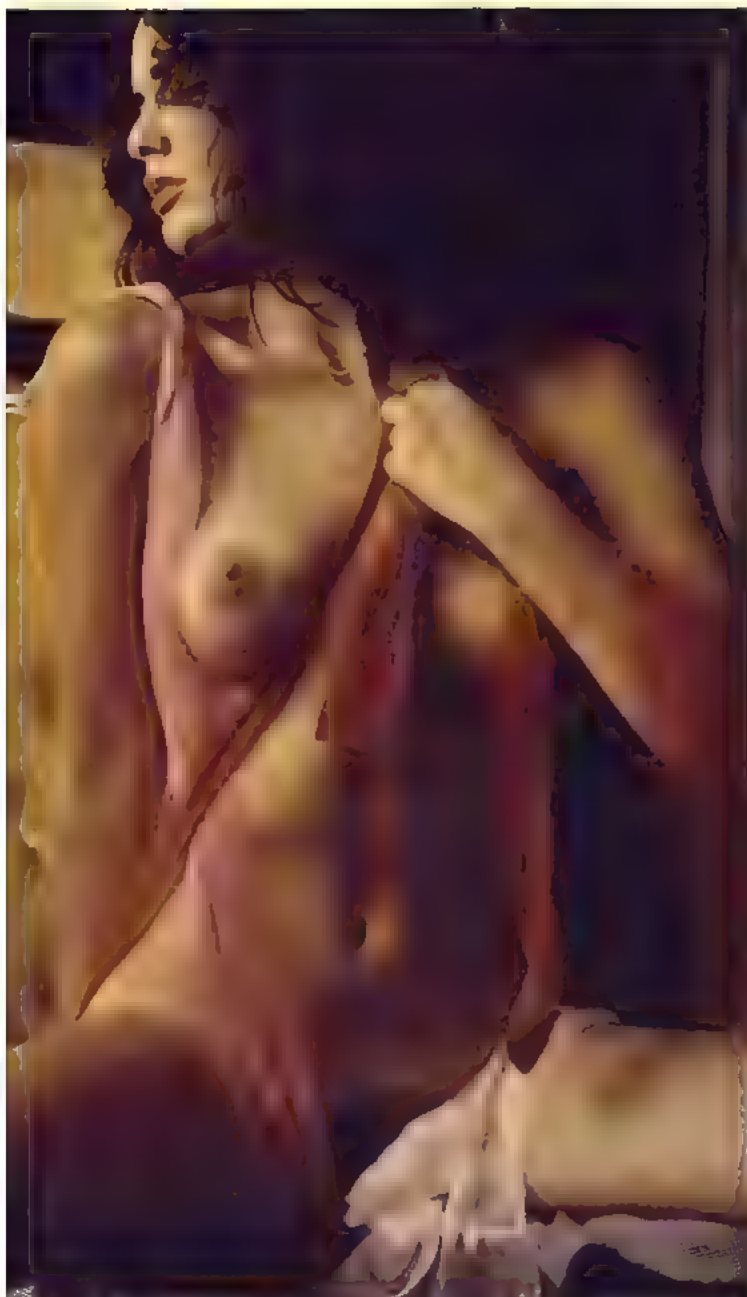
LIKE THOUSANDS of girls before her, Bronx-born Karen Hafter decided one summer day to cast her fate to the wind and go out to Hollywood. It was an impulsive decision at best. "Hollywood just seemed like such a strange, exciting place," says Karen. "A new frontier." She'd been working as a cook in a bar and grill in New Paltz, New York, to finance her college education, and the prospect of another term of dull classes and then hunting for a dismal nine-to-five job in Manhattan didn't exactly fill her with unrestrained rapture. So Karen packed up her troubles, plus a change or two of clothes, and caught the first train to Los Angeles. She would have taken a jet, except that she's terrified of flying—and, besides, trains are infinitely more romantic—they give a girl a chance to



"There is something deeply romantic, even sensuous, about the idea of a train rushing through the night," Karen reflects. "In a way, it's the perfect place for a quick affair."







"A man's physical attractiveness used to be the most important thing, but now I'm more concerned with his emotional make-up. Not that I don't like attractive men—it's just not the most crucial aspect anymore."



think, to dream, perchance even to fantasize. The journey lasted four days. "I felt a mixture of things during the trip," Karen reflects. "Excitement at the prospect of approaching a new life and emptiness because I was leaving home for the first time." Again like thousands of girls before her, Karen Hafter, upon arriving in Tinseltown, took a whirlwind tour of the place and, thereupon, decided that if a girl wants to be seen, Sunset Boulevard is the place to be. So, without much trouble, she landed a waitressing job at David's Potbelly, a restaurant on—you guessed it—Sunset Boulevard, where who should stroll in one day but Anne Randall (our May 1967 Playmate). "She was staring at me from the moment she walked in," says Karen. "Finally, she came over and asked me if I'd be interested in trying out for a PLAYBOY centerfold. If she'd been a man, I would have said no—for obvious reasons." The rest, as they say in showbiz, is history. Looking back, Karen seems a bit awe-struck by her own rapid success: "I never thought I'd be a Playmate, never in my wildest dreams," she says. "I was always a tall, scrawny kid. Everybody was wearing a bra before me. I didn't start to fill out until I was 16." Better late than never.

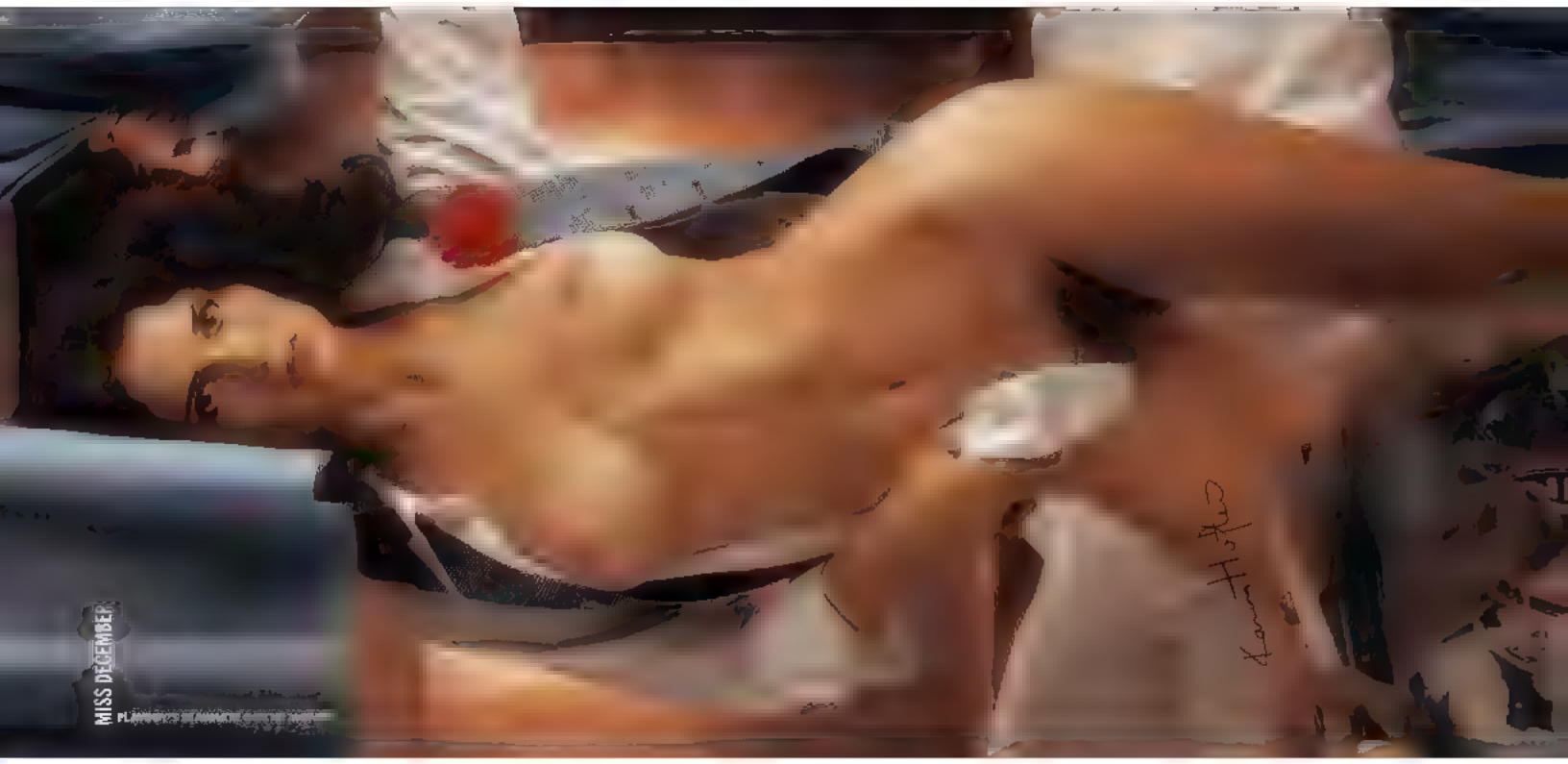






The long journey is at an end, and now, 3000 miles of America separate Karen from what had been her home. But somehow, the sun, the beach, the palm trees, the glitter and the prospect of a new life offset those lingering feelings of emptiness.







"I like to think I've really gotten it together sexually," says Karen. "In the past, it was a major thing for me and I experimented a lot. But now I feel I've really settled down. I'm not a wild, wild woman anymore."

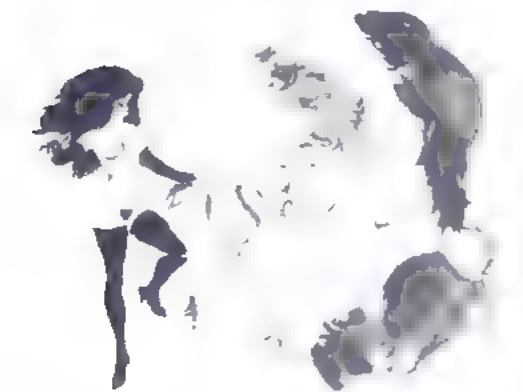
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Telling her office co-workers about her month-long vacation, the girl said, "And one of the best things about it was that I finally got to play the female lead in an amateur theatrical production at the resort!"

"Was it a *one-act* play?" called one of the other stenographers.

"Hell, no!" retorted the young thing. "I must have been laid by the social director half a dozen times before he gave me the part!"

According to a friend in New England, massage-parlor girls in Hartford are popularly referred to as Connecticut Yankers.



Pushing the seaman ahead of him into the captain's quarters, the bosun's mate announced, "Sir, when I came across this man in the hold, he was masturbating with both hands."

"That's terrible!" roared the captain. "Throw him into the brig and charge him with bigamy!"

*Call the study of figures statistics
And the study of language linguistics;
But it's clear that one errs
When one loosely avers
That the study of balling's ballistics*

It was while they were savoring their cognacs after having dined admirably that Dr. Watson said, "You've been torpid of late, Holmes, and you must keep in practice. Tell me, what do you take to be the occupation of that good-looking, prosperous-looking chap over there, whom I happen to know—the one who is sharing a huge platter of giant prawns with that attractive, if somewhat flashy, young woman?"

"He's obviously in taxidermy," was the yawned reply.

"Capital, Holmes: that's right on the mark!" effused the good doctor. "But what was it led you to that incisive deduction?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson," answered the great detective. "The boulder is quite obviously stuffing the bird before he mounts her."

A man had just bought a new suit and was bragging to his wife that the trousers had a 12-inch zipper.

"So what?" chuckled the woman. "Junior opens the door of our three-car garage and all that comes out is his tricycle."

After sitting all night on a deserted road, the disabled car was towed to a service station. Its two handsome male occupants conferred briefly with the mechanic and then went off in search of food, leaving their perky little blonde companion in the waiting room. After a while, the mechanic came in to report. "Well, miss," he announced, "it seems you blew a couple of rods last night."

"Oh, gee," exclaimed the girl, "and they swore they'd never tell a soul!"

Our confectionery correspondent reports that those new edible candy pants are about to be distributed in a male version—with nuts, of course.

Three members of a weekly female bridge quartet were duly impressed when the fourth arrived wearing a gorgeous new mink coat.

"That's a lovely garment, Dottie," purred one woman. "It must have cost you a fortune!"

"But it didn't," said Dottie, "just a single piece of ass."

"You mean," continued the admirer of the coat, "one that you gave your husband?"

"No," smiled the coat wearer, "one that he got from the maid."

Oh, my God!" groaned the premature ejaculator as his weakness betrayed him once again. "And my date isn't even until next week!"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pubic hair* as nature's dental floss.

Name the elements, Bobby," instructed the teacher.

"There's earth and there's air," began the boy, "and then fire . . . and—er—water . . . and—oh, yes—fucking."

The teacher gasped, then recovered herself. "That fifth thing you named—whatever made you include it?"

"I overheard my mom telling one of her friends," answered Bobby, "that when my pop gets to fucking, he's in his element."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



Fowler E. White

*"Naturally, we assumed we would be battling
the New York Islanders..."*

PLAYBOY'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE SCOREBOARD SORTS OUT THE STRAIGHT AND THE STRAYED

PRESIDENTIAL PHILANDERING is as old and respectable a tradition as the Presidency itself. George Washington introduced it when he took the job in 1789 and it's been going on in random but healthy spurts ever since. Of course, not all of our Chief Executives played around, but a lot of them did! and the ones who didn't got accused of it anyway by the scandal-mongers and the mudslingers. A hundred years ago, a sexual slur or a ribald verse could cost a man the election; nowadays, it's practically a sign of character. Take Nixon, for example: If he'd spent more time violating the opposite sex and less time violating the Constitution, who knows where he'd be today? It's interesting to note in passing that, by and

Virginian could live 26 years amidst fair women in that hale and sociable colony without being touched again and again by the quick passion; and this man had the blood of a lover beyond his fellows." In other words, Washington was horny a lot. During the Revolution, several newspapers claimed he kept a Tory mistress who filched secret documents from his bedchamber. While he was President, rumors circulated widely that he was two-timing Martha with an Irishwoman he kept in New York. And one newspaper went so far as to suggest that he had someone seduce his female slaves to prepare them for his "use" once he returned home to Mount Vernon, which probably explains why he missed the place so damn much. Washington never made any public denial of

best friend and neighbor. In Paris, in 1786, four years after his wife died, Jefferson fell in love with Maria Cosway, the wife of a bisexual painter who specialized in pornographic miniatures. The following year, one of his slaves, 14-year-old Sally Hemings, accompanied his



large, our most beloved heads of state have also been our most frequently *loved* heads of state—men like Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy got more action than men like Van Buren, Fillmore, Coolidge and Hoover; and J.F.K. probably got more than all the others combined.

Unfortunately, most responsible texts on the American Presidency deal exclusively with the affairs of state, discreetly ignoring the affairs of statesmen, an unpardonable oversight, in our opinion. So, in the interests of history, but largely for our own amusement, we present the following documented account of the making of the Presidents—1789–1976.

"First in war, first in peace, first in the pants of his countrywomen" might have been a more accurate appraisal. As Woodrow Wilson once wrote of GEORGE WASHINGTON's early years: "No young

these claims, even though they discredited him for years with New England Puritans. But the one true love of his life was Sally Fairfax, wife of his close friend George William Fairfax. Apparently, Washington and Sally carried on before and during Washington's marriage and their relationship, judging from his letters to her, was intimate—as intimate as it can be when the guy has wooden teeth, at any rate. Although Washington never fathered any children with Martha, his illegitimate progeny were numerous (some even claim they include Alexander Hamilton), which prompted one notable scholar to call him "the father of our country in more ways than one."

Washington was a hard act to follow. Although JOHN ADAMS occasionally bemoaned the fact that he couldn't keep his mind off women, he never fooled around. Once he met Abigail, that was it.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, however, knew what he was doing when he wrote those immortal words about the right to pursue happiness—he'd been pursuing happiness in the form of the fair sex all his life. In 1768, still a bachelor, he had a steamy affair with Betsey Walker, the wife of his

daughter Polly to France as "companion." It soon became evident whose companion she really was—by the fall of 1789, she was pregnant. At the beginning of Jefferson's first term, while Dolley and James Madison were living in the White House, rumor had it that the reason Dolley obtained the position of White House hostess was that she and Jefferson were carrying on right under her

husband's nose. A little later, the story of "Black Sally" leaked to the press and she became the subject of frequent ribald slurs. Jefferson didn't seem to care—he fathered six more children with Sally and continued the relationship until his death.

After being thwarted by his first love,

John Adams' son **JOHN QUINCY ADAMS** was something of a womanizer. During the campaign of 1828, the Jacksonians accused him of acting as pimp for Czar Alexander I of Russia, a charge that earned him the title Pimp of the Coalition; many observers chose thus to explain his enormous success as a diplomat. As President, Adams was known as an inveterate skinny-dipper who daily bathed *au naturel* in the Potomac.

While the Jacksonians were busy calling Adams a pimp, the Adams forces weren't exactly sitting around, twiddling their thumbs. **ANDREW JACKSON** was accused of both adultery and bigamy, the notion being that he had slept with and married Rachel before she was divorced from her first husband. The controversy died down when Rachel passed

away shortly before Old Hickory's election. During his Administration, Jackson was accused of being overly attentive to the whims of Margaret Timberlake, wife of the Secretary of War, John Eaton. It was said that careers in Washington were either made or broken because of her influence over Jackson.

Things calmed down considerably after Jackson left town. The next eight occupants of the White House represent the sexual Middle Ages of the American Presidency. Scandals were nearly as rare as statesmen. **MARTIN VAN BUREN** was so effeminate—he wore corsets, dressed like a fag and used women's perfume—that Davy Crockett once claimed that it was practically impossible to tell whether he was a man or a woman. **WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON** lasted only a few months as President, so he barely had enough time to test the bedsprings. The only lively one in the bunch was—of all people—**JOHN TYLER**, who, some weeks after his wife died, commenced to pursue a lovely young Washington belle named Julia Gardiner, who was less than half his age. Apparently, his pursuit was a literal one—one report has him chasing her down the White House stairs and around tables and

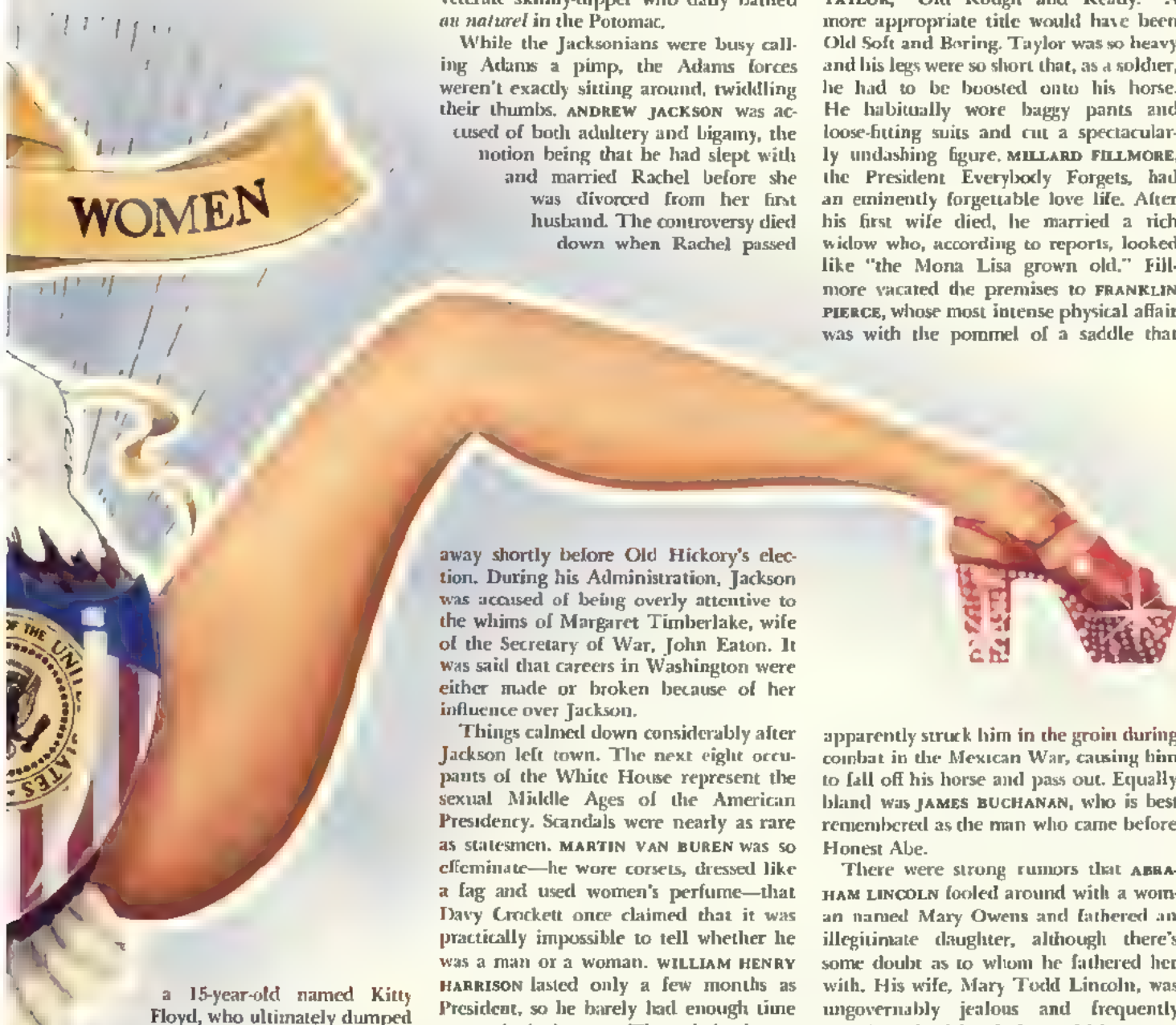
chairs for a kiss. That's probably all he got, until he married her a year later. The next President did a good bit of running himself. **JAMES K. POLK** was allegedly plagued by diarrhea during his entire Administration, so it's safe to say he spent more time in the White House outhouse than in the White House bedchamber. Next in line was **ZACHARY TAYLOR**, "Old Rough and Ready." A more appropriate title would have been Old Soft and Boring. Taylor was so heavy and his legs were so short that, as a soldier, he had to be boosted onto his horse. He habitually wore baggy pants and loose-fitting suits and cut a spectacularly undashing figure. **MILLARD FILLMORE**, the President Everybody Forgets, had an eminently forgettable love life. After his first wife died, he married a rich widow who, according to reports, looked like "the Mona Lisa grown old." Fillmore vacated the premises to **FRANKLIN PIERCE**, whose most intense physical affair was with the pommel of a saddle that

apparently struck him in the groin during combat in the Mexican War, causing him to fall off his horse and pass out. Equally bland was **JAMES BUCHANAN**, who is best remembered as the man who came before Honest Abe.

There were strong rumors that **ABRAHAM LINCOLN** fooled around with a woman named Mary Owens and fathered an illegitimate daughter, although there's some doubt as to whom he fathered her with. His wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, was ungovernably jealous and frequently complained of headaches, which was as good an excuse in those days as it is now. Their marriage was rocky—Lincoln even threatened to have her committed—and what with the Civil War going badly for much of his Administration, it's probably safe to assume that Lincoln sought solace in various boudoirs.

So did his successor, **ANDREW JOHNSON**'s

a 15-year-old named Kitty Floyd, who ultimately dumped him for a harpsichord-playing medical student, **JAMES MADISON**, hardly a ladies' man, waited 11 years before making his next foray into the battle of the sexes. He never cheated on Dolley. **JAMES MONROE** had two relationships before marrying but probably didn't get to first base with either of them.



wife was an invalid throughout his term in office and spent her White House years sequestered in an upstairs bedroom visited by family intimates only. So the President was forced to find female companionship elsewhere. Some historians blame Johnson's continuously appeasing attitude toward the postwar South on his succumbing to the attentions of various Southern ladies seeking pardons for their husbands. Rumor had it that the White House under Johnson had the ambience of a bordello.

For an old soldier, ULYSSES S. GRANT was surprisingly straight. Perhaps the queerest thing he ever did was play the role of Desdemona in a performance of *Othello* by a theatrical company of bored troops during the Mexican War. He was dedicated to his wife, who was cross-eyed. So dedicated, in fact, that when she wanted to have an operation to straighten her eyes, Grant forbade it, saying, "I like her that way." Equally weird was RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, whose only true love was his sister, Fanny.

JAMES GARFIELD's morals were probably intact, even though his wife, Lucretia, suspected him of liaisons with several lifelong ladyfriends, including Rebecca Selleck, whom Garfield visited repeatedly whenever he was in New York. CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR, a strikingly good-looking man, seemed to prefer the company of men; in college, he developed a close relationship with his roommate, Campbell Allen—so close that he once wrote a letter to Allen describing how they had once fallen asleep in each other's arms. Along those lines, Arthur refused to move into the White House until it was redecorated by Louis Tiffany. GROVER CLEVELAND probably fathered at least one illicit child. As sheriff of Erie County, New York, he belonged to a group of bachelors called The Jolly Reefers, who regularly entertained prostitutes. One of these women was Maria Halpin, who claimed that Cleveland was the father of her child. He paid her off with \$500 and saw to it that the child was adopted. During his first term as President, Cleveland married Frances Folsom (who was 27 years his junior) and allowed the press to follow him on his honeymoon. Rumor had it that he abused his wife, causing their children to be deaf and dumb.

BENJAMIN HARRISON, whose one term occurred between Cleveland's two, put the scandalmongers to sleep for four years. Cleveland woke them up, then WILLIAM MCKINLEY put them right back to sleep again. McKinley was devoted to his wife, who was an epileptic. Occasionally, during White House dinners, when

hissing sound signaling the onset of a fit, the President would throw a handkerchief over her face, then continue his conversation as if nothing had happened. Equally devoted to wife and family was TEDDY ROOSEVELT, whose proverbial Big Stick didn't see much action outside his marriage bed. Mr. Macho was so clean he sued a newspaper that had called him a drunkard and won the case.

Next on the roster, weighing in at 325 pounds, is WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, whom one biographer optimistically called a ladies' man, although, at that weight, he couldn't have been a terribly desirable lover. According to a psychological study by Sigmund Freud, WOODROW WILSON "almost certainly remained a virgin until he married his first wife at the age of 28" and "his sexual life was confined to his first wife and his second." Rumor had it, however, that he was putting it to his second wife before his first one died. A current joke went, "What did Mrs. Galt do when the President proposed to her? She fell out of bed." Wilson's frequent illnesses and the secrecy surrounding his stroke in 1919 gave rise to the suggestion that he was suffering the terminal effects of the venereal disease that he had contracted during his Princeton days. Wilson died in 1924, but that doesn't seem to have slowed down his wife, to judge by author Pietro di Donato's account of his short affair with her as published recently in *Oni* magazine. She was 67 years old at the time, but Di Donato attests mightily to her sexual prowess, saying, "Successive rings of muscle clamped my lesser head and she took three comes before uncunting."

Wilson's successor, the handsome and incompetent WARREN G. HARDING, got the scandal presses rolling so fast he could barely keep up with them. Described by associates as "a sporting ladies' man," with a distinct "weakness for women," Harding naively hoped his marital infidelities would remain secret. They didn't. He was never deeply in love with his wife, Flossie, a divorcee five years his senior, and she, apparently, wasn't all that fond of him, either, since several biographers claim she poisoned him. Harding's mistress, Nan Britton, spilled the beans on her lover shortly after he died by discreetly writing a book called *The President's Daughter*, a detailed account of their affair, including some torrid passages about their frequent rendezvous in various White House coat closets. The book also goes on, at some length, about Harding's illegitimate daughter, Elizabeth Ann. Britton's disclosures, along with the Teapot Dome mess, prepared the public to believe practically every rumor about Harding,

who had died in office, no doubt from the strain of it all.

CALVIN "SILENT CAL" COOLIDGE inherited a bordello and overnight turned it into a morgue. Apparently, he "treated his wife more coldly than any President's wife was treated, before or since," according to one biographer. In fact, he shortened their two-week honeymoon to one week and thereafter slept with his pet dog, Rob Roy. He was said to have preferred the company of men and once closed a letter to a Northampton cobbler with the words "I love you." Draw your own conclusions.

About HERBERT HOOVER nothing can be said except that his wife was the only woman in his life. Ever.

Not so for FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. For a guy confined to a wheelchair, F.D.R. really got around. His most famous affair was with Lucy Mercer. When Eleanor ran across their love letters, she offered to let Franklin out of the marriage, but F.D.R.'s mother intervened and convinced Eleanor to agree to a marriage in name only from then on, as long as the President stopped seeing Lucy. This later became known as the New Deal. Roosevelt also carried on with Missy LeHand, his longtime secretary—she often acted as White House hostess in Eleanor's absence. Since Eleanor's absences were long and frequent, there's a good chance Missy acted in a number of other capacities as well. F.D.R. was also romantically linked to Crown Princess Martha of Norway, who spent most of the war years in Washington. Martha and her children often lived for as long as a week at a time in the White House and she spent a good deal of that time with F.D.R., alone. Chances are foreign policy was not the number-one topic of conversation. Roosevelt was also very close to *New York Post* publisher Dorothy Schiff, although the degree of intimacy of their relationship is unknown. As for F.D.R.'s deal with Eleanor—by 1945, the year of his death, he was back with Lucy Mercer. Not only was he a two-timer—he was a double-dealer as well.

Up until 1960, the Cold War produced its share of cold fish. A lot of people were just wild about HARRY TRUMAN, but the only woman who seemed to be demonstrably wild about him was his wife, Bess. And vice versa DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER had a rather well-publicized affair during the war with Kay Summersby, a young British WAC who chauffeured the general around Europe. At one point, Ike asked to be relieved of command so he could return home to divorce Mamie and marry Kay. During his 1952 Presidential

(concluded on page 281)

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

EXCEPTIONAL
GOODIES THAT
MAKE GIVING
AND GETTING
A YULE DELIGHT



Above: Moto Star fiberglass motorcycle helmet that's designed by Dan L'Heureux features a nonresilient polystyrene foam liner that absorbs shock; the extra-large snap-on duckbill visor (which can be worn in addition to a variety of goggles) is ideal for motocross and off-road racing—the bill can be trimmed to individual requirements—by Bell Helmets, \$69.75; available in white or yellow.



Left, top: The Soundsphere 27 loud-speaker measures 27" in diameter and can handle 250 watts RMS without any sign of audio breakup, by Sonic Systems, \$1000. Bottom: Nokomichi's mighty model 620 power amplifier is conservatively rated at a maximum output of 100 watts per channel; lamps integrated into the heat-sink fins can be programmed to light red or green to denote power output, \$600.

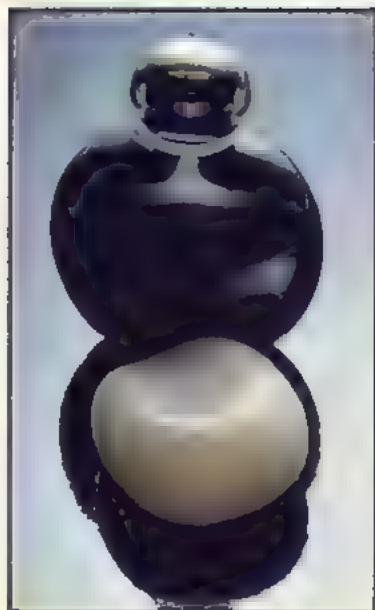
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Below: At 60 mph, the loudest sound you'll hear will be the ticking of your 18-kt. gold ultrathin Kolla-Reyce wrist watch, by Corem, \$3900.

Bottom: The Thought Master 260, a solid-state desktop dictating machine that answers your telephone and records dictation automatically, by Dictaphone, \$745.



Below: Minolta's 110 zoom single-lens reflex camera features a built-in 2X zoom lens with macro range, automatic exposure control, an electronically governed shutter with speeds to 1/1000 second and through-the-lens viewing and focusing, \$260.



Left: Four ounces of 1-12 cologne for men, a clean, crisp new fragrance with a subtle, woody scent that's sold in a handsome bottle designed by Elsa Peretti, \$11.50, and a bar of Z-14 soap for men that gives off a hint of spice, \$6, both by Halston Fragrances.



Right: Who's the holder of the phone that's made for you and me? M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E! Yes, the genial little rodent is now available in a Morvin Glass-designed working model that plugs into any phone jack, by General Telephone and Electronics, \$99.50.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Right: An 18' bubble-deck jet ski boat that's powered by a 455-cu.-in. Olds engine can tow three skiers at once, by Continental Boats, \$6400, including trailer—plus an additional \$500 for the optional custom paint job. Below: Sony's M-101 microcassette notetaker weighs only 12 oz., records on 60-minute cassettes, \$279, including earphone and suede carrying case. Bottom: Bill Blass Tattersall saddlebag, by Mutual, \$85; and a celfskin calendar pad, by Mark Cross, \$60.



Below: A 38"-high polished-chrome barstool that features a seat upholstered in natural ostrich, by Karl Springer, \$975. Bottom: The Lenco Model C2003 stereo cassette deck is a direct-drive, two-capstan, three-head stereo unit in which all mechanical functions are electronically controlled by light-touch buttons; the logic-controlled tape transport allows for direct changes from one function to another without use of the stop button, by Uher of America, \$695.50.



WORKING OUT

(continued from page 139)

gyms in the early Sixties, after recovering from an illness and being informed by a physician that my body had let me down. "Well, it's not going to let me down again," I said. I recall standing apart from my body, as if it were a naughty schnauzer, then taking it by the scruff of the neck to a gym and health club on the North Shore of Long Island.

"Why do you want to join?" asked the receptionist.

"Because my body has let me down," I said. Was I there in pursuit of bulk or cuts? an instructor wanted to know. That is, was I interested in going after sheer massiveness of no particular design or in shooting for a tidy frame with clearly defined sinews? Since I was frail and reed-like at the time, quite naturally I leaned in the direction of bulk. It seemed a sensible plan to bulk up quickly, as a first maneuver, and then proceed to cut up the bulk. Was this possible, I wanted to know, or, once having set your cap in the direction of bulk, were you committed to being a bloated fellow for all time? The instructor had heard of a case or two—in Japan in which bulk had been cut up but felt it was a questionable procedure.

The gym appeared to be inhabited by nasty fellows, several of whom laughed openly at my arms. One, who had achieved both cuts and bulk, would perform sets of curls and then sneer back at the gym. Another unsmiling fellow made lunges across the gym on his belly, admitting that he was hardening his abdomen against the possibility of tavern insults.

Several fellows were there, quite frankly, to pump up for evening dates; that is, to set the blood coursing into their arms, giving them an extra half inch of width, which was quite fraudulent but tided them over until morning.

Highly admired was a bald accountant who was the king of the tiny sit up, one that, paradoxically, was much more difficult to pull off than a full one, though it traveled only a quarter of the distance. He could do more of these than anyone in the Northeast United States and would arrive the instant the gym opened, get down on a board and tick them off until closing time; these labors had resulted in a great band of muscle below his rib cage, easily mistaken for fat by all except those who had actually grabbed at it and knew it to be hard as pig iron. Less respected was a fellow of unimposing physique who hid off by himself and claimed to be working on a muscle that was buried deep in the armpits; once properly stimulated, it would cause all others to spring forth and flourish. If his plan caught fire, this routine-looking chap would appear, overnight, with the gym's finest body. He seemed anxious to get me

in on it, but I doubted the existence of the muscle and decided not to fish around for it.

Much in vogue at the time, particularly for bulk people, was the squat, a desperately unattractive maneuver in which the shoulders were to be loaded up with as much weight as they could support; one was then to squat down in the manner of a Filipino woman relieving herself in the field, issue forth a great gust of wind, whisk it back in and struggle to an upright position. There was, presumably, no smoother road to bulk. Since this was my goal, I joined a group of hulking fellows that was cordoned off to one side in what was unofficially designated the Squatting Section. Several of them wolfed down Milky Ways between sessions. There I was cautioned that I had best continue squatting for the rest of my days, since a layoff would ensure that my bulk would turn to bloat. ("If you quit, you'll grow tits.") The building seemed to tremble as the gym's bulkiest fellow appeared, a great ballooning Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade exhibit of a fellow named Bob. He turned out to be a good-natured fellow and asked me to accompany him on a trip to 42nd Street for the purpose of ogling girls. Years later, I was to have a sad encounter with Bob; he had, indeed, let up on his exercises, and his once-proud pecs had turned into a bosom that much resembled that of Kathryn Grayson in her Middle Period.

In the months that followed, I attended the gym three times a week, where I would bulk up and then repair to the steam room.

Gathering confidence, I added super squats to my regimen, an exercise in which one squats to exhaustion and then proceeds to squat some more, the tired squats presumably being vastly richer in effect than ones performed in a state of peppiness. In addition, I took on the highly touted behind-the-head pull-up, practiced by those who stand in contempt of chins. I would pursue this new interest into the streets, leaping up and grabbing Madison Avenue building awnings to get in an extra few. At home, I curled my son in the back yard.

My body seemed to be coming along nicely and I decided to unveil it at Haiti's Villa Creole hotel. It was there, at the patio, that my wife revealed to me that she had little use for either bulk or cuts, her preference being the willowy poetical body. Several Haitians at the hotel had these, and it was all I could do to fend them off. At poolside, the wife of a retired sea dog took me aside, said she admired my body and asked if I would deliver to her a lower-back massage. Although she had never gone to this length

before, she was prepared to allow me to go "underpanty." I declined to do this, recommending a blind Santo Domingan for the assignment, but her interest buoyed my spirits and convinced me I was on the proper course.

I returned to the gym and found it under new management whose aim was to focus on professional people and, in the process, expel rowdies. At the helm was a retired police officer who would sign up periodontists and quickly involve them in parallel-bar dips; while they were thus engaged, he would slip outside to conduct affairs with their wives. I missed the scruffiness of the old gym and switched over to one on Lexington Avenue in Manhattan. It was lodged in the basement of a hotel and had more hair lotions than any other gym in the country. Homosexuality had not yet become relaxed and chic; as a result, a great blanket of sodomitical tension filled the exercise area. Contributing in no small part were Viennese fetishists with wounded eyes who haunted the steam room. One had to be on the alert for unemployed actors who would suddenly leap up onto your shoulders, offering to weigh you down while you did leg extensions. Stationed outside the steam room was the son of an esteemed Hollywood producer who offered Maseratis to anyone who would go up to his suite and soap his back.

For years, as a magazine editor, I had been eating cheese casserole lunches with picture salesmen. I substituted my workouts for these and the effect was bracing. The magazines concerned themselves with men's adventure and I was not beyond flexing my arms as a means of facing down a testy free-lancer. My lunchtime visits to the gym were surreptitious, in the great tradition of weight-lifting people, I would not, upon pain of execution, admit to having ever set foot in a gym. If an associate editor admired my arms and asked how I had happened to come up with them, I would say that I had been raking leaves.

In order to see how you were coming along, it was customary in the gym to take secret sidelong glances at the mirror while others tactfully averted their eyes; it was during one of those moments that I discovered that I seemed to have developed two bodies, each a separate entity unto itself. One was a hulking affair that existed above the waist; the second, below the belt line, was that of a normal workaday fellow. Clothing had become something of a problem. A size-44 jacket fit snugly across the shoulders, but the pants that normally came with it were great tentlike affairs that required a squadron of tailors to trim down to size. My neck had gotten entirely out of hand, so much so that salesmen at my favorite men's shop began

(concluded on page 226)

WHAT IS LIFE?

he knew that if he answered correctly, instant guruhood was only a few steps away

fiction By **ROBERT SHECKLEY**

MORTONSON RELATES that while he was out strolling in the foothills of the Himalayas one day, a tremendous voice that seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere said to him, "Hey, you."

"Me?" Mortonson asked.

"Yes, you," the voice boomed. "Can you tell me, what is life?"

Mortonson stood, frozen in mid-stride, pouring perspiration, aware that he was

having a genuine mystical experience and that a lot was going to depend on how he answered the question.

"I'm going to need a moment or two for this one," he said.

"Don't take too long," said the voice, reverberating hugely from all sides.

Mortonson sat down on a rock and considered the situation. The god or demon who had asked the question surely knew that

(concluded on page 225)

ILLUSTRATION BY ED GOREY



she was a stripper who had been around, but it took a woman to first turn her on and Lenny Bruce to show her what love was really all about

from the new book
By HONEY BRUCE
WITH DANA BENENSON

Hers was never an easy life. The lady the world has come to know as Honey Bruce—beautiful stripper, ex-junkie, wife of Lenny Bruce, the comic some called sick, others called martyr—was born Harriett Jolliff in a rural area of Arkansas in 1927. When Harriett was still a toddler, her father deserted her mother. At 17, she herself ran away—to Florida, where she was arrested when the boys she was with ripped off a service station for pocket money. That was the beginning of a long road that led not merely to fame and fortune but also to time served in three penal institutions; six abortions; one near-fatal auto accident; and 16 years of addiction to heroin.

Lenny Bruce is dead, victim himself of a drug overdose. Honey has finally kicked her habit. She lives in the San Francisco Bay Area, where she has been quietly rebuilding her life—and writing, with Dana Benenson, the book "Honey: The Life and Loves of Lenny's Shady Lady," from which this excerpt is taken. We pick up her story in 1950 in Miami Beach, where, as Honey (continued on page 193)



Harvey

she was a stripper who had been around, but it took a woman to first turn her on and Lenny Bruce to show her what love was really all about

from the new book
By HONEY BRUCE
WITH DIANA BENENSON

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Heney

attire By DAVID PLATT

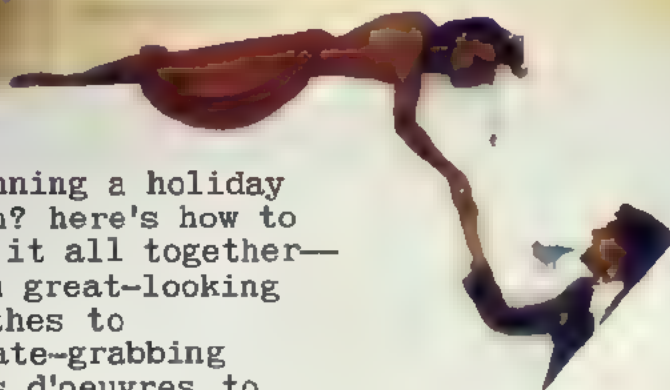
TO ALL PARTIES of the first part—now hear this: Bashes will be off the wall this winter. Elegant dress is optional, with drinks and eats the order of the day. A good time is guaranteed, so leave your worries on the doorstep; but don't forget to wipe your feet.

Below: The phantom French tickler strikes again—being easily recognized in his cotton velour pullover, by Jones New York, \$38; acetate/nylon shirt, by Pascal for Kerrin, about \$43; flannel slacks, by Trousers by Barry, about \$70; and plaid scarf, by Carara Fashions, \$10.

Opposite: Party poppers for two, please, James. Followed by a three-piece velvet outfit, by The Tillman Organisation, about \$195; cotton shirt with French cuffs, by Pierre Cardin for Eagle Shirtmakers, \$25; and polished-polyester sateen tie, by Givenchy Cravates, \$10.

party fa

planning a holiday bash? here's how to get it all together—from great-looking clothes to palate-grabbing hors d'oeuvres to spirit-raising drinks



food and drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG**

CHRISTMAS COMES but once a year! And once is enough, if you do it right, as the Las Vegas sage Joe E. Lewis might have said. But doing it right doesn't mean just another ho-hum reunion, offering the usual clichés of bar and board: wishy washy punches—the kind of swill that gives drinking a bad name—buttressed by snarmy pink-and-green hors d'oeuvres, beloved by caterers and suburban matrons. Hey,

baby, this is the yuletide; make it a joyous, swinging rock around the clock—a one-night live-it-up that you'll need the rest of the year to live down. Set the tone quickly with a choice of inviting drinks; a Sour-mash Shandy, for example, that's a stirring alliance of bourbon, beer, lemon and sweetening guaranteed to jingle your bells. Or perhaps a bracing Vermont Christmas built upon *(concluded on page 176)*

v o r i t e s !



Below: A-one and a-two and, ah, yes, she'll have one more—after all, midwinter in Manhattan is a bit bracing, even when you're high in the sky. He's feeling no pain, however, in his polyester/cotton knit pullover shirt with braided/tasseled deep V-neck and multicolor-trimmed barrel cuffs, by Mad Man Shirts, about \$16; cotton velvet jeans with side buckles, by UFO International, \$45; and lips pendant, by John A. Forrest, \$20.

party fa



WOMAN'S OUTFIT BY FIORUCCI

Below: Every bash needs a mysterious femme fatale who has just drifted in from Mandalay, perhaps. Or Rangoon. Or Dubuque. Obviously, her date's mind, too, has drifted—perhaps to the place he bought his alpaca/Orion knit buttonless cardigan evening sweater, about \$85, cotton voile shirt, about \$32, polyester slacks, about \$55, and silk crepe de Chine self-patterned scarf, about \$60. And where is that place? Peter Barton's Closet.

v o r i t e s !



WOMAN'S OUTFIT BY MARY MC FADDEN, INC.

Below: It's what you needed, a terrific eye, ear, nose and throat specialist just off the boat from Budapest. And chorming, too, in his cotton velour belted lounge jacket with zigzag-stitch trim, worn with motching pull-on slacks featuring an elasticized waist and wide straight legs, both by Brienza for Senti Designs, about \$75; and o cotton knit pullover shirt with ring neck and banded cuffs, by Nik Nik, \$20.

p a r t y f a



Below: The party's over for this pair of social dropouts, who apparently are prone to other things. At least he's dressed for the occasion, having slipped into something very comfortable—a knit pullover with stand-up collar, five-button-placket front and elasticized waist and cuffs, worn with matching pants with drawstring waist, rear patch pocket and wide legs, by Pierre Cardin for Roy-Tex, \$80.

v o r i t e s !



WOMAN'S OUTFIT BY FERNANDO SANCHEZ

applejack and maple syrup; rum, brandy and passion fruit combined into a racy Surfer; a tequila-based Dirty Mother or just tequila taken neat, with a little bloody on the side, as *conocedores* prefer.

Keep a good thing going with uncommon munches that complement your drinks and sustain resolute revelers: perhaps sozzled Scallops Seviche, herb-baked chicken wings, lemony-gingery hacked spareribs and other such food fantasies.

Soup may seem an oddball entry at a cocktail party, but a pot of *potage* simmering on the back burner can save a lot of last-minute scrambling—and, possibly, embarrassment. Make it something hearty: a steaming black bean laced with sherry, or perhaps a seasonal *mine-stone* with diced pumpkin or winter squash and, for extra zest, miniature meatballs. Served with a crusty French loaf or a whole-grain bread and sweet butter, it really hits the spot after a night of cheerful carousing. And that's not a bad way to wrap up a party—or, for that matter, a year.

Feliz Natal, Joyeux Noel and a Merry Christmas to all!

SCALLOPS SEVICHE, GIBSON

- 1 lb. bay scallops
- 1 cup ice water
- 1 tablespoon salt
- Juice of 3 limes
- 1 oz. gin
- 1 oz. dry vermouth
- 3 tablespoons tiny pickled onions, with a little of their liquid
- Dash white pepper
- Paprika

Cover scallops with ice water; stir in salt. Let stand for 1 hour. Rinse and dry. Put scallops in small bowl; cover with lime juice, gin and vermouth; refrigerate 3 to 4 hours. Add pickled onions and pepper; mix well. Arrange on chilled platter, preferably set in ice. Sprinkle with paprika. Serve with picks.

HERB-BAKED CHICKEN WINGS

- 3 lbs. chicken wings
- ¼ cup medium-dry sherry
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 garlic cloves, crushed
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon marjoram
- ½ teaspoon tarragon
- ½ teaspoon rosemary
- ¼ teaspoon coarsely ground black pepper

Remove and discard tips of chicken wings. With sharp knife, cut the wings apart at the joint and trim away loose skin. Buz remaining ingredients in blender until smooth. Pour over chicken

and stir to coat each piece. Arrange in single layer in lightly greased, foil lined shallow baking pans. Place pans in preheated 425° oven; after 15 minutes, reduce heat to 375°. Turn wing pieces after they have been in oven 30 minutes. Bake about 15 minutes longer or until well browned. Serve warm or cold.

LEMON HACKED RIBS

- 3-4 lbs. spareribs
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon ground ginger
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¾ teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 2 garlic cloves, crushed
- ½ teaspoon lemon extract
- ¾ cup water
- ½ cup lemon juice
- ¼ cup soy sauce

Have butcher hack ribs into bite-size pieces. Preheat oven at 350°. Arrange ribs in single layer in foil-lined shallow baking pan and bake 40 minutes turning several times. Drain off accumulated fat occasionally with bulb baster or spoon. Meanwhile, combine remaining ingredients in small pan. Bring to a boil, stirring often; simmer 3 minutes. Spread ribs with about half of mixture. Bake 20 minutes. Turn and spread with remaining mixture. Bake 20 minutes more or until ribs are glazed and well browned.

CHICK PEAS

- 1 can (20 ozs.) chick-peas
- ½ cup olive oil
- Juice of 1 large lemon (about ¼ cup)
- 2-3 garlic cloves, crushed
- Salt, pepper

Drain chick-peas, saving some of the liquid. If desired, slip loose skins off chick-peas; this will give a smoother mixture. Put chick-peas, oil, lemon juice and garlic into blender container and buzz until smooth. You may have to stop the blender several times to scrape down sides. If mixture is too thick, add a couple of tablespoons liquid from can. Season with salt and pepper. Serve with *pita* bread or sesame crackers.

VERMONT CHRISTMAS

- 1½ ozs. applejack
- ½ oz. maple syrup
- 1½ ozs. lemon juice
- Dash grenadine, or to taste

Shake all ingredients briskly with ice. Pour unstrained into highball glass. If the spirit moves you, add a splash of apple juice or club soda—or more grenadine, if your taste calls for it. Garnish with unpeeled apple wedge.

Note: Use straight applejack or apple brandy, rather than "blended applejack," which is largely neutral spirits.

THE DIRTY MOTHER

- 1 oz. tequila
 - ¾ oz. coffee liqueur
 - ¾ oz. cream
- Shake all ingredients briskly with ice. Strain over fresh ice in old fashioned glass. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon, if desired.

HOLIDAY TONIC

- 1½ ozs. gin
 - ¾ oz. Campari
 - 1 teaspoon grenadine
 - Quinine water, chilled
- Pour gin, Campari and grenadine over ice in old fashioned glass. Stir well. Fill with quinine water. Garnish with lime wedge.

SCOTCH ORANGE

- 1½ ozs. Scotch
 - 1 oz. triple sec
 - ¾ oz. orange juice
 - ¾ oz. lemon juice
 - Dash orange bitters
- Shake all ingredients with crushed ice. Pour unstrained into tall glass. Garnish with twist of orange peel.

SOUR-MASH SHANDY

- 1½ ozs. sour-mash bourbon
 - 1 oz. lemon juice
 - ½ tablespoon simple syrup or superfine sugar
 - Beer or ginger beer
- Shake bourbon, lemon juice and syrup or sugar with ice. Pour unstrained into old fashioned glass. Top with beer or ginger beer. If you elect ginger beer, which is sweeter, you might cut back on sugar.

GRAND BRETAGNE

- 1½ ozs. gin
 - ½ oz. apricot liqueur
 - Juice of ¼ lemon
 - 2 dashes frothing mixture
 - 2 dashes bitters
- Shake all ingredients with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with lemon slice.

SURFER

- 1 oz. California brandy
 - 1 oz. light rum
 - ½ oz. lemon juice
 - ½ oz. passion-fruit syrup
 - Dash grenadine
- Shake all ingredients briskly with ice. Strain over fresh ice in wineglass or snifter. Garnish with twist of lemon peel.

For all its swagger, the fare is informal—easy to serve, easy to manage. Knives and forks are superfluous, but small plates are a welcome convenience. You might present hot, moist napkins during the evening—certainly before the soup—as an extra touch of class!





SEXUAL CONGRESS

article By PETER ROSS RANGE

*wayne and liz went up the hill
to find a little nooky;
wayne fell down and broke his crown
and liz, she wrote a booky*

*If you can't get laid in Washing-
ton, you can't get laid. —ANONYMOUS*

"I DIDN'T KNOW it was going to be like this. I just want someone to love me. I'm going to advertise for a boyfriend every time I go on a talk show."

Elizabeth L. Ray—yes, *the* Liz Ray—was feeling down. She had done it all: escaped her Appalachian North Carolina origins, dated Joe DiMaggio, worked the studio scene in Hollywood, star-fucked her way through the nation's capital, gained instant fame and national notoriety by blowing the whistle (for a change) on her lover keeper, Congressman Wayne Hays. And now, on this day, she had just published a book—*The Washington Fringe Benefit*—that stood to sell 1,000,000 copies (continued on page 227)

A TIME AND A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

The sailing of the Mayflower to colonize the New World was financed by a lottery in England. So much for our Puritan heritage.

One of the 12 Apostles was chosen by lot, or lottery, and it wasn't Judas.

George Washington may never have told a lie, but he gambled on anything, anyplace, any time. The night he crossed the Delaware to surprise the Hessians may have been the one night during the Revolutionary War that he didn't play cards or shoot craps. But he knew it was bad, because enlisted men were forbidden to gamble.

As in all armies before and since,

winner there over any period of time. Not because Vegas is dishonest. It is the first honest gaming establishment in the history of civilization and gambling has existed since the beginning of man's recorded history. It's just that the house percentage, or edge, cannot be beaten by an honest player.

So this article will not tell you how to win. There is no way. It will just tell you how not to get killed and that is very simple. Never sign a marker, or IOU. Never make out a check. Just gamble with the money you take there. And be resigned to losing that.

Sure, you may win on some trips. You may win five, six or seven trips in a

THE AUTHOR OF
"THE GODFATHER"
ARGUES THAT
GAMBLING
IS AS GOOD
FOR THE SOUL AS
IT IS BAD
FOR THE OLD
SAVINGS ACCOUNT

STANDING UP FOR LAS VEGAS

article

By MARIO PUZO

nobody paid any attention to the order. In fact, lotteries helped raise funds to pay the Revolutionary Army.

Yale, Harvard and Dartmouth were built with funds raised by lottery. So were many of the first Puritan churches in the New World and the early schools and bridges.

These facts are mentioned to forestall any attacks on an article about Las Vegas' being unclassy or even un-American. Nothing can be done about the feeling that Vegas is an uncouth, moneygrubbing, sex- and sin-laden metropolis, vulgar in its architecture and its culture. Nothing can be done, because it's hard to disprove. But, still, there is a time and a place for everything. There is a time for champagne and a time for Coca-Cola. There is a time for *haute cuisine* and a time for pizza. There is a time for James Joyce and a time for Agatha Christie. There is a time for lust and a time for true love. There is a time for a two-week celibate retreat to a monastery and a time for three days of gambling, boozing and wild women in Vegas. So an article about Las Vegas can't hurt. And who knows? Life enters through many doors, so maybe a little something can be learned.

I love gambling in Las Vegas, but I must tell you that you cannot wind up a

row. But eventually you will get wiped out. A losing streak is more deadly than a winning streak is benevolent. And that's all you have to know about gambling in Las Vegas.

Remember that 30 years ago, Las Vegas was a small town with a few Western-style casinos you could break with a 50-grand win. It is now a city with a billion-dollar gambling plant of luxury hotels that generates close to two billion dollars in *winnings* a year. Remember always: The money to build that billion-dollar gambling plant came from *losers*.

Now that this basic truth has been mentioned, something else can be said. On a three-day visit to Vegas, you can have one of the best times of your life. To do that, you have to forget about great museums, the pleasure of reading, great theater, great music, stimulating lectures by great philosophers, great food, great wine and true love. Forget about them just for three days. Believe me, you won't miss them. Ye shall be as little children again.

Vegas and its casinos have a mistlike, fairy-tale quality. Gamblers are shielded from air and natural light and the running of time so as not to distract them from the primary purpose. You are a sleeping (continued on page 200)





SEX STARS OF 1976

article By ARTHUR KNIGHT who is Sylvester Stallone? Check back with us a year from now, if you don't already know the answer. (Or, if you can't wait, see his picture on page 189.) For just about the time that this issue of *PLAYBOY* hits the stands, Stallone's first starring film, *Rocky*, will be hitting the screens. And once that happens, there's no way for the husky, unhandsome, 30ish Stallone—Sly to his friends—not to become a major star; indeed, almost the *only* new sex star of 1976. He managed to buck successfully a system that has been all too efficient in keeping new stars from emerging.

Stallone made his movie debut—along with Perry King, Henry Winkler and Susan Blakely—in 1974's low-budgeted, independent production *The Lords of Flatbush*. In it, he played the not overly bright Stanley, a member of a Brooklyn high school gang, who thinks he has knocked up his scrawny girlfriend. She insists on a wedding. The film's prize scene is in a jewelry store, where the girlfriend, accompanied by *her* girlfriend, shames Stanley into buying a \$1600 ring he can ill afford.

The Lords of Flatbush, taken for distribution by Columbia, enjoyed a modest success and Stallone began to receive a number of equally modest offers—some television work and a minuscule (text continued on page 212)



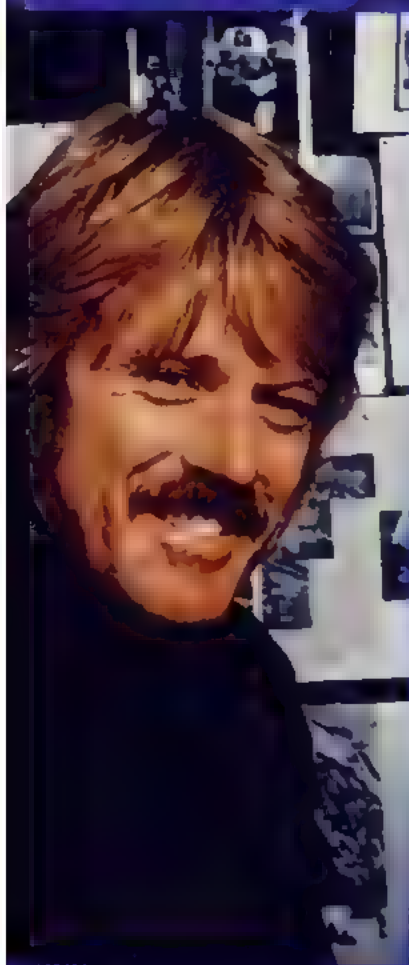
WHEN THE BIG MONEY'S IN
PACKAGING, NOT IN PERSON-
ALITIES, ATTAINING STARDOM
CAN BE A CHANCY PROPOSITION

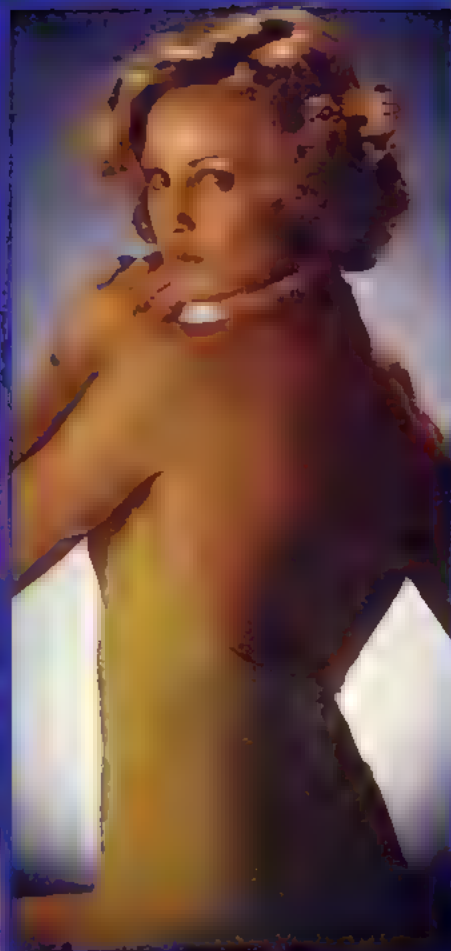
SURPRISES: Few would have predicted a year ago that these three would surface as ranking sex stars of 1976. But David Bowie (above), the switch-hitting, rock-idol subject of September's *Playboy* Interview, scored as the oddly androgynous Man Who Fell to Earth, while British actress Sarah Miles and American composer-singer-actor Kris Kristoferson (right) sizzled in *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*.





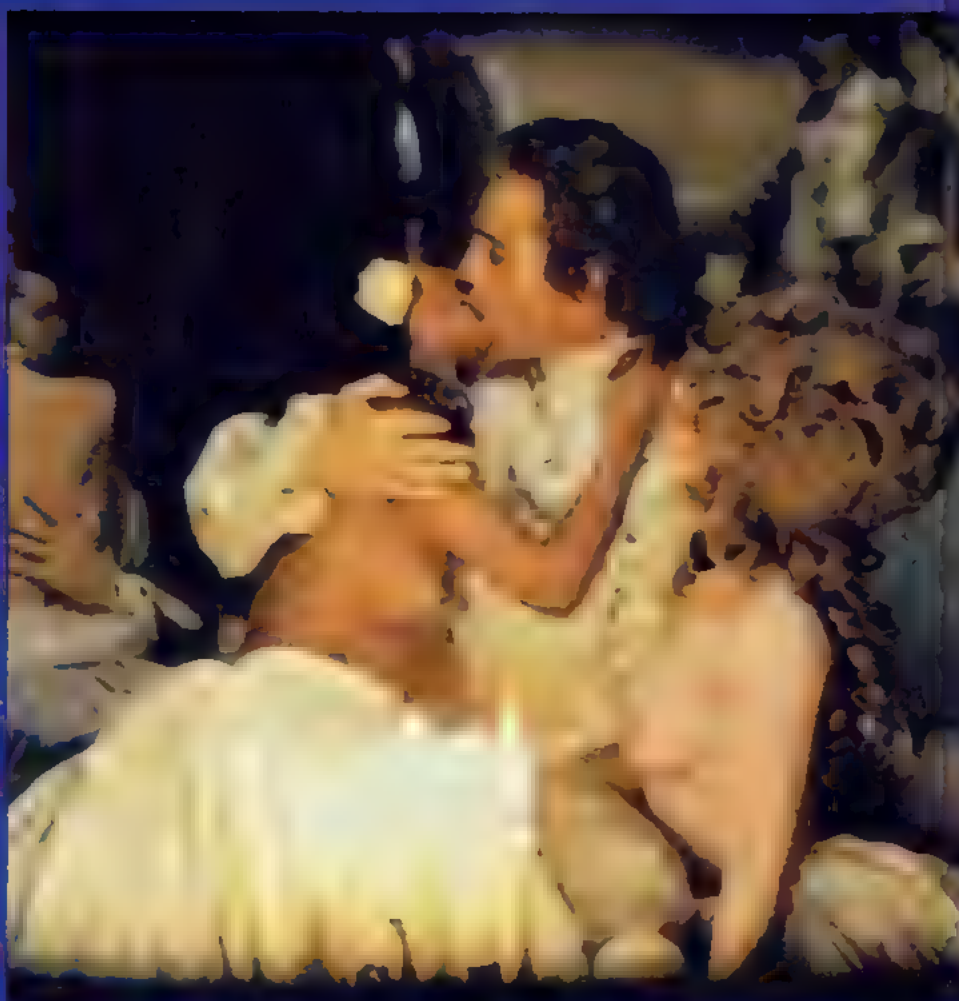
MARKETABLE: The nearest things the movie industry has to sure box-office bets: Clint Eastwood (left, in *The Outlaw Josey Wales*), coming soon in *The Enforcer*; Jack Nicholson (right, in *The Missouri Breaks*), who's now on view in *The Last Tycoon*; James Caan (below right), of *Harry and Walter Go to New York*, due next in the World War Two spectacle *A Bridge Too Far*; Burt Reynolds (below center, getting several helping hands in *Silent Movie*), who is following Gator with *Nickelodeon* and *Smokey and the Bandit*; and Robert Redford (below left), superstar of *All the President's Men*, who's also in *A Bridge Too Far*.



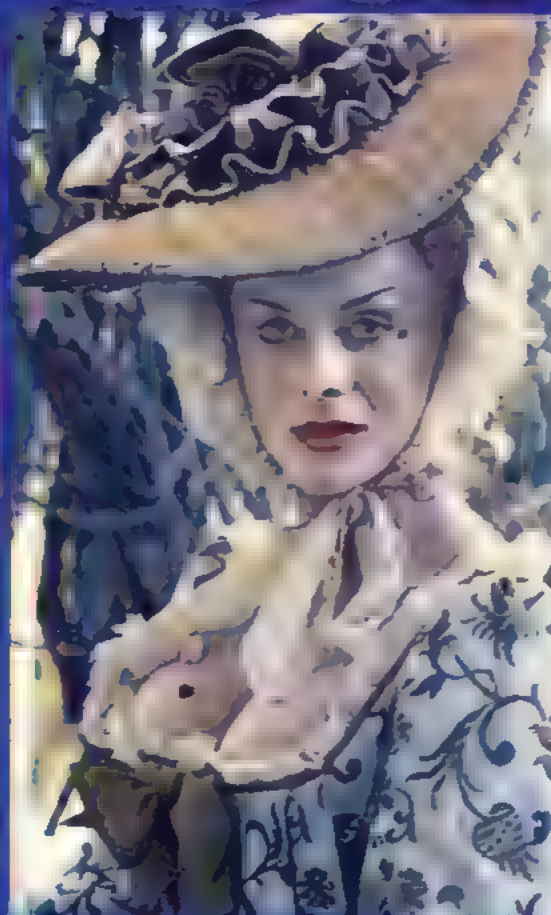


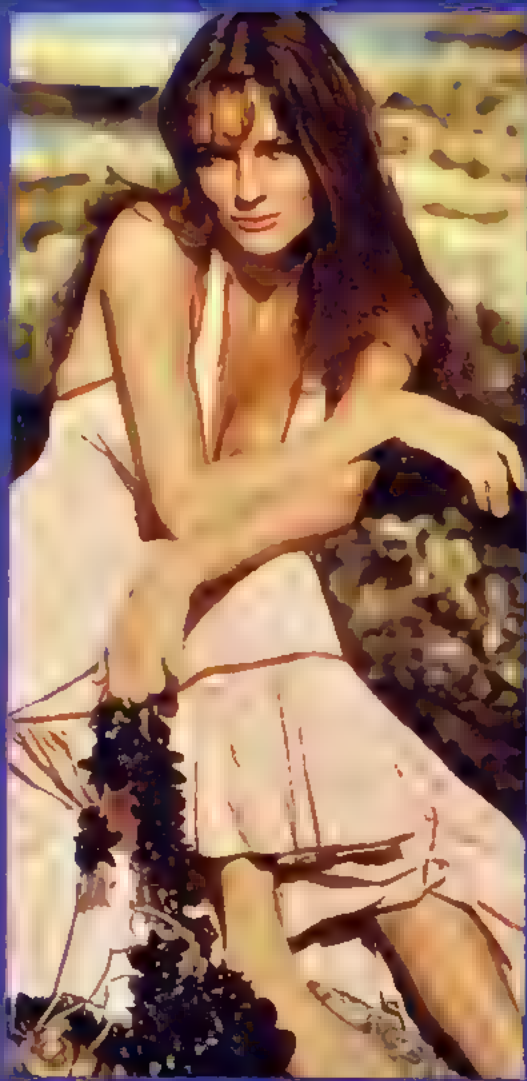
NEW MODELS: If they weren't making it as actresses, as they have been, these four could—and have—cut the mustard as models. Victoria Principal (above), last seen in *Vigilante Force* and *I Will, I Will... for Now*, won't anymore; she has retired to become an agent. But both still and movie cameramen clamor for Jessica Lange (top right), of *King Kong*; Margaux Hemingway (bottom right), of *Lipstick*; and ex-Playboy Bunny Lauren Hutton (below), of *Gator*, *Welcome to L.A.* and the upcoming *Viva Knievel!*, in which she appears with the redoubtable Evel.



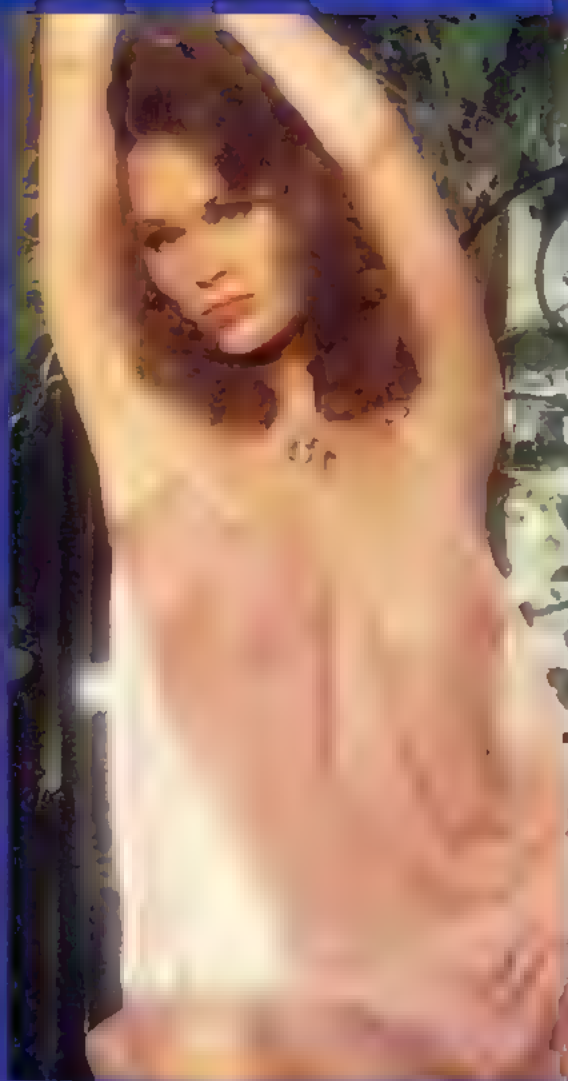


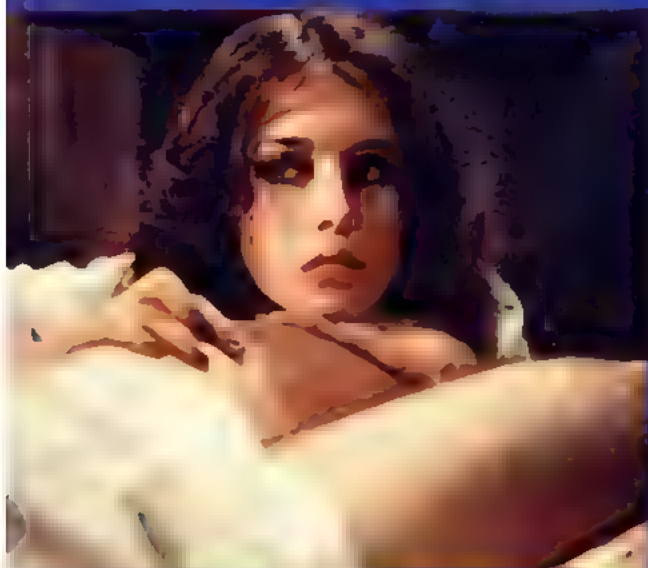
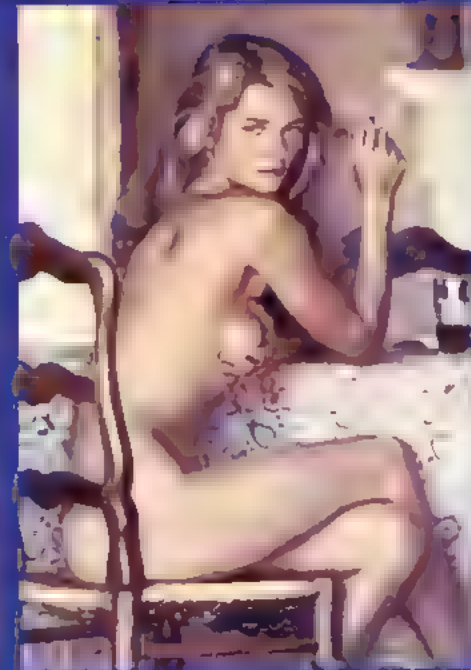
PERIOD PIECES: Costume dramas attracted many actors and actresses during the past twelvemonth. Chief among them was Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*, a film realization of a Thackeray novel starring Marisa Berenson (above left) and Ryan O'Neal (with a bevy of brothel beauties, above right). Another classic—this one by Henry (Tom Jones) Fielding—will arrive onscreen soon. It's Tony Richardson's interpretation of *Joseph Andrews*, with Ann-Margret (right) in 18th Century décolletage. And the first pirate thriller in years, *Swashbuckler*, brought us French-Canadian actress Geneviève Bujold (menacing Beau Bridges, at left).





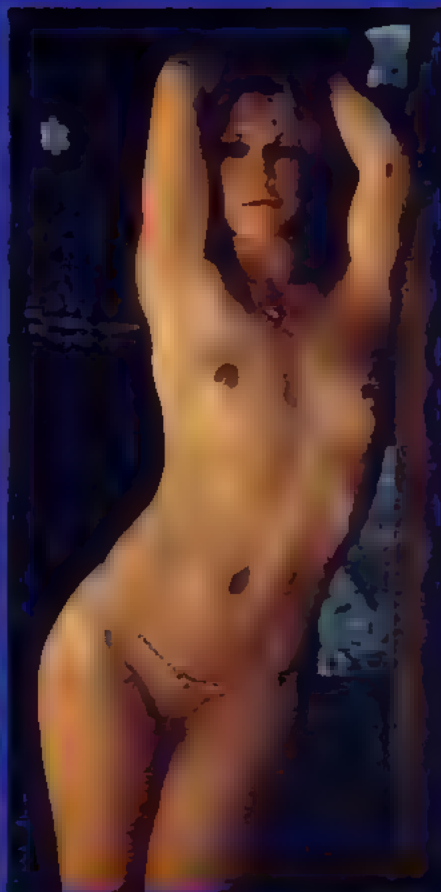
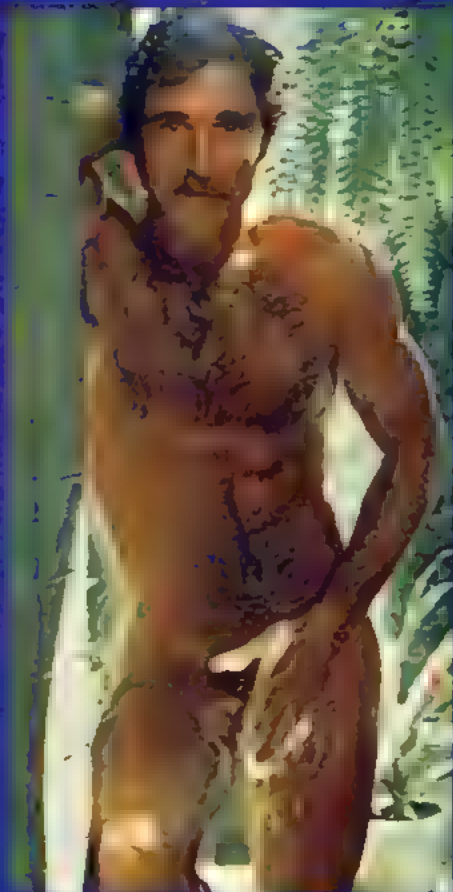
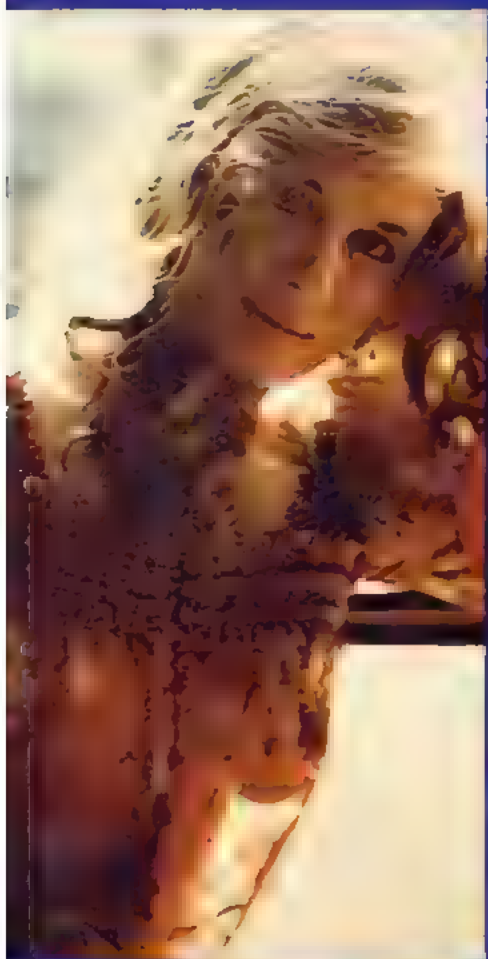
BUSY BODIES: Do these people ever relax? We saw Karen Black (right) in *Burnt Offerings*, *Crime and Passion* and *Family Plot* this year. Raquel Welch filmed *Mother, Jugs & Speed* and was cast in a *Prince and the Pauper* remake but made more news with her revue (below right). One night in Baltimore, Raquel's top fell down, revealing her spectacular superstructure. Alas, no photographer recorded the event. Robert De Niro (below left), compelling in Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*, did 1900 for Bernardo Bertolucci, *The Last Tycoon* for Elia Kazan and a musical—*New York, New York*—again for Scorsese. Jacqueline Bisset (left) starred in *End of the Game*, *Le Magnifique*, *St. Ives*, *The Sunday Woman* and is due in *The Deep* and *The Greek Tycoon*.



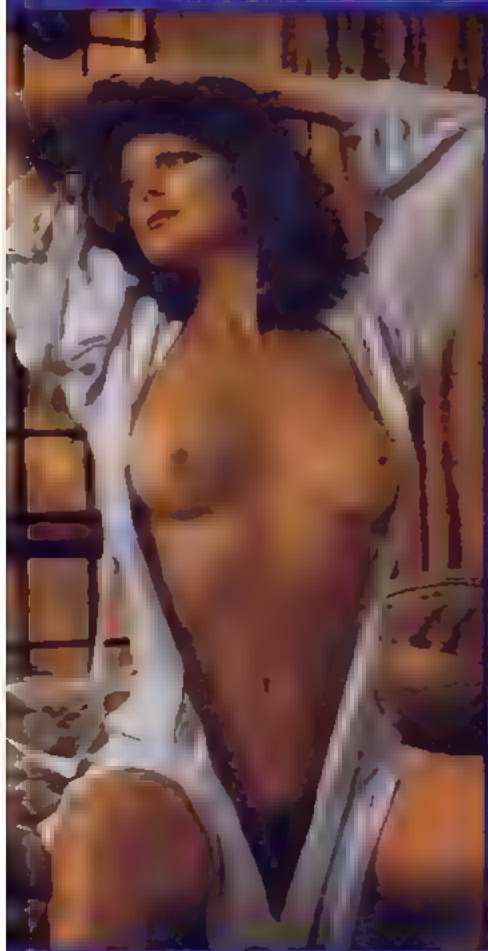


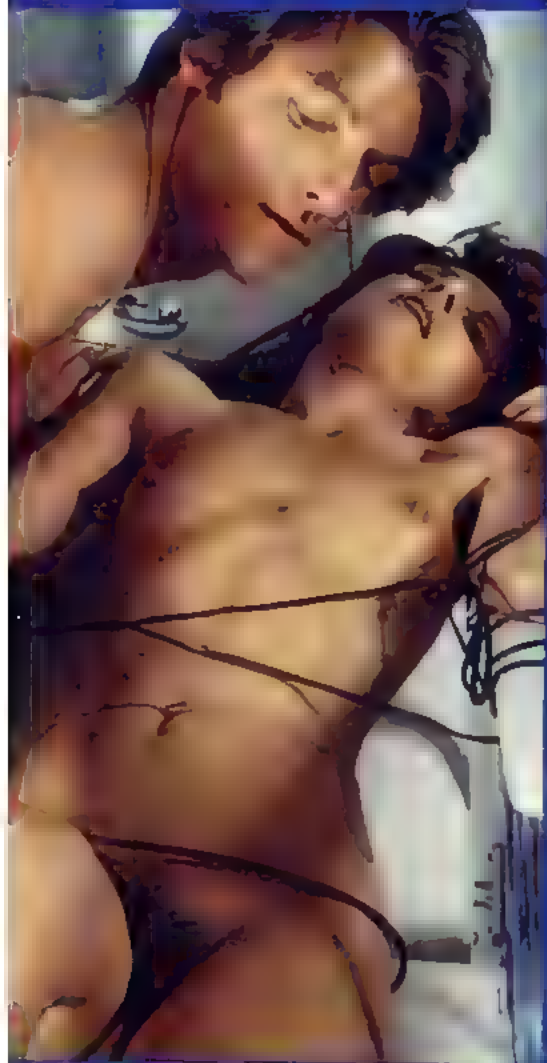
FOREIGN LEGION: Faces (and figures) from afar continue to catch the moviegoing public's fancy. Clockwise from top left: Italy's Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato, who swept critics along with them in Lina Wertmuller's *Swept Away* ... (Giannini also impressed in Wertmuller's *Seven Beauties* and in Dino Risi's *How Funny Can Sex Be?*, while Melato scored in Fernando Arrabal's *Guernica*); England's Charlotte Rampling, who showed up in *Fox Trot* and *Caravan to Vaccares* and is due this month in *Orca*; France's Dominique Sanda, who won the Best Actress prize at Cannes for *The Inheritance*, also stars in *1900* and *Damnation Alley*; the British born Fiona Lewis, who deserves better material than 1975's *Lisztomania* and 1976's *Drum* and may get it in *Tintorera*; Viennese actress Romy Schneider, one of the leading stars of the French cinema, who was visible this year in *The Old Gun* and is now shooting *Mado*; and Isabelle Adjani, Oscar nominee for her role in *The Story of Adèle H.* (shown here in a scene from *The Tenant*), who has just finished *Barocco*.





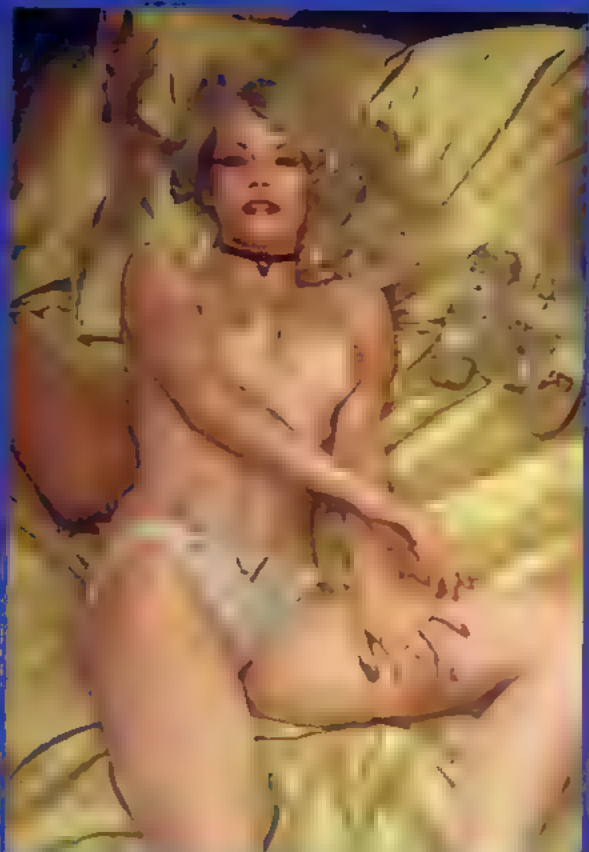
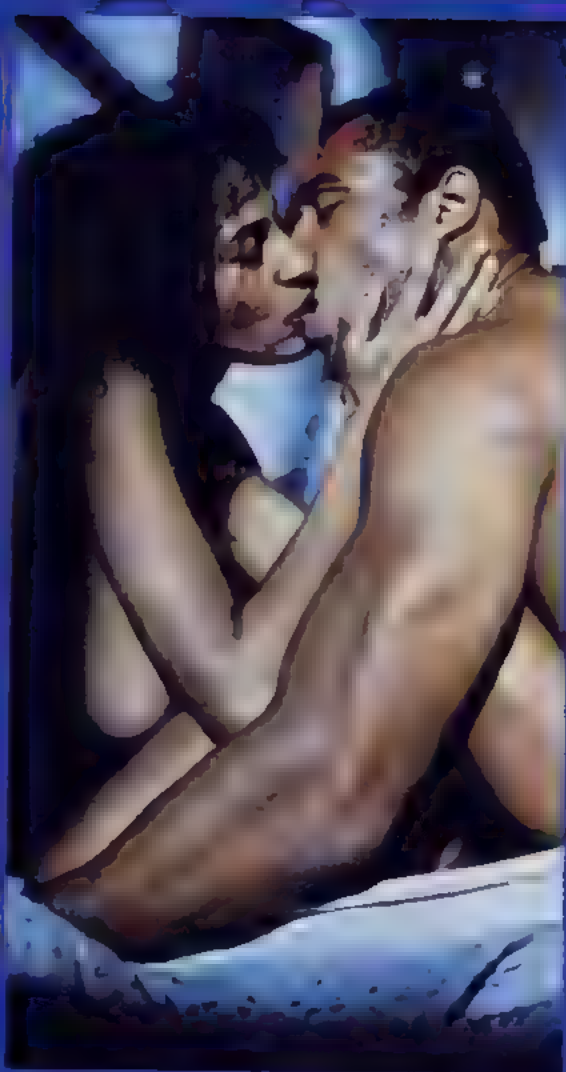
HARD & SOFT CORPS: Cooling their acts are former porno stars Harry Reems and Marilyn Chambers (above) and French soft-core queen Sylvia (Emmanuelle) Kristel (below). Both Reems and Chambers ran afoul of the law, he for appearing in *Deep Throat*, she for dancing nude at an L.A. theater while waiting to begin a non-X movie. Kristel, meanwhile, made two nonsexy films: *René la Canne* and *La Femme Fidèle*.





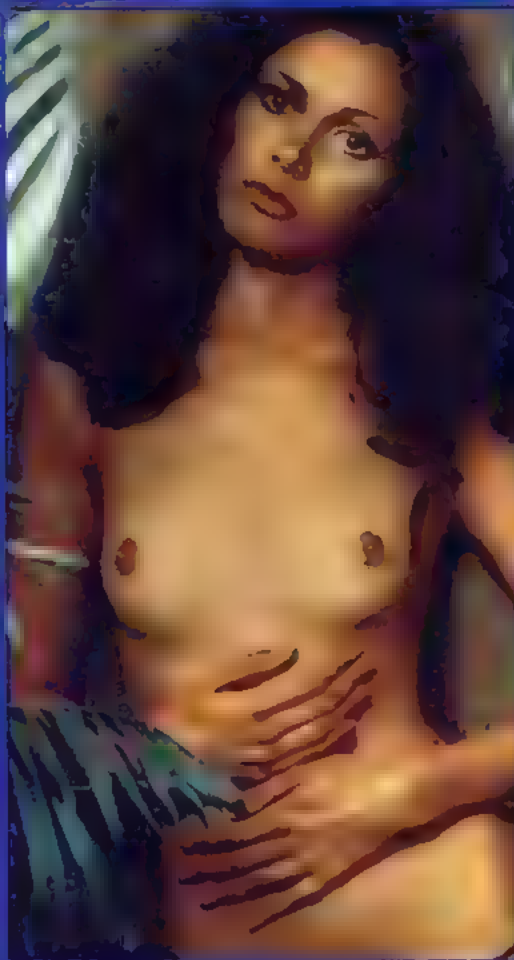
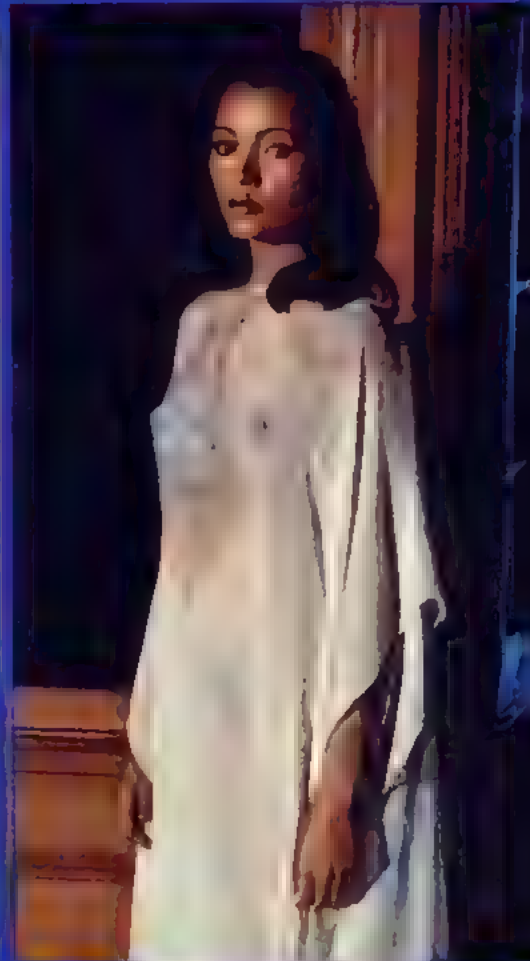
DARING DUOS: Runners-up to Miles and Kristofferson in the field of torrid twosomes might be Perry King and Stefania Cassini in *Andy Warhol's Bad* (left) and Pam Grier and Ken Norton in *Drum* (right). Pam's also starred in *Night of the High Tide* and the biography of auto racer Wendell Scott, but Ken has been busier meeting the formidable Muhammad Ali in the ring.

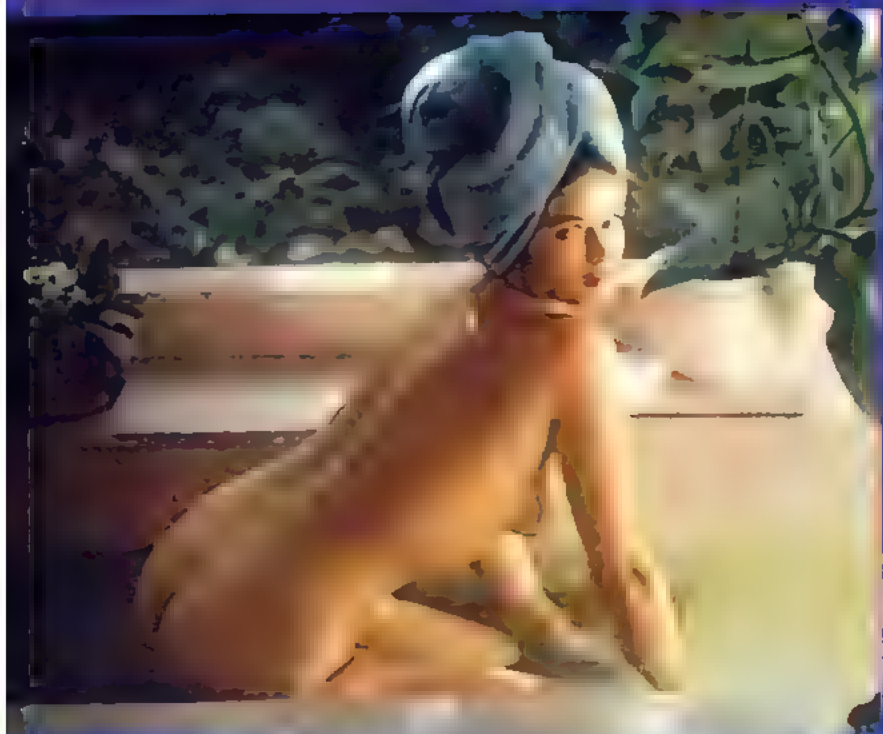
TV OR NOT TV: The transition from the picture tube to the big screen has been a smooth one for Sam Elliott (below left), star of *Lifeguard*, once a member of Fox's TV stable, who became a semiregular on *Mission: Impossible*, and Hee Haw's Misty Rowe (below right), who portrayed Marilyn Monroe in *Goodbye, Norma Jean*.



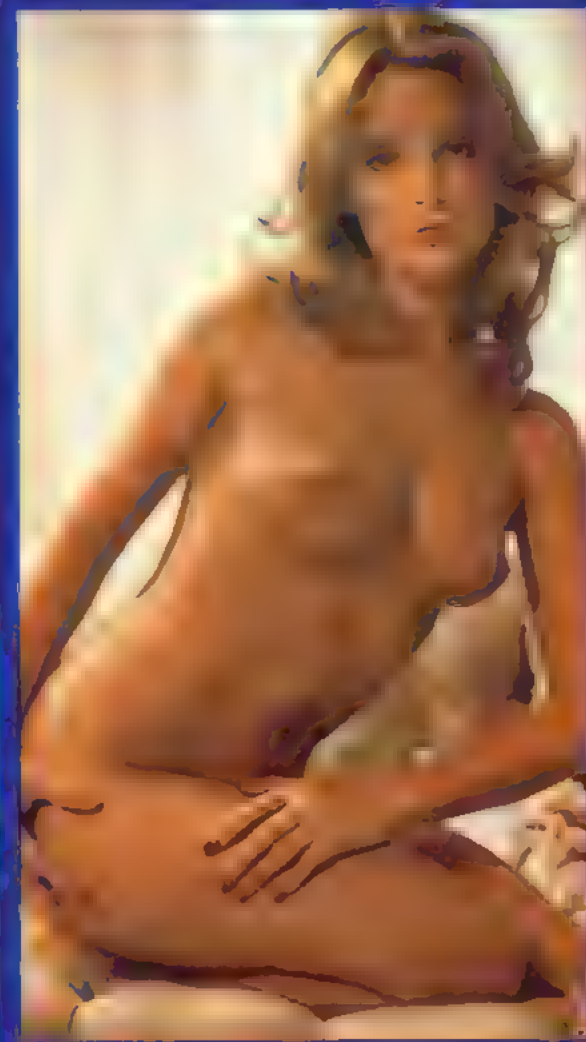
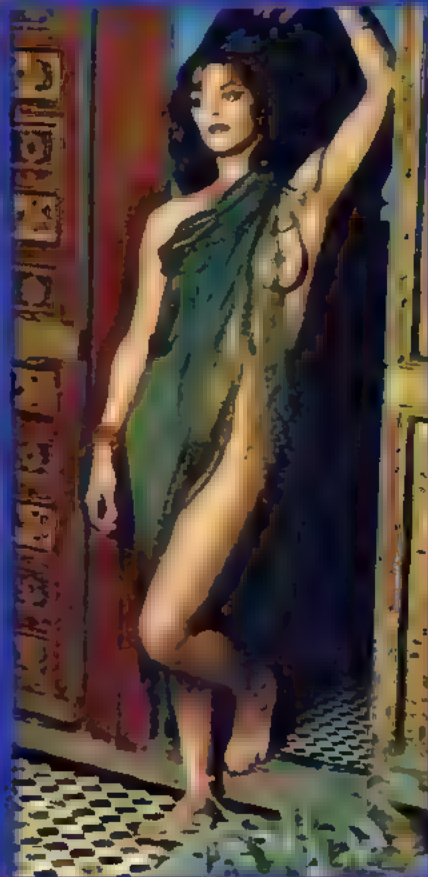


YOUNG BLOOD: Good things are expected from Barbara Carrera, a fetching ex-model unsettlingly cast as a monster in *Embryo* (right); Sylvester Stallone (below right), seen earlier in *The Lords of Flatbush* and *Cannonball* but tagged for sex stardom in *Rocky*, a prize-fight saga; singer Lonette McKee (below), who plays the foxy Sister in *Sparkle*, the tale of a trio much like the Supremes; former boy evangelist Marjoe Gortner (shown with his girlfriend, January 1975 *Playmate* Lynnnda Kimball, below left), now a hot showbiz item with plum roles in Bobbie Jo and the *Outlaw*, H. G. Wells's *The Food of the Gods*, *Snowbird* and *Viva Knievel!*, and Jan-Michael Vincent (left), who was thoroughly exposed during 1976 in *Baby Blue Marine*, *Vigilante Force* and *Shadow of the Hawk* and shortly will appear with Dominique Sanda in *Damnation Alley*.

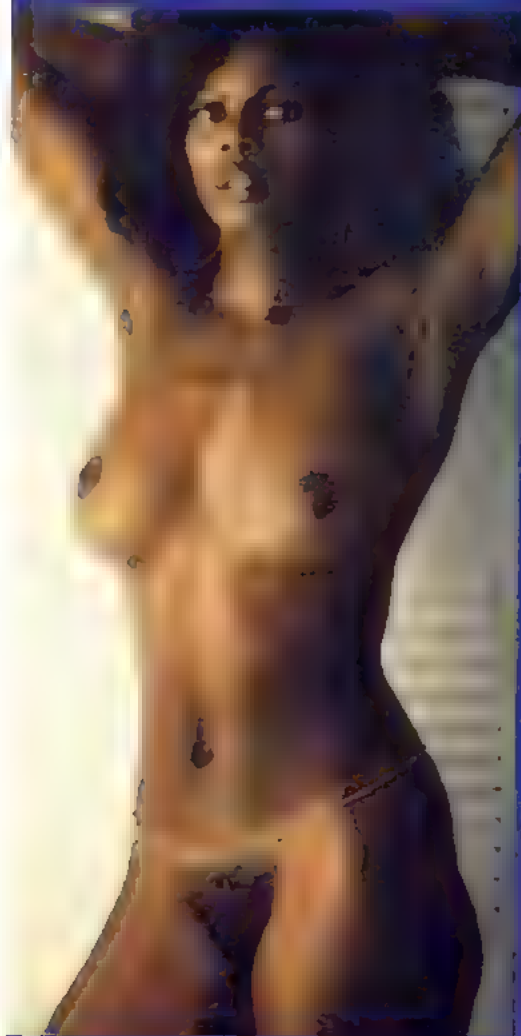
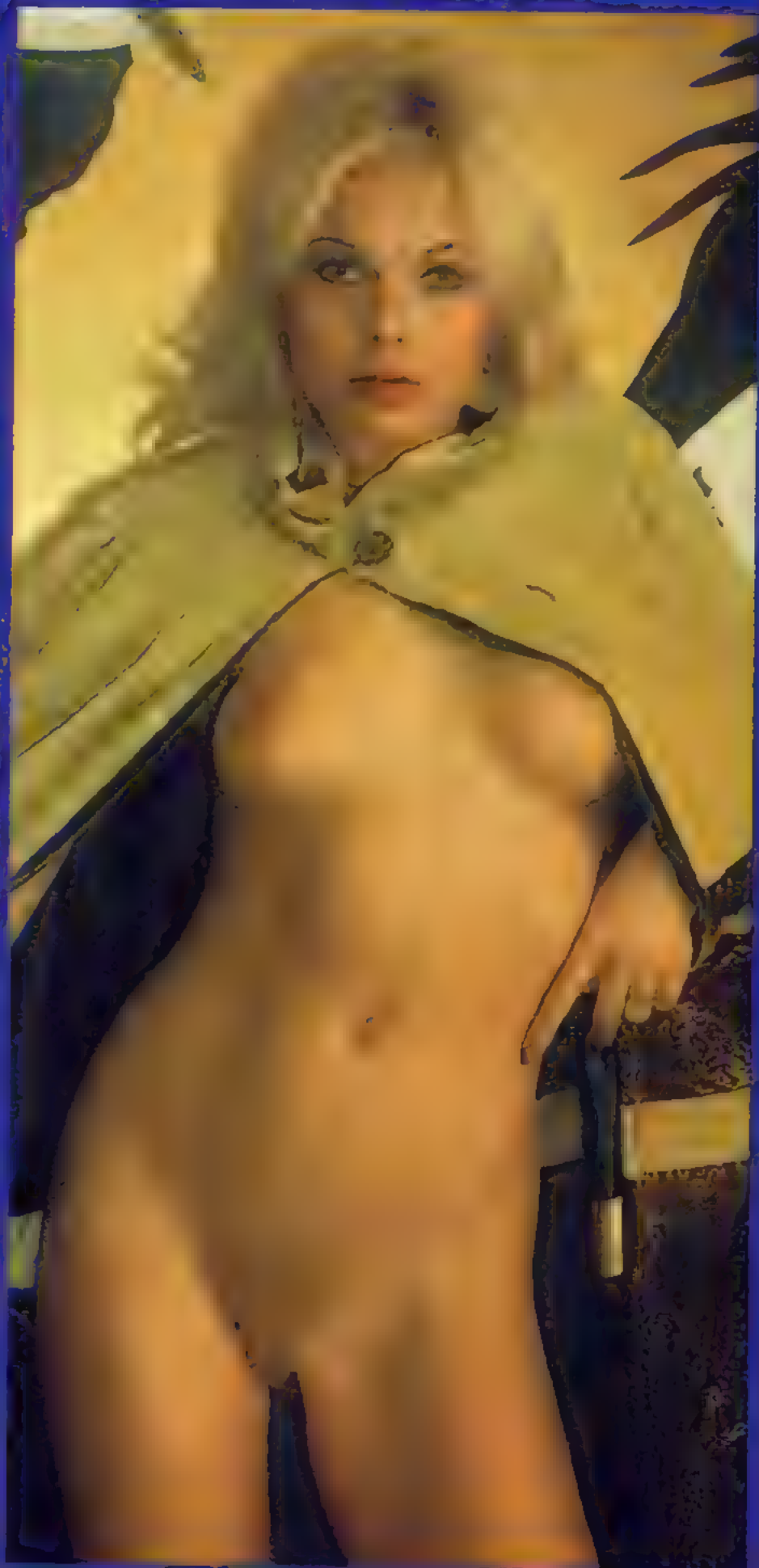




IT'S ALL RELATIVE: Good genes will tell, or so it seems when one looks at today's bumper crop of second-generation stars. Jayne Mansfield's daughter, Jayne Marie (above), has a role in *The Great Balloon Race*; Jean-Pierre Aumont's offspring Tina (below right) appears in *Fellini's Casanova* and *A Matter of Time*; and Taryn Power (below left), Tyrone's girl, plays opposite Dennis Hopper in *Tracks*.



FOUR FROM PLAYBOY: Making the leap from centerfold to silver screen are Lillian Muller, reigning Playmate of the Year (right), who's starred in two German films (*Rosemarie's Daughter* and *Women's Clinic*) as well as in *Casanova and Company*, being filmed in Italy with Tony Curtis, Britt Ekland and Ursula Andress; Miss June 1975, Azizi Johari (below), top-billed in *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie*; 1970 Playmate of the Year Claudia Jennings (below left), seen most recently in *The Man Who Fell to Earth* and *The Great Texas Dynamite Chase*; and 1971 Playmate of the Year Sharon Clark Weber (left), who made her movie debut in *Lifeguard*. Also appearing in recent releases were Playmates Laura Misch (in *The Great Balloon Race*), Connie Kreski (in *The Black Bird*) and Daina House (in *Crash*).



*"You can afford
to go 'Ho, ho, ho';
yours is a pillow!"*



vargas

THE VARGAS GIRL

Honey (continued from page 166)

Harlow, she had landed a job as a stripper at the *Chez Paree*.

FROM MY EARNINGS at the *Chez Paree*, I bought my first car—a 1949, canary-yellow Chevy convertible. Right away, I had it completely upholstered in leopardskin. A commercial-artist friend painted on the driver's-side door a foot-high caricature of me wearing just my pasties and G-string, with my flaming-red hair touching my toes. Under the drawing, he printed in gold letters, *HOT HONEY HARLOW*. Outrageous. A classic ego trip, but somehow it fit—for the times and for me.

The six months I spent at the *Chez* were very productive for me. I found myself able to really enjoy the sensuality of my body as, little by little, I languorously removed first one piece of clothing and then another. The furthest I stripped was down to a teeny string bikini bottom and pasties, little round cones that just covered my nipples and their pinkish-brown areolae. The *Chez* was a very elegant club, with conservative customers. As a featured dancer there, I had no trouble finding men. Neither did my roommate Bobbi, the female impersonator; in fact, we finally decided to split up and get separate apartments when we found out we were dating the same man!

After a while, I was beginning to get bored with the *Chez*. I heard of an opening for an exotic dancer at a big club in Panama that was owned and operated by a young woman, a Miss Iris Landers. I sent some eight-by-ten glossies and applied for the job. I was accepted—but at the last moment had second thoughts about working in a foreign country and decided to stay in Miami Beach.

I'd settled back into my routine at the *Chez* when, one night, a waitress came backstage to tell me that I had been asked to have a drink with a woman seated alone at a ringside table. I hesitated. Never before had a woman asked me for a drink. Was this some irate wife, pistol in her purse and megaphone at her mouth? I had the waitress point the lady out to me from the wings. She was very pretty, about 30, with shoulder-length brown, wavy hair à la Barbara Stanwyck. Even from backstage, I could see she was wearing some lovely pieces of jewelry—rings, bracelets, gold and topaz. No woman looking for a fight would risk wearing expensive jewelry to the bout, so I told the waitress to say I'd join her for a drink.

The room was crowded with noisy drinkers, but the stranger's voice, smooth and deep, cut through the din effortlessly.

"Hi, Honey. I'm Iris Landers from Panama. I'll never completely trust a photograph again. Your pictures are beautiful, but they don't do you justice!"

She ordered champagne cocktails for two and turned back to me, a soft, slightly self-mocking smile flickering back and forth across her lips. "You turned down the job I offered you. I'm a very determined person. I decided to meet you—in the flesh."

I was impressed. I was used to men promising me everything and giving me a hangover, but this was the first time I'd had someone travel from a foreign country just to see me—and it was a lady, not a man!

The dull roar of the room drifted away from our table, like early-morning fog running from the warmth of the sun. We joked a lot, teasing each other. Iris loved to laugh, her Cupid's-bow lips seemed permanently turned up at the corners. There was no escaping this lady's magnetism. I was having a great time and I didn't want it to end.

Suddenly, it was time for my next show. Iris leaned across the table, running her hand lightly back and forth over my wrist as her eyes looked into mine.

"Have breakfast with me after you're through." Her soft smile was like an electric heater, sending out sweet ripples of warm sensuality filled with longing that hit me like waves on the beach, covering me from head to toe with tiny tingles of excitement. Of course I'd join her for breakfast, I said.

As I moved seductively onto the stage, the icy splash of the twin follow spots moving with me blinded me, as always. But I could feel Iris' eyes on me, clinging, caressing my body as, piece by piece, its covering dropped away. I wanted to do the best show of my life. It was the first (and only) time that I longed to go all the way, to dance and writhe my way out of everything until there was nothing covering my body except the lights as they followed me, playing on my breasts, then my belly and thighs, then back again. I totally involved myself in the sensuality I was creating. The top of my gown peeled away from my breasts. I moved my hands over them, touching their round softness with my finger tips, offering them delicately out to the audience. And for an instant, to Iris, barely visible through the haze of lights, I could feel an urgency, like electricity, growing inside me. I pranced slowly over by Iris' table and turned away, pulling my gown from my body and holding it in front of me. Arching my back, I slowly squeezed my buttocks together, then relaxed, then squeezed tight again. Spreading my legs, I humped and ground a teasing message of love to an invisible demon waiting in the darkness toward the rear of the stage. Although my back was to the audience, I knew they and Iris were watching my bottom—naked except for a band of

sparkling silver that ran down between my cheeks—and my thighs as delicate shudders of excitement ran through them. Suddenly, I whirled around, playing hide-and-seek with my body behind the gown held out in front of me like a screen. I danced faster, faster, and then it was over. I pulled the gown completely away from my body for one sweet instant before the room went dark. As I ran off stage, the applause told me what I already knew—I'd never danced better.

After my number, impatient to be with Iris, I slipped into a dotted-swiss, off-the-shoulder blouse and a royal-blue skirt. In my haste, I forgot my strapless bra and left my pasties on!

It was a great evening. We caught Martha Raye's show at the Five O'Clock Club, checked a couple of strippers. Iris was thinking of hiring at the Paddock Club and had blintzes at Wolfies on Collins Avenue. Finally, we caught a cab to the beach-front hotel where I had the free use of a penthouse suite for two weeks, in appreciation for my having represented the hotel in a beauty contest.

I knew Iris wanted to make love to me. Was I really going to let her? What would my mother say if she found out?

The penthouse express elevator squished to a discreet stop. Laughing and giggling, still a little boozy from all we had drunk the night before, we kicked off our shoes and ran around on the carpeting for a while, our toes deep in its luxurious thickness. Out of breath and dizzy we fell onto the mammoth blue velvet bed.

Iris ran her tongue lightly over my neck and shoulders, nibbling and licking her way along the edge of my scooped-neck blouse. Her slim, tapered fingers fondled my breasts through the thin cloth. Then she softly crawled directly on top of me, sucking everything she could reach with her mouth while her hands busied themselves with the buttons, zippers, snaps and straps on her clothing. Finally, she knelt over me, her slim, soft body naked except for brief, shocking pink bikini panties. Beaming her *Monna Lisa* smile at me, she began to rotate her pussy on the soft flesh of my upper thigh while she took off my clothes. She bent over and sucked at my belly with her mouth and her tongue, her hand lightly brushing the soft nest of red hair between my thighs, turning it into dandelion fluff in a summer breeze.

Slowly she began to lift off my right pastie, all the while rubbing her pussy along my thigh as she straddled it. She started to moan deep in her throat, "Oh, baby, oh, baby, oh, baby." I could feel the hot wetness of her pussy coming through her silk panties. The moment she peeled the silver pastie from my right nipple, I felt it harden into a tight rosebud.

(continued on page 208) 193



THE 1976 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL

*cast your ballot for your jazz, rhythm-and-blues,
pop/rock and country-and-western favorites*

IT NEVER FAILS. It'll happen again next April, when the results of this poll come out. Guaranteed. Every year, when we publish the names of our Music Poll winners, we get a bunch of mumbling and grumbling aimed our way: "Are you kidding? Olivia Newton-Who?" "Clapton as Best Guitarist? You gotta be deaf! Roy Rogers could blow him off the stage any time!"

Now, our lives are hard enough without this sort of unwarranted abuse. We have Playmate shootings and long lunches at French restaurants to worry about. The tough stuff.

And we don't deserve it, anyway. Don't you remember your Sophocles? It's very bad form to disembowel the messenger bringing bad news. Or to call him up and snarl at him over the phone. I like Sergeant Friday, if not Charlie Chan or Boston Blackie, we just report the facts, ma'am. This is pure, old-fashioned democracy here—and what you don't vote for is what you don't get. The burden is on you.

This is the second year for the Improved Compact Version of our poll. We've broken it down into four main sections, with appropriate categories for each one. We came up with the lists of names in each category chiefly from last year's top finishers, with some additions to allow for the new kids in town.

If the name of your particular fave-rave doesn't appear where you think it should, don't start drafting that hate letter. You can *write in* his/her/its name. But, please, only *one* per category—our bleeding eyes will thank you.

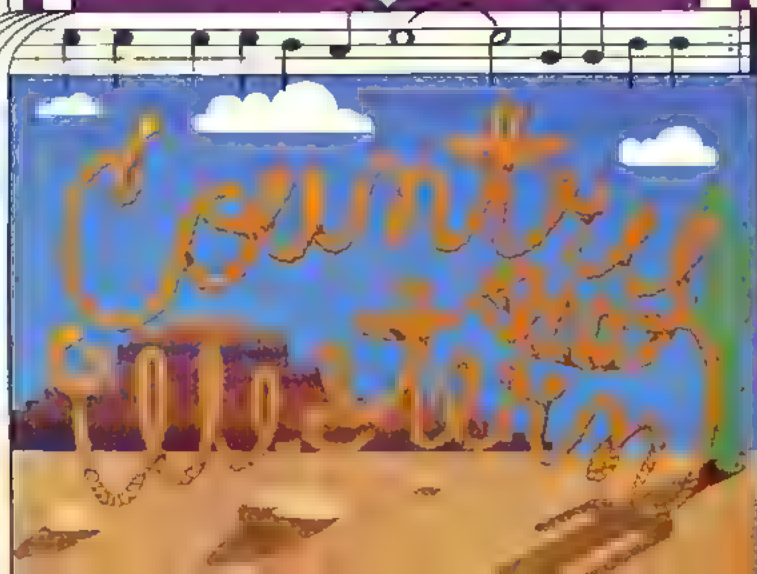
And, like all computers, ours isn't very bright. It understands only numbers; anything else confuses it. So whenever you can—which should be in most cases—please use the *number* in front of the name of your pick. Merle Haggard may not seem like good ole number nine to you, but that's who he is to our electronic wonder.

Our dumb computer thanks you.

And, by the way, to all of you out there who want to stuff our ballot boxes with copies of the official ballot that's on the facing page, forget it—our computer won't count any but the real thing.

Don't forget to fill out the *back* of the ballot—where you can vote for a Music Hall of Famer and for Best LPs—and supply us with your all important name and address. If you don't give us those and/or if you don't get your ballot in the mail to Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611, before midnight, December 15, 1976, you will have written on water. So let's move it!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE ESNER



BALLOT

Put down the *NUMBERS* of listed candidates you choose. To vote for a person not appearing on our lists, write in full name; only one in each category, please.

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

_____	MALE VOCALIST
_____	FEMALE VOCALIST
_____	COMPOSER
_____	GROUP

POP/ROCK

_____	MALE VOCALIST
_____	FEMALE VOCALIST
_____	GUITAR
_____	KEYBOARDS
_____	DRUMS
_____	BASS
_____	COMPOSER
_____	GROUP

JAZZ

_____	MALE VOCALIST
_____	FEMALE VOCALIST
_____	BRASS
_____	WOODWINDS
_____	KEYBOARDS
_____	VIBES
_____	GUITAR
_____	BASS
_____	PERCUSSION
_____	COMPOSER
_____	GROUP

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

_____	MALE VOCALIST
_____	FEMALE VOCALIST
_____	PICKER
_____	COMPOSER

SEE THE NEXT TWO PAGES FOR A LIST OF NAMES YOU CAN USE AS A GUIDE IN FILLING OUT THIS MUSIC BALLOT.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE



PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

BEST POP/ROCK LP

BEST JAZZ LP

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

PLAYBOY HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Jim Morrison, Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra, Stevie Wonder) are not eligible.

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name

Address

City

State

Zip Code

(Mail to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL 60611.)

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1977 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

Male Vocalist

1. Bobby Bland
2. James Brown
3. Solomon Burke
4. Jerry Butler
5. Ray Charles
6. Marvin Gaye
7. Al Green
8. Donny Hathaway
9. Isaac Hayes
10. Lonts Hibbert
11. Eddie Kendricks
12. B. B. King
13. Bob Marley
14. Curtis Mayfield
15. George McCrae
16. Johnny Nash
17. Billy Paul
18. Wilson Pickett
19. Smokey Robinson
20. Joe Simon
21. Edwin Starr
22. Sly Stone
23. Johnnie Taylor
24. Barry White
25. Bill Withers
26. Bobby Womack
27. Stevie Wonder

Female Vocalist

1. Natalie Cole
2. Carol Douglas
3. Roberta Flack
4. Aretha Franklin
5. Gloria Gaynor
6. Milla Jackson
7. Chaka Kahn
8. Gladys Knight
9. Gwen McCrae
10. Melba Moore
11. Ann Peebles
12. Esther Phillips
13. Martha Reeves
14. Minnie Riperton
15. Dion Ross
16. Valerie Simpson
17. Phoebe Snow
18. Mavis Staples
19. Syreeta
20. Tina Turner
21. Dionne Warwick
22. Betty Wright

Composer

1. Nicholas Ashford-Valerie Simpson
2. Thom Bell
3. Johnny Bristol
4. James Brown
5. Bobby Eli
6. Kenny Gamble-Leon Huff
7. Al Green
8. Isaac Hayes
9. Willie Hutch
10. Curtis Mayfield
11. Eugene McDaniels
12. Smokey Robinson
13. Allen Toussaint
14. Leon Ware
15. Barry White
16. Norman Whitfield
17. Frank Wilson
18. Bill Withers
19. Bobby Womack
20. Stevie Wonder

Group

1. Average White Band
2. Blackbyrds
3. Bootsy's Rubber Band
4. Commodores
5. Earth, Wind & Fire
6. Graham Central Station
7. The Heptones
8. Isley Brothers
9. Jackson 5
10. Gladys Knight & the Pips
11. Kool & the Gang
12. Labelle
13. Love Unlimited Orchestra

14. Bob Marley & the Wailers
15. Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes
16. M.F.S.B.
17. Ohio Players
18. O Jays
19. Parliament Funkadelic
20. Pointer Sisters
21. Rufus
22. Sh. & the Family Stone
23. Spinners
24. Styx
25. Supremes
26. Temptations
27. Toots & the Maytals
28. Ike & Tina Turner
29. War
30. Wonderlove

POP/ROCK

Male Vocalist

1. Gregg Allman
2. Paul Anka
3. Captain Beefheart
4. David Bowie
5. Jackson Browne
6. Harry Chapin
7. David Clayton Thomas
8. Joe Cocker
9. Alice Cooper
10. Roger Daltrey
11. Neil Diamond
12. Bob Dylan
13. Mick Jagger
14. Elton John
15. Paul McCartney
16. Van Morrison
17. Robert Palmer
18. Robert Plant
19. Elvis Presley
20. John Prine
21. Todd Rundgren
22. Leon Russell
23. Neil Sedaka
24. Paul Simon
25. Bruce Springsteen
26. Cat Stevens
27. Rod Stewart
28. James Taylor
29. Frankie Valli
30. Gary Wright
31. Neil Young

Female Vocalist

1. Joan Baez
2. Maggie Bell
3. Karen Carpenter
4. Cher
5. Judy Collins
6. Chi Coltrane
7. Rita Coolidge
8. Kiki Dee
9. Janis Ian
10. Carole King
11. Melissa Manchester
12. Christine McVie
13. Melanie
14. Bette Midler
15. Joni Mitchell
16. Muriel Nazzari
17. Olivia Newton-John
18. Laura Nyro
19. Suzi Quatro
20. Bonnie Raitt
21. Helen Reddy
22. Linda Ronstadt
23. Carly Simon
24. Grace Slick
25. Phoebe Snow
26. Barbara Streisand

Guitar

1. Jeff Beck
2. Chuck Berry
3. Richard Berry
4. Richie Blackmore
5. Roy Buchanan
6. James Burton
7. Eric Clapton
8. Rick Derringer
9. Conrail Dupree

10. José Feliciano
11. Peter Frampton
12. Jerry Garcia
13. George Harrison
14. Steve Howe
15. Terry Kath
16. B. B. King
17. Alvin Lee
18. Dave Mason
19. Ted Nugent
20. Jimmy Page
21. Keith Richards
22. Carlos Santana
23. Boz Scaggs
24. Cat Stevens
25. Stephen Stills
26. Pete Townshend
27. Robin Trower
28. Joe Walsh
29. Johnny Winter
30. Ron Wood
31. Frank Zappa

Keyboards

1. Gregg Allman
2. Brian Auger
3. Booker T
4. Jackson Browne
5. Luis Demingo
6. Keith Emerson
7. Isaac Hayes
8. Nicky Hopkins
9. Garth Hudson
10. Elton John
11. Al Kooper
12. Robert Lanum
13. Chuck Leavell
14. Barry Manilow
15. Ray Manzarek
16. Randy Newman
17. Billy Preston
18. Todd Rundgren
19. Leon Russell
20. Rick Wakeman
21. Edgar Winter
22. Stevie Winwood
23. Stevie Wonder
24. Gary Wright
25. Neil Young

Drums

1. Ginger Baker
2. John Bonham
3. Bill Bruford
4. Jim Capaldi
5. Karen Carpenter
6. Bobby Colomby
7. Aynsley Dunbar
8. David Garibaldi
9. John Guerin
10. Al Jackson, Jr.
11. Jan Johanny Johanson
12. Bill Kreutzmann
13. Roy Karkel
14. Buddy Miles
15. Mitch Mitchell
16. Keith Moon
17. Sonny Nelson
18. Nigel Olsson
19. Carl Palmer
20. Bernard Pinche
21. Danny Seraphine
22. Ringo Starr
23. Butch Trucks
24. Charlie Watts
25. Stevie Wonder

Bass

1. Jack Bruce
2. Jack Casady
3. Peter Cetera
4. Rick Danko
5. Donald "Duck" Dunn
6. John Entwistle
7. Wilton Felder
8. Jim Fielder
9. Larry Graham
10. Rick Grech
11. John Paul Jones
12. John Kahn
13. Jim Larid
14. Greg Lake

1. Phil Lesh
16. Paul McCartney
17. Carl Radle
18. Chuck Ramsey
19. Lee Sklar
20. Chris Squire
21. Klaus Voormann
22. Willie Weeks
23. Bill Wyman

Composer

1. Ian Anderson
2. Jackson Browne
3. Neil Diamond
4. Bob Dylan
5. George Harrison
6. Mick Jagger
7. Elton John
8. Bernie Taupin
9. Carole King
10. Robert Lamm
11. John Lennon
12. Paul McCartney
13. Joni Mitchell
14. Randy Newman
15. Harry Nilsson
16. Andy Pratt
17. Keith Richards
18. Leon Russell
19. Scott & Crofts
20. Neil Sedaka
21. Phil Spector
22. Bruce Springsteen
23. Cat Stevens
24. James Taylor
25. Peter Townshend
26. Stevie Wonder
27. Neil Young
28. Frank Zappa
29. Warren Zevon

Group

1. Aerosmith
2. Allman Brothers Band
3. Amazing Rhythm Aces
4. America
5. Bad Company
6. The Band
7. Beach Boys
8. Bee Gees
9. Carpenters
10. Chicago
11. Alice Cooper
12. Dinosaur Brothers
13. Eagles
14. Electric Light Orchestra
15. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
16. Fleetwood Mac
17. Grateful Dead
18. Jefferson Starship
19. Kiss
20. Led Zeppelin
21. Loggins & Messina
22. Manhattan Transfer
23. Moody Blues
24. The Mothers
25. Pink Floyd
26. Queen
27. Rolling Stones
28. Steek Day
29. Tower of Power
30. Toto
31. The Who
32. Wings
33. Yes
34. Z Z Top

JAZZ

Male Vocalist

1. Muse Allison
2. Tony Bennett
3. Brook Benton
4. Andy Bey
5. Bobby Bland
6. Ray Charles
7. Sammy Davis Jr.
8. Billy Eckstine
9. Johnny Hartman
10. Jon Hendricks
11. Johnny Mathis
12. Lonnie Ricks
13. Gil Scott Heron
14. Frank Sinatra
15. Donald Smith
16. Grady Tate
17. Leon Thomas
18. Mel Torme

19. Joe Williams
20. Jimmy Witherspoon

Female Vocalist

1. Pearl Bailey
2. Shirley Bassey
3. Dee Dee Bridgewater
4. June Christy
5. Ella Fitzgerald
6. Roberta Flack
7. Lena Horne
8. Eartha Kitt
9. Cleo Laine
10. Peggy Lee
11. Miriam Makeba
12. Barbara McNair
13. Carmen McRae
14. Liza Minnelli
15. Melba Moore
16. Odessa
17. Esther Phillips
18. Flora Purim
19. Della Reese
20. Esther Satterfield
21. Nina Simone
22. Phoebe Snow
23. Barbara Streisand
24. Sarah Vaughan
25. Nancy Wilson

Brass

1. Nat Adlerley
2. Herb Alpert
3. Chet Baker
4. Randy Brecker
5. Donald Byrd
6. Miles Davis
7. John Faddis
8. Art Farmer
9. Maynard Ferguson
10. Dizzy Gillespie
11. Urbie Green
12. Al Grey
13. Dick Halligan
14. Slide Hampton
15. Wayne Henderson
16. Freddie Hubbard
17. J. J. Johnson
18. Thad Jones
19. Chuck Mangione
20. Blue Mitchell
21. James Pankow
22. Cynthia Robinson
23. Doc Severinsen
24. Woody Shaw
25. Clark Terry
26. Bill Watrous

Woodwinds

1. Emilio Castillo
2. Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis
3. Paul Desmond
4. Joe Farrell
5. Sam Gilman
6. Benny Goodman
7. Eldie Harris
8. Woody Herman
9. Bobbi Humphrey
10. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
11. Eric Kloss
12. Yusuf Lateef
13. Hubert Laws
14. Herbie Mann
15. Gerry Mulligan
16. Walter Parazider
17. Tom Scott
18. Wayne Shorter
19. Zoot Sims
20. Stanley Turrentine
21. Junior Walker
22. Grover Washington Jr.
23. Edgar Winter
24. Chris Woods

Keyboards

1. Fats Blake
2. Dave Brubeck
3. Chuck Corea
4. Miles Davis
5. Fumio Deodato
6. George Duke
7. Bill Evans
8. Erroll Garner
9. Jan Hammer
10. Johnny Hammond

11. Herbie Hancock
12. Hampton Hawes
13. Earl "Fatha" Hines
14. Dick Hyman
15. Ahmad Jamal
16. Bob James
17. Keith Jarrett
18. Ramsey Lewis
19. Les McLean
20. Marian McPartland
21. Sergio Mendes
22. Thelmonious Monk
23. Oscar Peterson
24. Sun Ra
25. Joe Sample
26. George Shearing
27. Jimmy Smith
28. McCoy Tyner
29. Mary Lou Williams
30. Joe Zawinul

Vibes

1. Roy Ayers
2. Gary Burton
3. Victor Feldman
4. Terry Gibbs
5. Lionel Hampton
6. Bobby Hutcherson
7. Milt Jackson
8. Mike Mainieri
9. Buddy Montgomery
10. Red Norvo
11. Emil Richards
12. Cal Tjader
13. Keith Underwood
14. Tommy Vig

Guitar

1. John Abercrombie
2. Arthur Adams
3. Fleck Boeck
4. George Benson
5. Dennis Budimir
6. Kenny Burrell
7. Charlie Byrd
8. Larry Coryell
9. Al DiMeola
10. Herb Ellis
11. Jose Feliciano
12. Eric Gale
13. Grant Green
14. Jim Hall
15. Barney Kessel
16. Reggie Lucas
17. Pat Martino
18. John McLaughlin
19. Tony Mottola
20. Joe Pass
21. Bucky Pizzarelli
22. Howard Roberts
23. Melvin Sparks
24. Gabor Szabo
25. Philip L. Pichurch

Bass

1. Keter Betts
2. Walter Booker
3. Ray Brown
4. Mike Bruce
5. Joe Byrd
6. Ron Carter
7. Stanley Clarke
8. Bob Cranshaw
9. Art Davis
10. Chuck Donamico
11. Cleveland Eaton
12. Tim Fidler
13. Jimmy Garrison
14. Eddie Gomez
15. Bob Haggart
16. Percy Heath
17. Michael Henderson
18. Dave Holland
19. Carol Kaye
20. Charles Mingus
21. Monk Montgomery
22. Carl Radle
23. Rufus Reid
24. Miroslav Vitous

Percussion

1. Hal Blaine
2. Art Blakey
3. Willie Bobo

4. Roy Brooks
5. Jimmy Cobb
6. Billy Cobham
7. Alan Dawson
8. Jack De Johnette
9. John Guerin
10. Red Holt
11. Stu Hooper
12. Elvin Jones
13. Jo Jones
14. Mel Lewis
15. Harvey Mason
16. Arto Moreira
17. Joe Morello
18. Alphonse Mouzon
19. Buddy Rich
20. Max Roach
21. Mongo Santamaria
22. Grady Tate
23. Marshall Thompson
24. Lenny White
25. Tony Williams

Composer

1. Muse Allison
2. Carla Bley
3. Oscar Brown, Jr.
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Stanley Clarke
6. Chuck Corea
7. Miles Davis
8. Fumio Deodato
9. Gil Evans
10. Herbie Hancock
11. Freddie Hubbard
12. Bob James
13. Keith Jarrett
14. Antonio Carlos Jobim
15. Ahmad Jones
16. Quincy Jones
17. Thad Jones
18. Michel Legrand
19. Chuck Mangione
20. Charles Mingus
21. Thelmonious Monk
22. Gil Scott Heron
23. Brian Jackson
24. Wayne Shorter
25. Horace Silver
26. Joe Zawinul

Group

1. Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin
2. Count Basie
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Ray Charles
5. Bob Cobham
6. Larry Coryell & the Seventh House
7. Crusaders
8. Miles Davis
9. Deodato
10. Paul Desmond
11. Mercer Ellington
12. Maynard Ferguson
13. Jan Hammer
14. Louis F. Hampton
15. Herbie Hancock
16. Quincy Jones
17. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis
18. Stan Kenton
19. Rahsaan Roland Kirk & the Vibrations Society
20. T. A. Four
21. Ramsey Lewis
22. Chuck Mangione
23. John McLaughlin
24. Sergio Mendes & Brasil '77
25. New York Jazz Quartet
26. Return to Forever
27. Buddy Rich
28. Tom Scott & the L.A. Express
29. Doc Severinsen
30. Weather Report
31. Young Holt Unlimited

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

Male Vocalist

1. Bobby Bare
2. Jimmy Buffett
3. Glen Campbell
4. Johnny Cash
5. Roy Clark

6. John Denver
7. Freddie Fender
8. Mickey Gilley
9. Merle Haggard
10. Waylon Jennings
11. George Jones
12. Kris Kristofferson
13. Terry Lee Lewis
14. Gordon Lightfoot
15. Roger Miller
16. Ronnie Milsap
17. Willie Nelson
18. Buck Owens
19. Charley Pride
20. Eddie Rabbit
21. Jerry Reed
22. Charlie Rich
23. Marty Robbins
24. Johnny Rodriguez
25. Ray Stevens
26. Mel Tillis
27. Conway Twitty
28. Jerry Jeff Walker

Female Vocalist

1. Barbi Benton
2. Judy Collins
3. Jessi Colter
4. Donna Fargo
5. Linda Hargrove
6. Emmylou Harris
7. Brenda Lee
8. Lorena Lynn
9. Barbara Mandrell
10. Jody Miller
11. Melba Montgomery
12. Anne Murray
13. Tracy Nelson
14. Olivia Newton John
15. Bonnie Owens
16. Dolly Parton
17. Sandy Poney
18. Jeannie C. Rakey
19. Linda Ronstadt
20. Connie Smith
21. Lanya Tucker
22. Dottie West
23. Tammy Wynette

Picker

1. Chet Atkins
2. David Bromberg
3. Glen Campbell
4. Roy Clark
5. Vassar Clements
6. Curly Ray Cline
7. Ry Cooder
8. Pete Drake
9. John Fahey
10. Lester Flatt
11. Johnny Gimble
12. Josh Graves
13. Lloyd Green
14. John Hartford
15. Sonny James
16. Len Kottke
17. Charlie McCoy
18. Weadon Moryck
19. Jerry Reed
20. Earl Scruggs
21. Ralph Stanley
22. Doc Watson
23. Reggie Young

Composer

1. Hoyt Axton
2. Jimmy Buffett
3. Mac Davis
4. John Denver
5. Merle Haggard
6. Tom I. Hall
7. Linda Hargrove
8. John Hartford
9. Waylon Jennings
10. Kris Kristofferson
11. Gordon Lightfoot
12. Roger Miller
13. Michael Murphy
14. Willie Nelson
15. Johnny Rodriguez
16. Shel Silverstein





YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS...

... and he's a dirty old man



"Ho, ho, ho! Wanna see the North Pole?"



"Remember, it's a busy night for me—you can't expect a lot of foreplay."

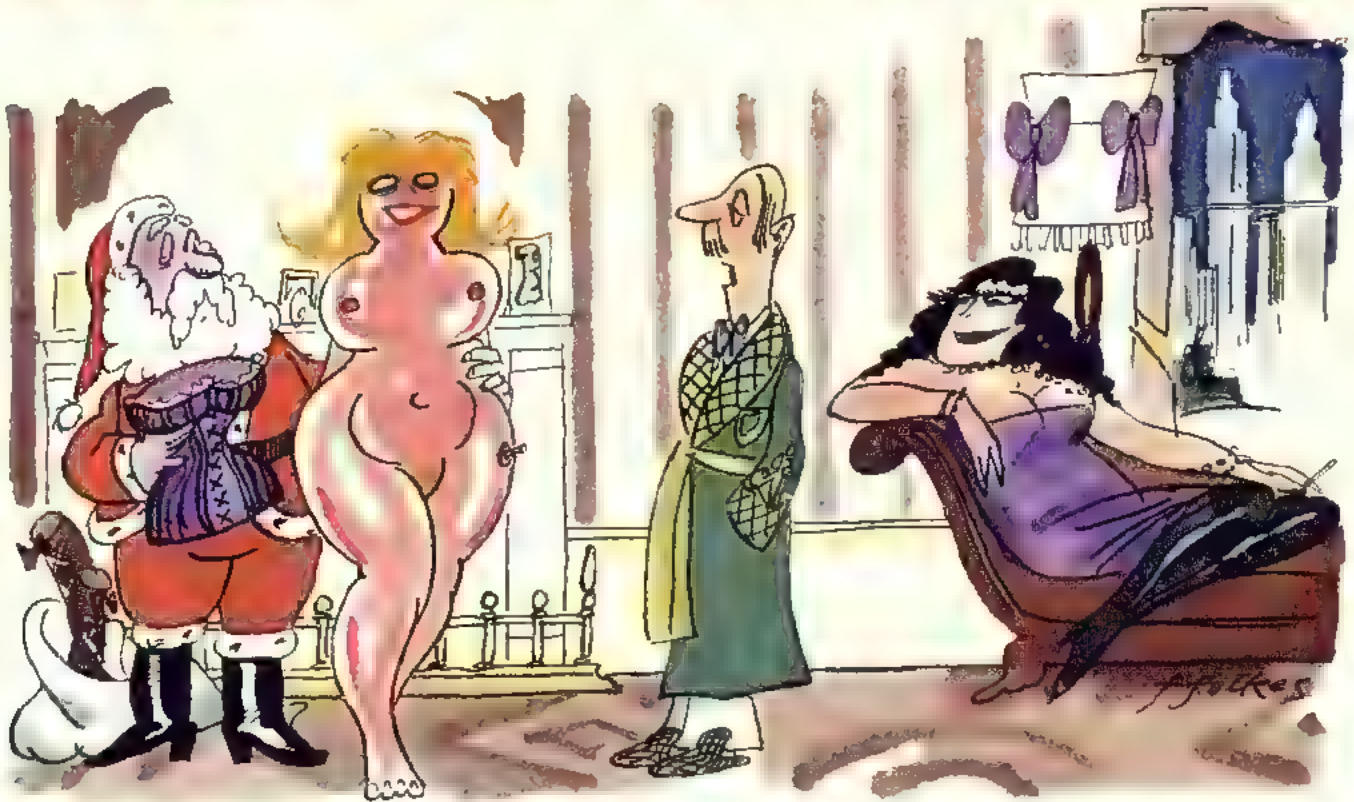


"Jonathan, aren't we perhaps a shade too elfin tonight?"

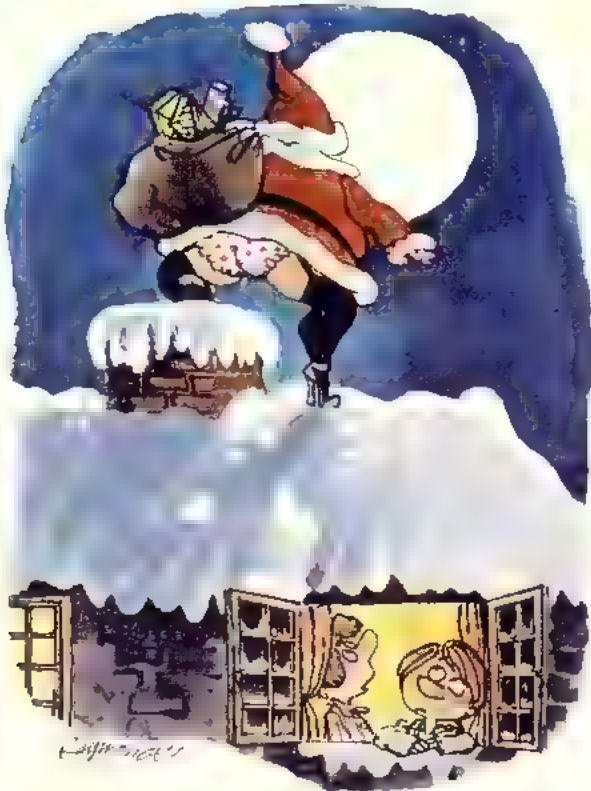


"Golly, here's a really cute one!
It says, 'Dear Santa...'"





"No, that's for my wife. Mine is the corset and the lace-up boots."



"There goes another cherished childhood illusion!"



*"Now, Dancer, now, Prancer, on,
Cupid and Comet!"*



LAS VEGAS

(continued from page 178)

beauty waiting for the prince of good fortune. It is not too important that your pockets are being emptied while you dream. You are glad to pay the price. You even feel you are getting a bargain.

At night, the scene is breath-takingly vulgar. The small city is lit up with literally millions of dollars' worth of neon surrounded by desert. On the horizon, forming an almost perfect circle around the city, are blue black mountains to close the magic ring. After a good free dinner with brandy, you saunter down the Strip, breathing in the desert air, seeing the great names—Frank Sinatra, Buddy Hackett, Don Rickles, Ann-Margret, Shirley MacLaine—emblazoned in gold and red on electric signs four stories high. You have your choice of casinos, the red plush and white togas of Caesars Palace, the classy, bluish Tropicana casino, the deeper red plush of MGM, the chandeliered Hilton; or you can go into downtown Vegas, Glitter Gulch, the Western garish of the Four Queens, the Golden Nugget, Binion's Horseshoe and The Mint. Awed, you carry inside you the hope, the fierce desire that not only is this all free but you will win *their* money. Who could ask for anything more? Dreamers come from Japan, Araby, India, the Argentine, Mexico, Estonia, Los Angeles and all of the United States.

Statistics have been compiled, surveys made. I distrust them, but personal observation sort of makes me believe Vegas statistics are mostly true. (Remember, everything connected with gambling is suspect. But you might say that about politics, the stock market and even banking.)

Anyway, 96 percent of the people who go to Vegas say they enjoy their visit. A very interesting statistic, because it is certain that 90 percent of the visitors to Vegas leave as losers. No sweat; the customers are loyal. Thirty percent of those interviewed claim they visit Vegas twice a year or more. (How can they afford it?) The average length of stay is four days. This has to be true. No gambler can afford to stay there more than four days. I love Vegas, but after three days I'm dying to get out, and economically have to.

Typically enough Friday and Saturday are the heaviest days. Tuesday is the lightest and this is logical. People have to go to work for the money they will lose at the tables.

You'll have the best chance to win in Vegas if you fly in for one evening. Take the five-p.m. plane from Los Angeles and leave Vegas on the midnight plane. For Hong Kong, if necessary.

THE MORALITY OF GAMBLING

Everything I have ever read or been told about why people gamble is just

plain bullshit. Some psychiatrists claim gambling is masochistic, that gamblers want to lose to punish themselves. Sure, some do. Some people like to jump off the Empire State Building. But millions go up to look at the view. What is true is that there are guys who can win 50 or 100 grand and keep on gambling and then wind up losing. They are known almost affectionately as "degenerate gamblers." I was one on a small scale. (I once walked out of a Vegas casino with ten grand in cash.) My biggest win was \$30,000 at baccarat, but that didn't count, because I owed the hotel that amount in markers, so I just traded in the cash for my IOUs. But in my very worst days, I was only a mildly degenerate gambler, which gives me an understanding, I think, of the syndrome. It's not that you want to lose the money back; it's just that you cannot believe it possible to lose. When winning, you are convinced God loves you and that some inner vision enables you to pick those numbers that are about to appear magically as the red dice come to a stop, as a dealer unlocks a blue-backed card.

A winning streak inspires a belief in your own infallibility. Why stop now? Also, what nongamblers do not know is the feeling of *virtue* (there is no other word to describe it) when the dice roll as one commands. And that omniscient goodness when the card you need rises to the top of the deck to greet your delighted yet confident eyes. It is as close as I have ever come to a religious feeling or to being a wonder-struck child.

How come our moralists don't bitch about the stock market? I bet craps, blackjack, keno, roulette. I bet basketball, football, baseball, boxing. I even lost \$1000 on a tennis match, betting Bobby Riggs against Billie Jean King. (Male chauvinist father against women's lib daughter.) With horse racing, I have a snobbish dislike of placing my fate in the hands of an animal lovable, it's true, but not that intelligent. With the stock market, I feel the same way I once did gambling with a friend who owned a marked deck. He promised not to read the markings when we played casino. He beat me ten games in a row. This astonished me. (As a teenager, I had won my neighborhood candy store in three days of solid casino playing.) So I went out and bought an unmarked deck and won my money back. The stock market is the same. You give your money to a bunch of guys who have promised the SEC they won't read the markings.

How lonely old people are. How hard it is to make close friends: When you are

past a certain age, the juice to love your fellow man seems to evaporate. And we all know, no matter what our age, that younger relatives find older people burdensome.

And so it seems strange to me that writers and intellectuals single out old women playing slot machines in Vegas as objects to ridicule and use them as examples of our decadent society. I take pleasure in seeing those old women intense as children, waiting for cascading silver to fall into their laps, oblivious for those few hours of approaching death. Yet they are reproached for not worrying about the coming atomic war, the destruction of the world's ecology, the pollution of the stratosphere.

Why should they give a fuck? They have lived their lives and they have paid their penalties.

OK, maybe that's why old people gamble. But what about children? Here, I can speak again from firsthand experience. I spent a good part of my childhood gambling. I taught my children to gamble at an early age. I'm an expert on why children gamble. They gamble because they are greedy. They want to have everything and are astonished when they don't get it. To me, this is the most obvious characteristic of the gambler. It is a form of infantilism. And here again, I must say that I don't think this is altogether bad in adults. It is a mistake (a drastic mistake) to structure your life on a form of infantilism, but a little bit can help get you through it with a little less pain.

In my childhood, I squeezed in a lot of card playing while becoming a sports hero on Fifth Avenue. Before I even got into my teens, I was playing poker with very tough adults beneath lampposts in the streets of New York or behind the local candy stores. Playing with the local strong-arm punks and nickel-and-dime stick-up artists, I had the infantile audacity to cheat. I dealt the ace of spades from the bottom of the deck; I stacked the cards; I went light on the stud poker pot.

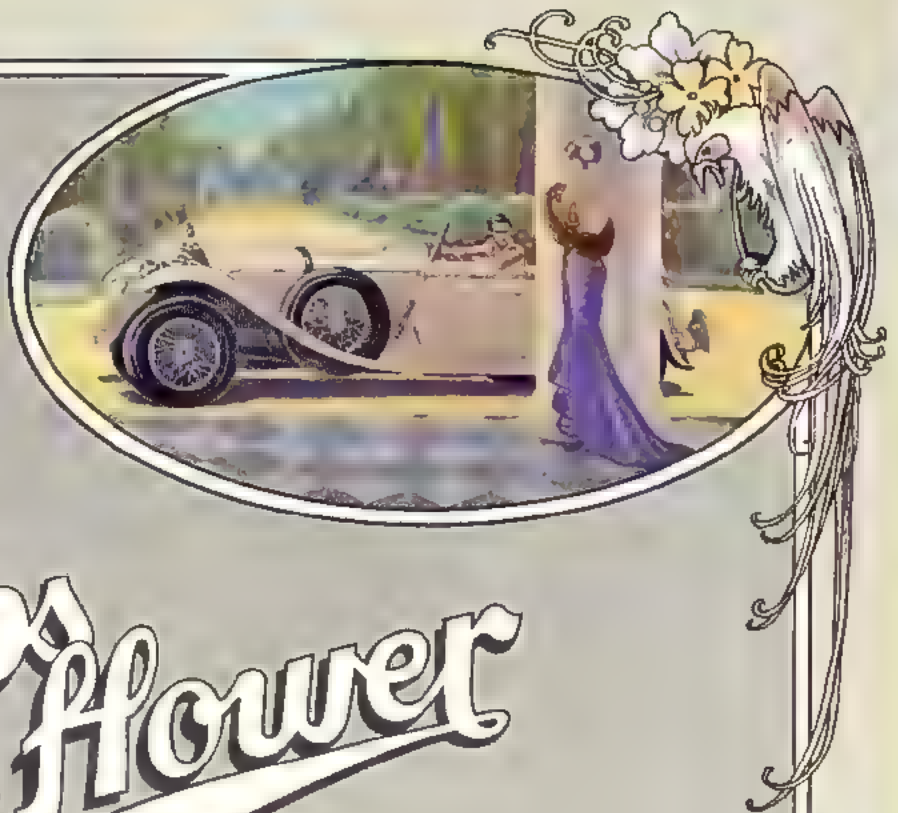
I was an unskillful cheat. A simple cut would ruin my stacked deck, but I would "forget" to offer the cards to be cut. My age placed me above suspicion. Later, when I taught my children to play poker, I never let them deal the cards without cutting the deck. You can't trust kid gamblers.

All parents should teach their children card games, mainly because they are a great preparation for the disappointments of life. Once a child has drawn to an inside straight and missed, he will understand that life is not all peaches and cream. And when that same child loses a sure-fire pot with a pat hand, he

(continued on page 224)

MERCEDES-BENZ SSK.

The siren call of the open road could truly be experienced in this 1929 Corsico-bodied drophead coupe, under its hood, there lurked the legendary banshee-wail Roots-type blower that boosted its hp from 140 to 200.



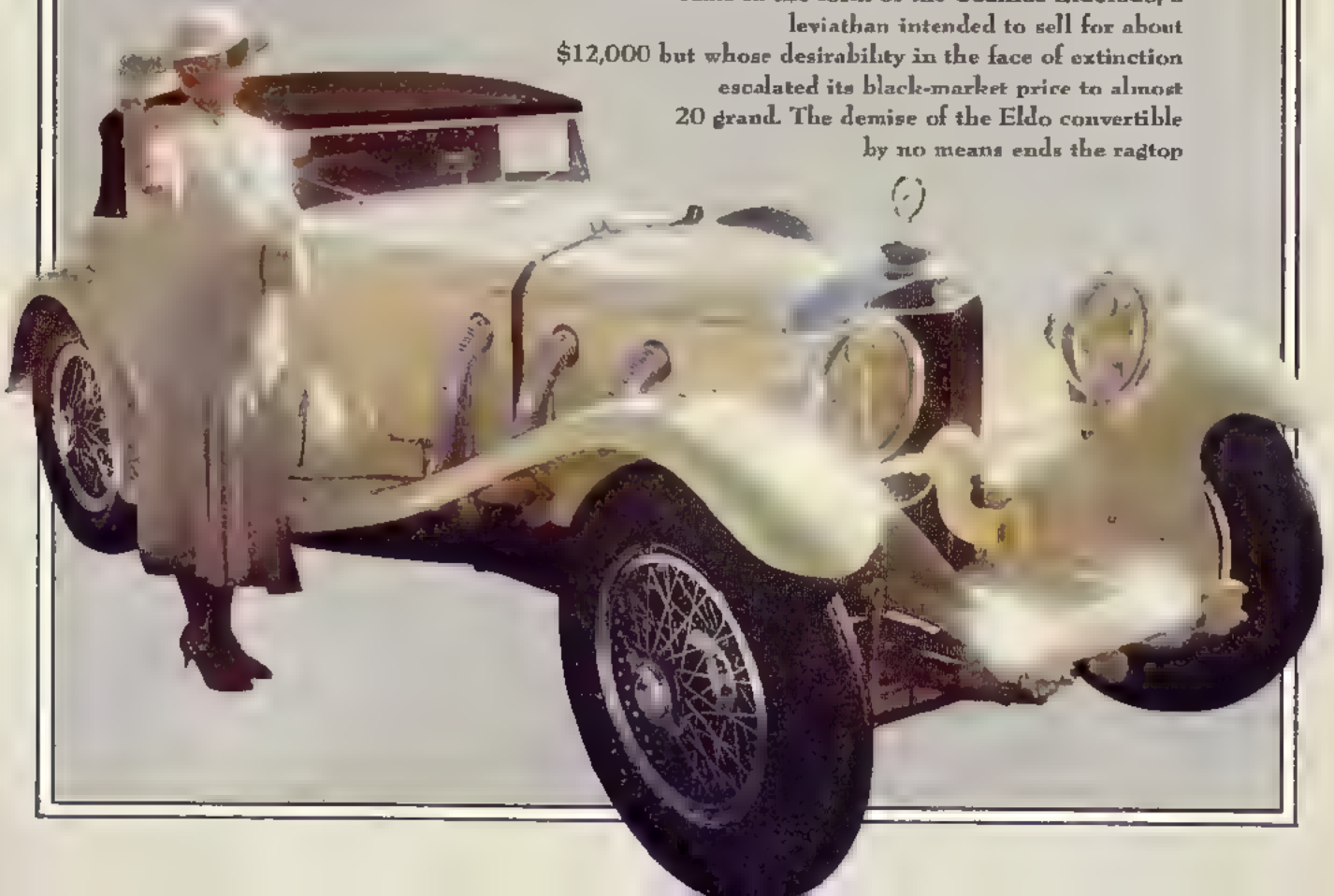
When ragtops were in flower

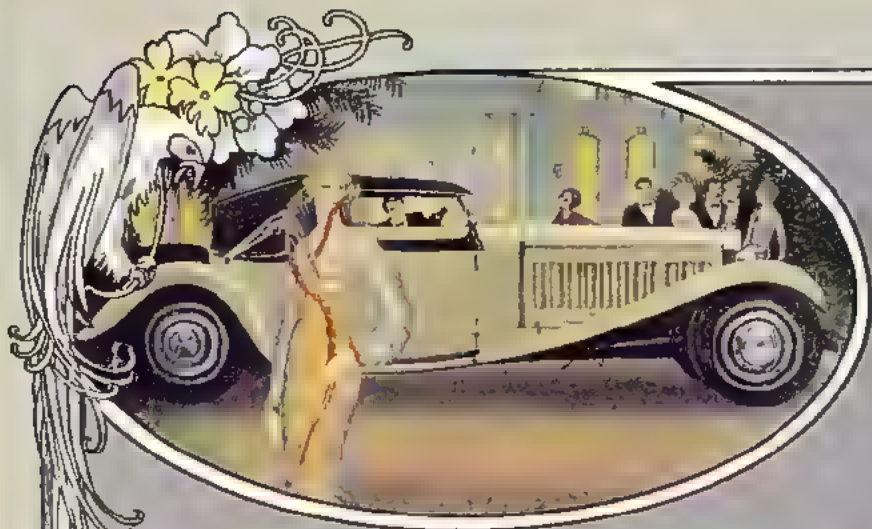
once upon a time, there were big, beautiful open cars that said you had money and pizzazz. those were the good old days

article By BROCK YATES

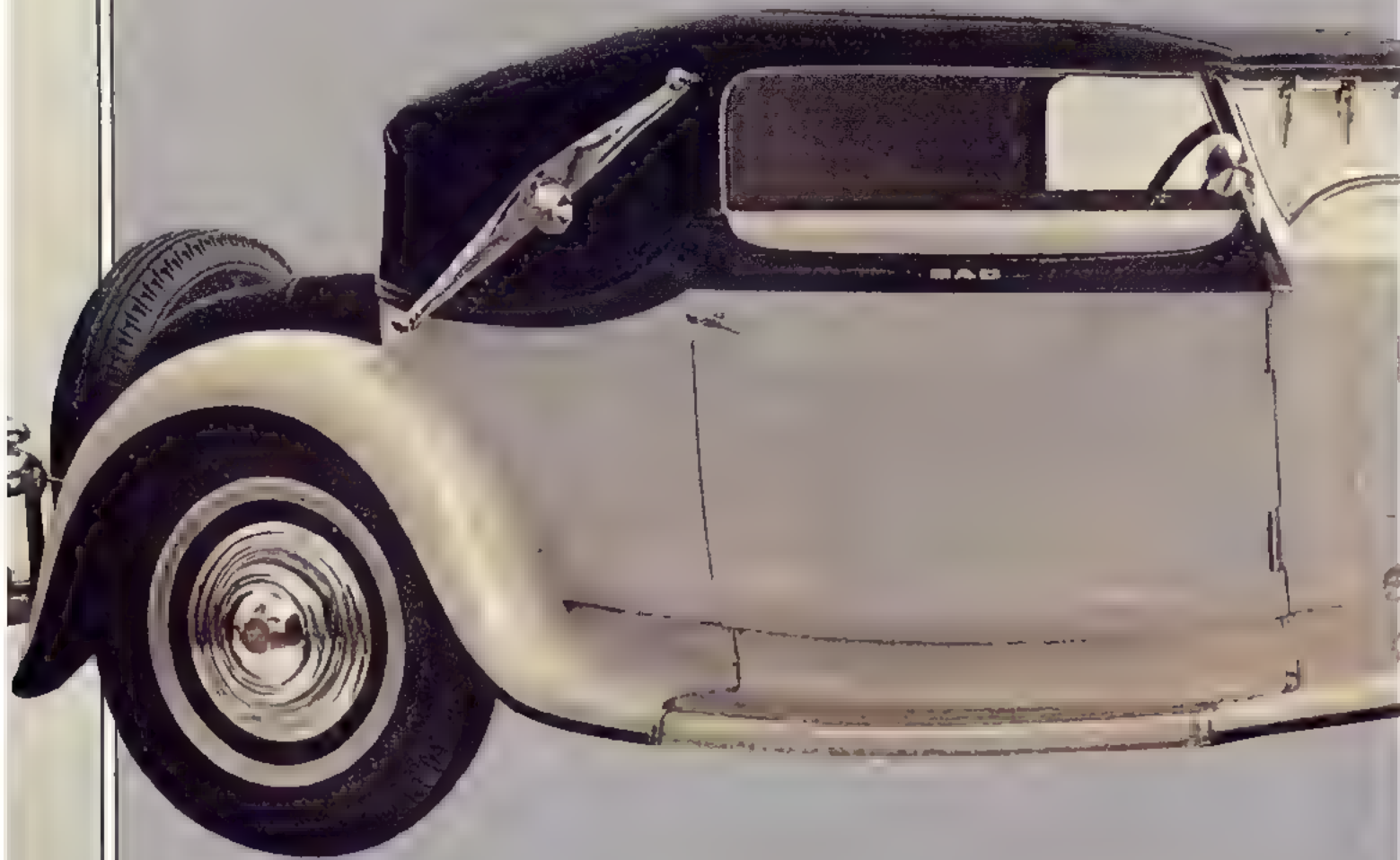
Among the footnotes to the great American Bicentennial, it will be noted that 1976 marked the end of the domestically produced convertible.

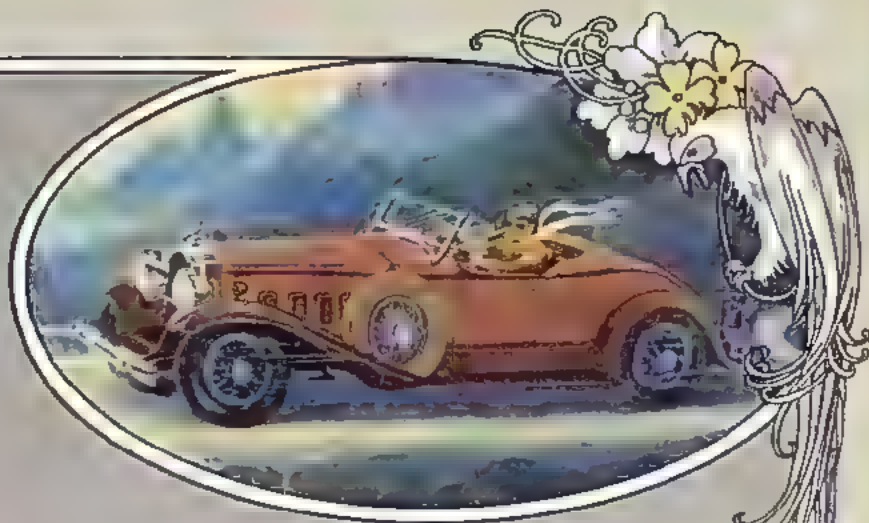
The final expression of this special breed of automobile came in the form of the Cadillac Eldorado, a leviathan intended to sell for about \$12,000 but whose desirability in the face of extinction escalated its black-market price to almost 20 grand. The demise of the Eldo convertible by no means ends the ragtop





in the market place. Nearly a dozen models remain, ranging from the compact and lovable MGs to the regal, preposterously priced (\$67,500) Rolls-Royce Corniche. But the fact is that the convertible's classic role as the ultimate form of automotive frivolity and wretched excess has ended. There was a day not so long ago when the ragtop was the supreme statement of every auto maker—his convertibles, roadsters, cabriolets, etc., were the most expensive and prestigious versions



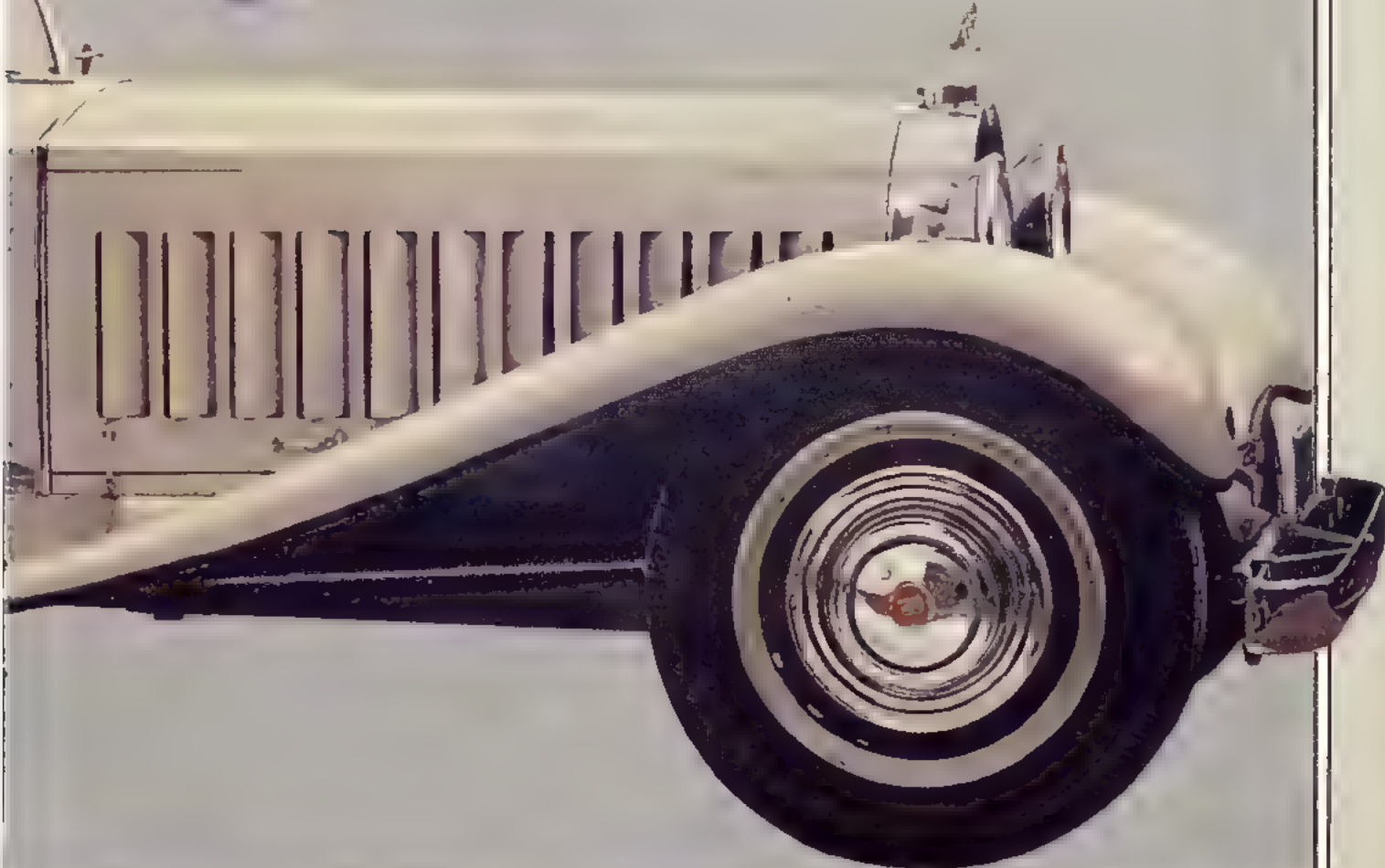


PACKARD SPEEDSTER.

Of the 150 Packard Speedsters (left) manufactured in the early Thirties, only 18 are known to still be around. Should you stumble on a 19th—and be able to part with the lovely creature—your financial future would be pleasantly secure, as the model is highly sought by the big-wheel automobile collectors.

BUGATTI 41 ROYALE.

Presently on display at Dearborn's Henry Ford Museum, this exquisitely proportioned monster (below), with its incredible 169" wheelbase and 24" wheels, was truly the king of the road. Built in 1930, the car—a collector's Koh-i-noor diamond—was discovered in 1943 quietly rotting in a Long Island junk yard.





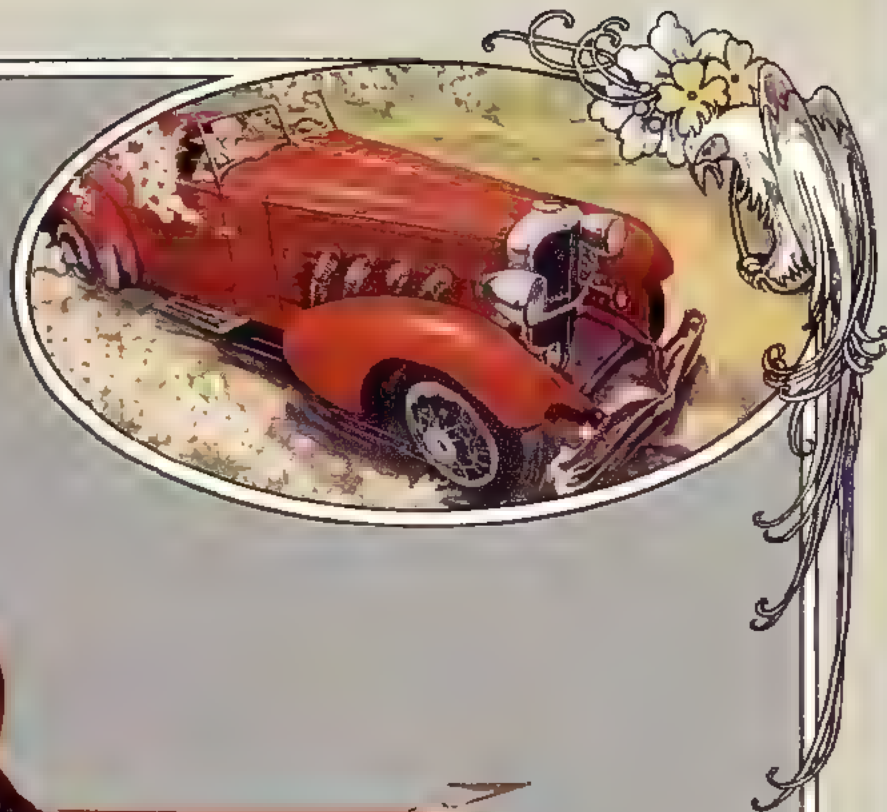
DUESENBERG SJ

One look at this 1933 boat-tailed SJ speedster and it's easy to understand how the old slang accolade "It's a Duesie" came about. With its lightweight custom body built by the firm of Schwartz & Company and its straight eight, supercharged engine, the SJ could hit 130 mph. Four exhaust pipes assured that the performance did not go unnoticed.



of his wares—but that has changed. Sedans and hardtops have taken the place of the convertible and, considering the hard reality of safety, production costs and shifting consumer interest, it is hard to imagine a time when it will experience a renaissance.

Therefore, to fully appreciate the impact of the convertible, we've got to spiral back in time, perhaps 40 years. The great
(continued on page 266)



ONCE UPON A TIME, in the distant kingdom of Banza there lived a wise prince named Mangogul. Having distinguished himself early in his reign by conquering cities, pacifying provinces, strengthening laws and founding universities, he turned to more delicious pursuits. One of them was his favorite concubine, the beautiful Mirzoza, who charmed him with lighly spiced accounts of the adventures of the ladies of the court. But, she informed him, there lived a genie named Cucufa, now retired from the world, who knew much, much more.

They discovered Cucufa seated on a mat in his cave, an owl at his feet and rats and mice running all about. After he'd heard the prince's question, he produced a ring. "When you put this on your finger and turn it around, you will be transported wherever you wish in your kingdom. When you turn it in the presence of a lady, she will begin to speak frankly—not with her upper mouth, mind you, but with that lower one ladies delicately call their 'jewels'."

When Mangogul and Mirzoza returned to the palace, they found the court ladies playing cards or dancing the *carnagrole*. Mangogul at once decided to test the powers of the ring on a beautiful lady named Alcine, who had just married an emir. To everyone's astonishment, a voice suddenly was heard beneath her petticoats, saying, "What a deal of trouble I had in catching this half-wit emir—oh well, anything for a title." All the ladies grew pale at this candor and the embarrassed emir fled the room.

Alcine, of course, became famous and the subject of much study.

The Academy of Sciences met in solemn convolve to discuss the phenomenon of indiscreet jewels. The great physician, Olibri, advocate of the *vorticose* theory, argued with the famous geometer, Carcino, promoter of the *attractionave* theory. The noted anatomist, Orcotome, averred that the intimate female organ, in Greek called the *delphus*, has the properties of the trachea and can, therefore, speak as well as the mouth. So capable is it of distention and contraction that it may even break into song, he observed.

Meanwhile, Mangogul had whisked himself to a ladies' card party, where the *helandieres* were losing fortunes at laro. Mangogul tried his ring on the hostess, who had just lost a great sum.

"Without me," the jewel spoke up, "my mistress would be bankrupt. She lost 10,000 ducats to a financier, then another 10,000 to an *abbé*. So what did we do?—took on another lover. Thirty times a month, she'd bet me on the turn of the cards." The jewel sighed.

Off now to the Banza opera, the prince turned his ring on the female singers. They became mute, but their jewels suddenly produced whole arias. One girl's jewel sang touchingly, "Oh, no, not for the twelfth time!—but who is fucking me, dearest? Is it you, Blaise?" The audience was in disorder; the manager rang the curtain down. But it did prove the truth of Orcotome's theory.

Meanwhile, the Brahman priests from their pulpits denounced the women, saying, "Hear the evil that these talking organs have confessed: swollen pride, vanity and carnal loves! Forsake ye the evil Cadabra and accept the sweet laws of Brahma!"

Something had to be done, in this desperate situation, to silence the hysterics of the ladies, and so Eolipile, a member of the Royal Society of Monoegmugi, invented a kind of muzzle and made a fortune thereby. Fashionable ladies flocked to buy them until, to their horror, they discovered that the muzzles eventually made their crotches too sore to endure any friction in that region. One woman's jewel was so smothered that she swelled up and nearly burst before it could be removed. The women abandoned their muzzles.

One day, Mangogul played his trick on Thelis, the young and beautiful wife of an elderly general. Thelis' jewel cried out,

Nine explosions of love in four hours! What rapture! What a stud my dear Zer-mounzoid is! To say nothing of last winter, when I took thrusts from a whole regiment of swordsmen—Gaul, Jekis, Selim and the others. I remember that poor general who went to the front so dizzy from my squeezing that he sent 3000 soldiers to their deaths! This last remark upset Mangogul, since he had attended the funeral services of that officer.

One day, Mangogul and Mirzoza, talking about the ladies who were so fond of their pet dogs, decided to eavesdrop on the jewel of a lady named Haria. She lavished great love on her cocker spaniel, great Dane and two pugs. Mangogul and Mirzoza laughed to hear the account of the growling and snarling in Haria's bed as the pack competed with Sindor, the lady's lover, for first place.

Old Selim, the royal counselor not to be outdone by the jewels, began to regale Mangogul and Mirzoza with his youthful exploits. "In Tunis, on my travels, I fucked the wife of a corsair in a flower bed. What a tigress! On my way to Lisbon in a raging storm, I humped the captain's wife in a hammock. Wild swinging that was! In Spain, I paid off the duennas and screwed their sweet little 16-year-old

charges on castle parapets. Storming the breach, I called it! At the king's court in Versailles, I had so much tail that I grew exhausted and had to send my tutor to the ladies as a substitute. In England, I buggered the Lord Bishop's daughter—right in the clerestory! In Germany, the daughter of the Inspector of Bratwurst nearly devoured mine. In Italy, I found out that the ladies know tricks that even the French have never discovered!" The old man was so excited that he nearly fell into a convulsion and Mangogul had to calm him.

Still eager for scandalous confession, the lovers turned to Cypria, an old lady with a colorful past.

Her jewel began to speak: "I was born in Morocco, where I became a dancer at the Opera Theater. The courtiers were all jumping mad for a wild cunt from the mountains, and so, in six months, I earned 20,000 *écus* worth of jewelry. Next, I went traveling with a rich English milord who had a prick nine inches long. I think that I wore it down by two or three until he finally drooped and died, leaving me 50,000 guineas. Sailing to Venice, our ship was boarded by privateers and I was hoarded by two of the lustiest of them. While I had one of them at anchor, my mistress made the other one fire his cannon—guess how? For eight days, they fired broadsides until their shot lockers were empty.

"I fell in with a German count then and he took me to Vienna for months of fucking and feasting. How that man loved horseback riding—I mean, with my lady for a saddle, yelling, 'Giddyap!' and using his whip. Naturally, he died well before his time, bequeathing us thousands of florins.

"Italy lured us next and we amassed 70,000 scudi from the cavaliers of Rome. Strange men they are, who do everything wrong side to, kissing me passionately while sliding the other end upstairs."

All this time, the prince had a lurking curiosity to know what tales Mirzoza's jewel could tell. One day she became faint and fell into a swoon and he turned the ring upon her.

The jewel spoke feebly. It had no illicit adventures to tell—only everlasting love for her prince. He was much moved.

When she had recovered, he told her that he would grant her any wish within his power.

"Please return that accursed ring to Cucufa!" she said. "It is driving us both mad from the poison of curiosity."

Mangogul did as she wished. And this charming couple lived happily ever after—or at least I supposed they did.

—Retold by William H. Kupper



Honey (continued from page 193)

Cupping my breast in her two hands, Iris bent over me, bringing her mouth down onto the naked nipple, sucking and nipping at it with her sharp little teeth. It wasn't Iris who was moaning now. It was me. Iris' eyes opened wide in fascinated amazement as she watched the silver pastie on my left breast pop off and land on one of the pillows, a victim of my swollen, stiffened left nipple.

Iris pulled back, sliding silently down my body and in between my thighs. I stroked her fluffy brown hair while her mouth moved over my belly and the soft flesh inside my thighs. It was a delicious feeling to be unafraid to let my feelings flow: from deep inside the inner pink caverns of my womanhood, through all my body and out to Iris. Trusting and open for the first time in my life, all my barriers disappeared and I felt myself swept along, floating on a swift-moving stream of passion, headed for the falls nonstop!

Her lips teasingly plucked at the tender skin around my pussy. She moved slowly, never rushing, but I could feel her own intensity as she rubbed her swollen, silk-clad pussy up and down my leg in steady rhythm. Holding my thighs open wide, she led my pussy closer and closer to the edge with her swirling, bright-red tongue. The tempo of her educated tongue picked up, moving faster and faster. I closed my eyes. The sound of someone moaning brought me out of my hot-pink dream. It was my own voice I had heard! Circling, swirling, moving in and out, Iris' tongue had crystallized my passions into a single, fluttering pearl in her mouth. I clucked at her head as I felt myself being taken. And then, suddenly, I was there. I exploded in her mouth in total, exquisite abandonment, holding on to her as she continued to drink and soak up my woman's nectar.

I had never felt anything like it. Iris had possessed a certain something about me as woman that I hadn't known. It was the first time in my life that the fear of getting pregnant didn't inhibit me. I felt free sexually, and so I climaxed!

We lay quietly in each other's arms until sleep washed over us, taking the hours away. Late that afternoon, Iris jumped out of bed and went to the bar to check out the refrigerator. It was filled with bottles of champagne and boxes of chocolate-covered cherries. Iris served me champagne in bed and then placed a chocolate-covered cherry on each of my breasts. As you might expect, she was a very sloppy eater. Nibbling a hole in the chocolate, she let the thick cherry syrup ooze down and over my breasts. I might have been furious with her, but she did such a great job of cleaning up!

Iris and I spent two glorious weeks in

my penthouse. When she suggested that we drive to her apartment in New York, I quickly agreed. I was eager to see New York and, besides, I needed a vacation. I had been working the Chez Paree for 23 weeks without a day off!

It didn't waste any time introducing me to gay New York. Whatever I needed, she had a friend in the business or knew someone who did. Within the first week, we visited her friends in tacky second-story Seventh Avenue garment showrooms, where she bought me a wool-and-cashmere wardrobe. We frequented the jewelers' exchange for a gold ring with an inch-long topaz and a chunky pink-gold bracelet. Her furrier fitted me with a gorgeous, curly black Persian lamb coat and her connoisseur-quality weed connection delivered to the door. On New Year's Day after a night of champagne, I awakened in Iris' seven-foot bed to find fresh, plump strawberries—covering the sensitive parts of my body. Iris' gentle mouth was eating away the strawberries lying on my nipples. Then she moved down toward my tummy and ate the strawberry she had placed in my belly button, ending her berry hunt in the curls of my pussy.

Though I loved those weeks of intensity with Iris, I was always ready to work. So when my agent called to say that I had a four-week booking—headlining no less—at the Club Chanticleer in Baltimore, I was eager to go.

Iris drove me to Baltimore, but after three days, she had to return to New York on business for four weeks. It would be our longest separation since we'd met. I was on my own again.

Every city has a 24-hour deli and, if you're a night person, you locate it as soon as you hit town. In Baltimore in 1951, it was the Mayflower Coffee Shop; plastic-fantastic, incandescent-fluorescent, fresh bagels and strong coffee. Most of the entertainers in town stayed at the Mayflower Hotel, so, from three A.M. on, the coffee shop was filled with the machine-gun like chatter patter of strippers, comics, dancers, singers, managers and club owners unwinding from work. It was on one of those ordinary, "I'll have two eggs over easy, narmalade with my toasted bagel and coffee, please," kind of nights that I met Lenny Bruce.

It was about 2.30 A.M., a little early for the club crowd. I was having a nosh with Tommy "Moe" Raft, a baggy-pants burlesque comedian. We'd just about finished eating when absolutely the most handsome man I'd seen in my life walked in the front door, a curvy-cutie showgirl on each arm. My jaw dropped. Grabbing my coffee cup, I casually sipped at the ice-cold dregs as the beautiful stranger,

dressed in a slim fitting tuxedo, white-on-white shirt and pencil-thin black tie, walked by. Lenny—for, of course, that's who it was—paused to say hello to Tommy, whom he'd known in New York. He flashed me a boyish grin and I felt a sensation like something melting inside me. Tommy did the honors.

"Honey, I would like you to meet Lenny Bruce, a very funny young man and a good friend of mine. Lenny's working at — Where you workin'?"

"I'm at the Club Charles."

"Yeah, that's right, at the Club Charles." Tommy beamed at me, like a doting uncle. "Lenny, I would like you to meet Honey Harlow, the feature stripper on my show and a very lovely lady."

All I could do was smile. Lenny was so handsome. Black wavy hair, smooth, olive-tinted skin, full, naturally arched eyebrows, deep-brown eyes: very sensitive yet demanding at the same time. Everything about him looked beautiful to me.

Tommy had bought a matchbox of grass, so after we'd finished eating, he invited Lenny and the chorus girls and me to his hotel room for a "j." Marijuana wasn't taken seriously in those days. It was more like birthday cake. Once in a while you ran into it and between unces, you did without. It was in the late Fifties that the in-between times started getting progressively shorter. The five of us piled into Tommy's room and passed a couple of joints around. By the time we'd finished smoking them, Tommy's tiny room was a mellow haze of smoke and everyone was smiling. When dawn broke, the girls had left and Tommy was out on the couch. I felt great. Lenny had kept me high all night with a nonstop stream of laughs, most of them played to me. I knew I didn't want Lenny to go, but I crossed to the hall door to leave. We stood facing each other for a moment, and then Lenny placed a Sen Sen in the palm of my hand. He looked deep into my eyes, cupped my hand in his and slowly bent forward. I felt his breath on my hand and then the warm, wet fleshiness of his tongue stroking my palm while he picked up the Sen Sen with his lips. I thought I'd melt into a puddle.

We walked up the flight of stairs to my room on the floor above without saying another word. My hand was cradled inside Lenny's hand and the electricity flowing between us was like Dexedrine to my heart and champagne to my brain. Once inside my room, Lenny pulled me to him—not just my face or my ass, all of me. I felt my body pressing against his. I was desperate to find and press myself against every dip of his body, every curve, every muscle. We closed the door and, although I don't remember, I'm certain I locked it and boled it. But short of an earthquake, a fire raging in the halls or a

(continued on page 257)

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZ

PORTNOY, IN SEARCH OF MATERIAL FOR HIS NEXT BOOK, TREATS ANNIE AND WANDA TO A WEEKEND AT HEADSTONE, THE MUCH-TALKED-ABOUT RETREAT OUTSIDE LOS ANGELES. HEADSTONE, WHERE THE VENTURESOME GO TO LEARN A NEW, OPEN LIFE STYLE, WHERE MEDITATION AND HEALTH FOOD IS THE ORDER OF THE DAY AND WHERE DOPE AND WHISKEY AND OTHER SINFUL THINGS ARE STRICTLY FORBIDDEN—ESPECIALLY DURING THE ORGIES

MORE
NUDITY! WHAT
ARE YOU GETTING
ME INTO THIS TIME,
WANDA? JUST BECAUSE
PORTNOY IS PAYING
FOR OUR WEEK-
END—

ANNIE, BABY...
HEADSTONE HAS A FANTASTIC
REPUTATION FOR TURNING YOUR HEAD
AROUND AND MAKING YOU INTO A BEAUTIFUL
NEW HUMAN BEING, AND LOOK AT WHAT A
BEAUTIFUL RETREAT IT IS, SECLUDED AND PEACE-
FUL, FRIENDLY MEMBERS RELAXING IN THE
WHIRLPOOL BATH, SOUNDS OF BARNYARD
ANIMALS, LIKE OLD MACDONALD'S
FARM—

WHUFF!
GRUNT!
SQUEAL!

E-I-E-I
OH-HH!

GRUNT!
SQUEAL!

OINK!

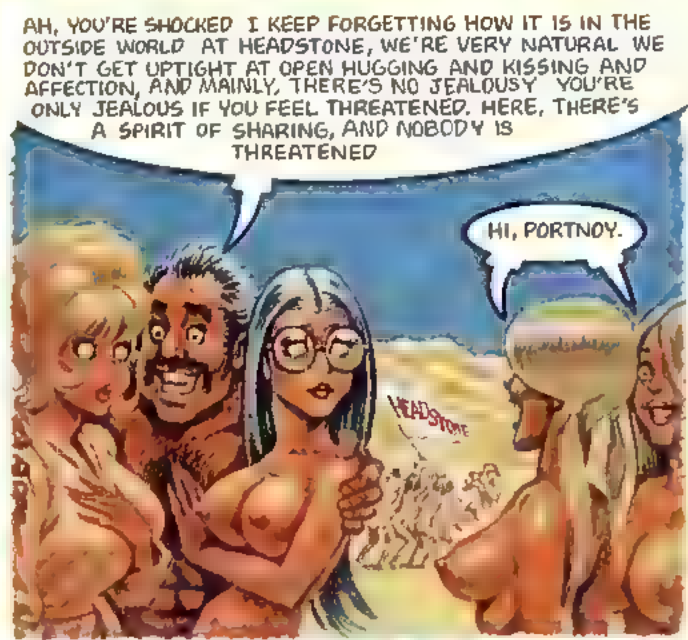
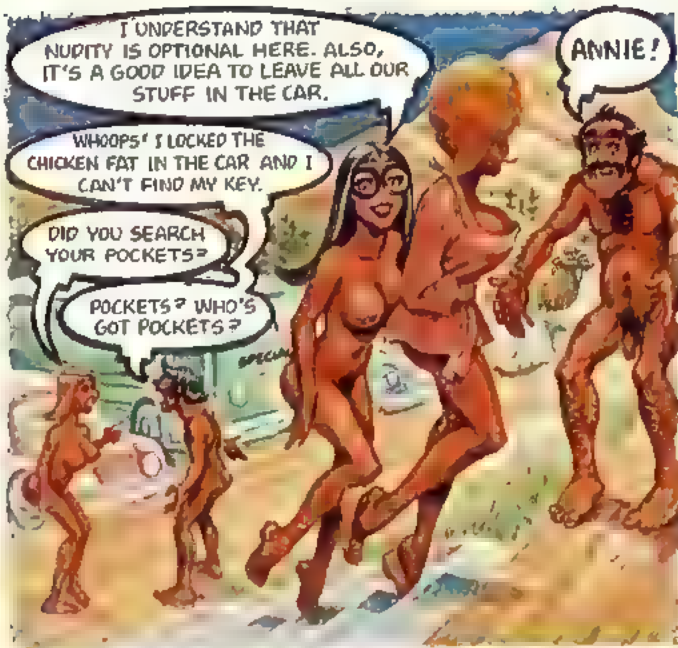
IT SEEMS
INNOCENT ENOUGH.
I MIGHT EVEN TAKE
A BATH MYSELF.
LOOK AT THE RAPTURE
ON THEIR FACES. A
WARM, JACUZZI
WHIRLPOOL BATH
DOES THAT.

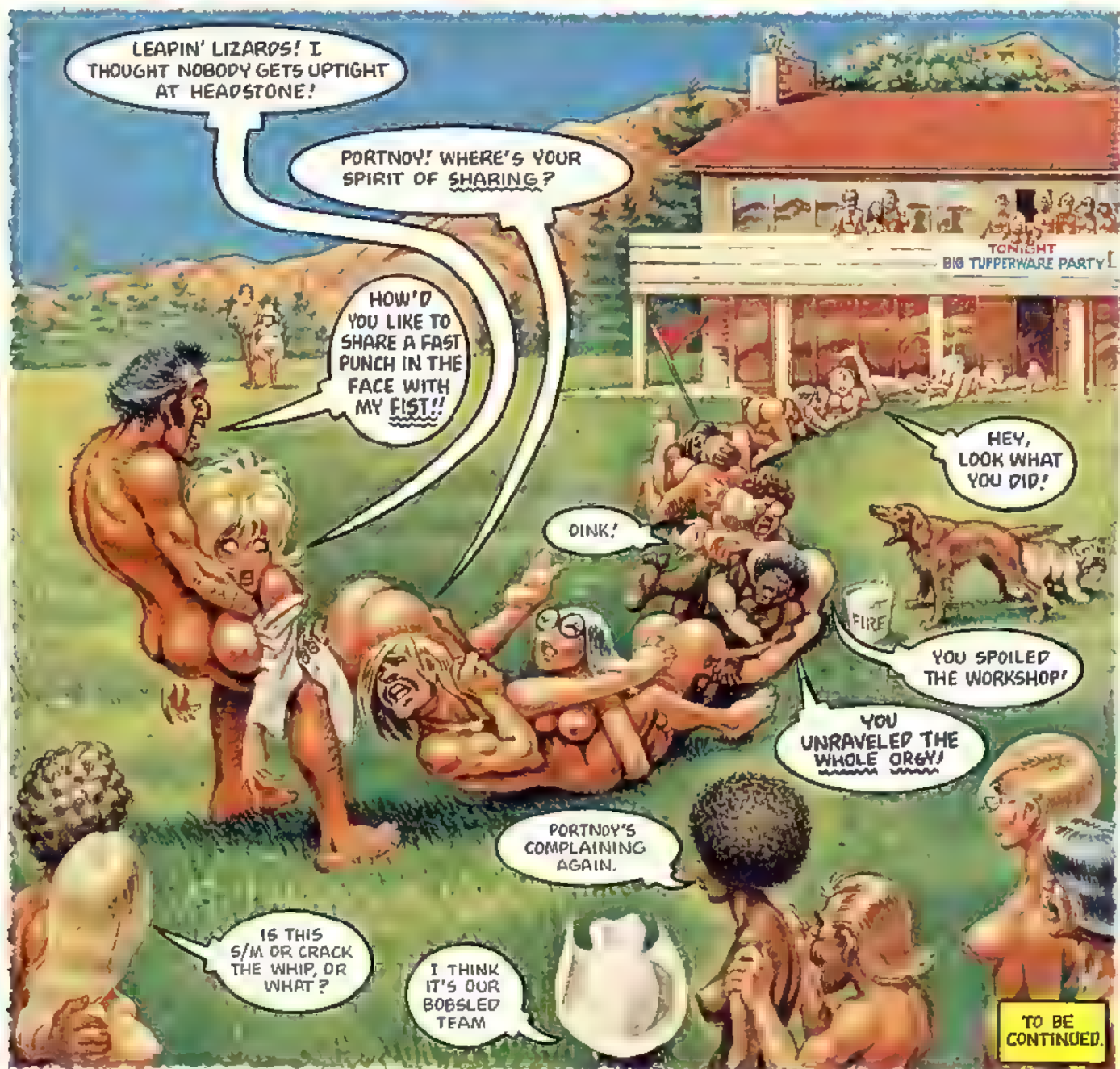
— NOW
EVERYONE
SWITCH HANDS,
PARTNERS AND
FRIENDLY
MEMBERS

BUCK,
BUCK,
BUCK!

PLEASE!
NO MONEY—
TALK AT
HEADSTONE!

PARKING





SEX STARS OF 1976

role in *Cannonball*, one of several demolition derby movies that appeared in 1976. Meanwhile, he was busily writing the script for *Rocky*, the story of a club fighter in Philadelphia, a punk who for walking-around money, leans on delinquent debtors for a loan shark. When Rocky gets a lucky chance at a championship bout, he pulls himself together to meet the challenge.

Stallone wrote the script with himself in mind. He subjected himself to a year-long regimen of calisthenics so that he would be physically primed for the role. Many studios submitted bids for the script but not for Stallone. He wasn't in studio parlance, bankable. (Which, incidentally, is a misnomer. No bank has ever considered a star, of whatever magnitude, to be collateral for a loan. A better word would be marketable—someone a major studio would buy as part of a package from an independent producer.) At any rate, the studios wanted Stallone's script for an established star. Stallone, however, was willing to wait and eventually the independent production firm of Clanton Winkler bought the package—paying considerably less for Stallone and his script than other producers had offered for the script alone.

Out of Stallone's gamble has come a new star. Unfortunately, his story is the exception today. Both major and independent studios have become lamentably indifferent to developing new talent. Which means that whenever any film involving a multimillion-dollar investment is about to go into production, the same tired old names are trotted out. Not that they provide any guarantee of a profitable return. This year's *The Missouri Breaks* costarred two of the biggest names in the business, Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson, yet it merely broke even. Nor did *Lucky Lady*, costarring Liza Minnelli, Burt Reynolds and Gene Hackman rack up any box-office records.

Almost all the so-called bankables you'll note, are men. At the moment, their ranks include Brando, Nicholson, Reynolds, Warren Beatty, Charles Bronson, Robert De Niro, Clint Eastwood, Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, Al Pacino and Robert Redford—and that's just for openers. Bring the budget down a couple of million and you can add such names as James Caan, Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, Elliott Gould, Ryan O'Neal and George Segal. But what do you find on the disaff side? Minnelli, Barbra Streisand and (yes) Fatum O'Neal, with possibly Ann Margret, Goldie Hawn, Valerie Perrine, depending on the projected male co-star.

Perhaps the most common complaint heard around the studios in recent years has been, "There aren't any good roles for women anymore." The usual reply

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There aren't enough bankable females to play them." Which is part of the problem. Neither Minnelli nor Streisand (much less O'Neal) is physically or technically equipped to handle every role that comes along (as Minnelli rather pathetically demonstrated in *Lucky Lady*). Furthermore, even if he should take a fancy to a script in which the female role is clearly the stronger, a film maker might have difficulty signing up a marketable male co-star. Few in that category are eager to subordinate themselves to a woman who's less well known, however talented. Not when there are all those nice producers out there who want them for themselves alone.

Obviously, potential sex stars—male and female—are not suddenly in short supply but these days, everything depends on "the deal." Both *Lucky Lady* and *The Missouri Breaks* were typical deal-movies. A producer assembles enough salable elements—stars, director, script—in a package and he's in business. Whether or not his picture ultimately makes a nickel for the studio, he has earned his producer's fee—sometimes as much as ten percent of the budget—simply for putting the package together. Many producers today will refuse to handle anything under \$1,000,000, regardless of its quality or potential. Such pictures, they claim, have all the headaches of a far more expensive movie—and what's in it for them?

What's in it for them, of course, is their percentage of the profits, should the picture take off. But it's a risk, and nowadays stars, as well as producers, would rather have the heavy money up front than gamble on a possibly profitable future. The top stars have it both ways: a fat salary up front, plus a percentage of either the net or the gross. Nicholson got \$1,250,000 for his role in *The Missouri Breaks*, Brando \$1,000,000 plus a healthy percentage of the gross while Hackman received \$1,250,000 for consenting to step into *Lucky Lady* after George Segal abruptly bowed out (at \$750,000). Clearly, such multimillion-dollar contracts are profitable to the deal makers, but they can be suicidal for the studios that have to put up the money. After the twin disasters of *Lucky Lady* and *At Long Last Love*, which put a severe strain on its financial resources, 20th Century-Fox was saved by the surprising success of two relatively low-budgeted pictures, Mel Brooks's *Silent Movie* and *The Omen*, starring Gregory Peck (who had long ceased being referred to as one of the bankables).

Unfortunately, the prevalence of the deal and the studios' insistence on top stars to get pictures off the ground have had the dual effect of robbing audiences of new faces—and depriving those new

faces of the job opportunities they need before they become old faces.

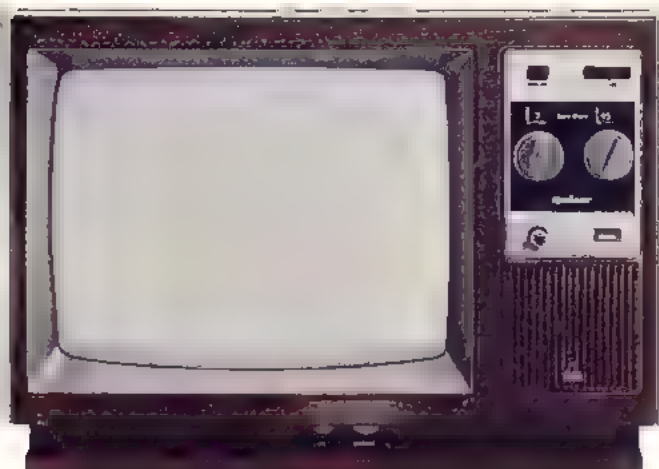
Such opportunities, alas, are going to be in even shorter supply, thanks to the new tax laws, which place severe restrictions on the kind of tax shelters that have been bringing new money into the industry. With these inducements gone, production is bound to sink to new lows.

Hope, however, springs eternal in the breast of every young actor. Waiting in the wings, as it were, are any number of contenders for that crucial thrust into the big time, foremost among them being Perry King, memorable as the manner idol of the Twenties who seduces Raquel Welch in *The Wild Party*. Unfortunately for King, the film was a flop. He might have made the breakthrough in *Man-dingo*, as the heir apparent to a slave stud farm in the Deep, Deep South (with pre-nuptial rights to any female slave who struck his fancy), except that the script required him to play the role as a crippled weakling. He refused to appear in the sequel *Drum*; and Warren Oates, who inherited the part, apparently refused to play it as a cripple. King was wasted in *Lipstick* as Margaux Hemingway's hand-holding friend, the sort of role that used to fall to Ralph Bellamy; at this writing, he is shooting *Andy Warhol's Bad* in New York.

Sam Elliott, a refugee from television, was luckier as the muscular protagonist of *Lifeguard* who has to choose between the adulation (and occasional sexual favors) of the beach-bronzed teeny boppers and a more regimented, but far more profitable, life as an auto salesman. It was Elliott who made the movie work, but how many people saw it? The same question may be asked of Keith Carradine, the guitar-playing love of Lily Tomlin's life in Robert Altman's *Nashville*, which gained critical acclaim but puny box-office receipts. Carradine was terribly persuasive in a none too likable role. He may have a better chance in the upcoming *Welcome to L.A.* His brother David, who brought kung fu to television, has been confining his big screen activities to low-budget epics like *Cannonball* but, according to Hollywood scuttlebutt, makes his bid for authentic stardom as Thirties folk singer Woody Guthrie in *Bound for Glory*, a film that should be appearing on local screens before long.

Also high on the waiting list is hand some Jan-Michael Vincent, who never seems to want for work. In 1976 alone he was seen in *Baby Blue Marine*, *Lightside Force* and *Shadow of the Hawk* but that one plum role, the star maker persists in eluding him. Just 31, and looking younger, he still has time. That he also has talent is demonstrated by the wide variety of parts he has played since his 1971 starring debut in *Buster and Billie*. He was particularly effective as the bullying, arrogant, ambitious cowpoke in

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Richard Brooks's *Bite the Bullet*, but the picture performed disappointingly, and probably for no one more so than Jan-Michael. Recently, though, he has moved from Columbia to 20th Century-Fox, which is starring him (above George Peppard, Dominique Sanda and Paul Winfield) in a big-budget science-fiction thriller, *Damnation Alley*.

Unhappily, no crystal ball reveals in advance how any picture will do—or what it will do for the people who are in it. On paper, the possibility of playing Clark Gable in Universal's pseudo-biographical *Gable and Lombard* must have seemed to James Brolin the opportunity of a lifetime, his one big chance to emerge from the shadow of *Marcus Welby, M.D.* Brolin has tried several times before, notably in *Skylarked* and *Westworld*, but these did little for him. But to play Gable, the sexiest sex star of the Thirties—what more could any ambitious young actor ask? The answer is, plenty—beginning with a decent script. It didn't take a film historian to poke holes in Barry Sandler's screenplay; any movie buff could manage, and most of

them did. What was worse, the role fitted Brolin like the suit of a man who has just lost 20 pounds. Universal's make-up people managed to make him look like Gable (at least from certain angles), and Brolin himself produced a reasonable facsimile of the well-remembered Gable speech mannerisms. But watching him in the film was a cross between catching a third-rate star in a hit show's touring company on an off night in Paducah and gazing upon Gable's effigy in the Hollywood Wax Museum.

Most of the newer fellows had even less opportunity. True, the talented Jeff Bridges did an outstanding job as the jaded Southern aristocrat who finds a slim purpose in life among the muscle builders and blue-grass musicians in Bob Rafelson's raffish *Stay Hungry*—but the audiences stayed away in droves. Jeff's no-less-talented brother, Beau, wasted himself as a psychotic young man who perhaps loves, perhaps hates his mother in *Dragonfly* (later retitled *One Summer Love*) and as a foppish martinet in *Swashbuckler* (which buckled more than it swashed). To all intents and purposes,

the two highly personable Bridges boys were simply marking time in 1976.

So was Timothy Bottoms, with two low-keyed performances in two modest movies, *A Small Town in Texas* and *Operation Daybreak*. So was ex-evangelist Marjoe Gortner, who converted to movies on the basis of a documentary based on his life. Neither *Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw* nor the outrageously cheap-Jack production of *The Food of the Gods* (a sci-fi thriller in which Marjoe is required to subdue pony-sized rats) was likely to advance his reputation; maybe he'll do better with *Viva Knievel!* Michael Sarrazin's career was not enhanced a whit by his appearances in *The Loves and Tunes of Scaramouche* and *The Gumball Rally*; and Harvey Keitel, after his dynamic roles in Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets* and *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, may have dropped back a few rungs after playing a nail-shard pimp in Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*, a 19th Century version of a cool PR man in Altman's *Buffalo Bill and the Indians* and a squarish ambulance driver in *Mother, Fugs & Speed*. Keitel, who has the high-octane energy to make it as a major sex star, runs the risk of slipping over into the category of dependable character actor. Perhaps his role in *Welcome to L.A.*, which Altman is producing, will supply the answer.

There is a strange no man's land between the stars who are on their way up and those who have already made it. In this uncomfortable category fall people like Bruce Dern, Richard Dreyfuss, Kris Kristofferson, Roy Scheider and Michael York, all of whom have appeared in prestigious pictures, all of whom are recognizable "names." But it has yet to be proved that their names are what bring anybody to the box office. Dreyfuss and Scheider, for example, were together in *Jaws*; but no one doubts for a moment that it was Bruce, the plastic shark, that attracted the customers. Was it Dern or director Alfred Hitchcock who won audiences for *Family Plot*? If it was Dern, what became of all those fans when he starred in *Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood*? Where were York's fans when he starred in *Logan's Run*? Kristofferson was certainly sexy in *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*, which fared fairly well at the box office, but he seemed far more at ease in *Vigilante Force*, which went nowhere. Elliott Gould and George Segal are in constant demand, no matter how poorly their last films performed, but might not real pros like Tony Lo Bianco, Charles Grodin or Sam Waterston do as well? Who's to know? They are looked upon as reliable actors, not marquee attractions.

Nor has 1976 proved a banner year for black stars, most of whom were bred in the blaxploitation boom that followed in the wake of *Shaft*. Possibly, it's



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THE SHOWER MASSAGE
by Water Pik

because the men who appeared in those pictures—Jim Brown, Richard Roundtree, Fred Williamson et al—were not essentially actors. Brown and Williamson established their reputations in pro football; Roundtree, for all his muscles, had simply done some modeling in New York. Since the earlier films were basically action pictures, this lack of histrionic expertise could be forgiven, if not ignored altogether. With the success of *Sounder*, *Lady Sings the Blues* and *Mandingo*, however, emphasis has swung to "crossover" pictures, films created to appeal to both white and black audiences, with greater attention paid to plot and characterization. As a result, those star athletes who have muscles everywhere but in their faces—like heavyweight Ken Norton in *Drum*—are at an obvious disadvantage. Probably at the top of the heap now (literally so in Universal's logo for *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*) is handsome, talented Billy Dee Williams, who earlier established himself in *Lady Sings the Blues* and *Muhogany*. He seems to be preempting the roles that ordinarily would have gone to Sidney Poitier. Also on the rise at the moment is Roger E. Mosley, who gave a powerful performance in *Lendbelly* but may be destined to join the ranks of James Earl Jones and Yaphet Kotto as a strong character actor, not a sex star.

The entire star-making situation is aggravated by the unconscionable length of time it now takes to get most major pictures produced. Ryan O'Neal spent the better part of a year in England and Ireland working on Stanley Kubrick's ill-fated *Barry Lyndon* before going into Peter Bogdanovich's *Nickelodeon*. With any luck, O'Neal should be visible on-screen again around Easter time. Al Pacino, always choosy about his roles, let nearly a year go by between *Dog Day Afternoon* and *Bobby Deerfield*, currently shooting in Europe for release next summer. Barbra Streisand, whose *Finny Lady* appeared in March 1975, will just make it under the wire this year with her long-delayed rock version of *A Star Is Born*, co-starring Kristofferson. As for Brando, no one is prepared to even guess the release date of *Apocalypse Now*, the trouble-plagued, multimillion-dollar epic that Francis Ford Coppola has been shooting in the Philippines since last March. Of the established stars, only Charles Bronson and Clint Eastwood appear with sufficient frequency to keep their credit lines intact.

On the distaff side, the scene is even scarier. According to Norma Connolly, national chairwoman of the Screen Actors Guild's Woman's Conference Committee, fewer than 40 percent of SAG's 32,500 members are female; yet their share of the jobs in movies and television is a mere 23 percent. Obviously, the scramble for women's roles is becoming intense and

bitter. Perhaps that is why gorgeous Victoria Principal, after two unimpressive outings (*Vigilante Force* and *I Will, I Will . . . for Now*) in 1976, finally withdrew from the rat-race to become, of all things, an agent.

There are plenty of bright, eager, experienced young women for the casting directors to call upon whenever the occasion arises, if the occasion arises. The trouble is, they all seem to have been cut with the same cookie cutter, which cookie is chosen becomes primarily a matter of chance. Significantly, when a female role of any depth turns up, it generally goes to a European actress. Steve Shagan, for example, rewrote the callgirl character in his *Hustle* script to make her French, so that the role could be played by Catherine Deneuve. Ever since the exciting talent of Marthe Keller was revealed to American film makers last year in Claude Lelouch's *And Now My Love* (in which she played three generations of women), she has been besieged by the studios. Before the year is out, she will be delectably visible in *The Marathon Man*, followed next spring by *Black Sunday*, currently, she's back in France co-starring with Al Pacino in *Bobby Deerfield*. The pale blonde beauty of Dominique Sanda graces not only Bernardo Bertolucci's five-hour marathon, *1900* (in which she plays opposite Robert De Niro and Donald Sutherland), and Bernardo Bolognini's *The Inheritance* (for which she won a best actress award) but also 20th Century Fox's otherwise all-American *Damnation Alley*—playing, against all probability, the only female left alive west of the Rockies (in Las Vegas, yet). During the past year or so, England's Charlotte Rampling has moved from Mexico (*Foxrot*) to Hollywood (*Farewell, My Lovely*) to Canada (*Orca*, with Richard Harris). And Glenda Jackson would seem to have first crack at anything that's left, especially if it's a Great Dramatic Role (like her Hedda Gabler or her Sarah Bernhardt in *The Incredible Sarah*).

Why so many imported actresses? Because European film makers have always laid great stress upon their female characters, giving them personalities and identities. Consider only Liv Ullmann, so extraordinary in Ingmar Bergman's *Cries and Whispers* and *Face to Face*, so lost in her U.S. pictures *Lost Horizons* and *40 Carats*. European stars are chosen by American directors not merely because they have a face but because they have a persona—an identity that emerges out of the roles they have been asked to play. The tragedy is that our native actresses don't have the same opportunities to display their talents or to stretch them. Perhaps American actresses today, like the opera singers of an earlier time, should go abroad to be discovered. After all, it worked for Eastwood and Bronson!

Still, there are thousands of young hopefuls who continue to knock on studio gates and dozens who have been persistent enough (or lucky enough) to be waitlisted for stardom. Tops among these at the moment is tall, tawny Lauren Hutton, nee Mary Laurence Hutton, former Playboy Club Bunny, former *Vogue* model and, up to 30 days a year, Revlon's maid of all work (at \$200,000 annually, she doesn't do win-dows). Lauren, now visible in *Gator* and *Welcome to L.A.*, is not at all convinced that a film career is her be-all and end-all. "The whole point in life," she told an interviewer recently, "is to travel and hope it shows on your face." She has turned down as many film jobs as she has accepted, explaining, "There's some garbage you can't eat." Garbage or not, at least she gets the offers, which she tries to fit in between modeling sessions and her own photographic expeditions up the Amazon or off in Bali.

Also out of the ranks of New York's fashion models comes tall, willowy Candy Clark, who, unlike Hutton, is determined to make it all work for her on the screen. Her film career dates back to a Thanksgiving party in New York when, suddenly, there was Jack Nicholson looming over her and inviting her to watch some scenes he was shooting for *Carnal Knowledge*. He also gave her name to casting director Fred Roos who asked her to fly out to Hollywood to test for a role in John Huston's *Fat City*. "But I was doing all right as a model," Candy recalls, "and, besides, I'd have to pay my own way. So we compromised. I said I'd come if he'd take me to Disneyland and to the Academy Awards. He did, even though we sat behind a pillar in the third balcony for the Academy show." Three years later, she had a much better seat—as an Oscar nominee for her role as the teenaged blonde sexpot in *American Graffiti*. Next year, she may well be back there again, thanks to her tempestuous scenes opposite rock star David Bowie—the oddly compelling but most implausible leading man of the year—in Nicholas Roeg's *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, in which, for the first time, Candy went nude. "I never did it in New York," she says, "even though the price for nude models was \$500 a day—or was it per hour? But when I read the script, it seemed appropriate, so I did it. After this Harry Reems case [the Memphis *Deep Throat* trials, chronicled in October's *PLAYBOY*], though, I'm not so sure. I only hope I don't land in jail somewhere."

Candy looks back on her career with other misgivings. "Perhaps I started too high," she says. "Huston, Roeg and George Lucas—they're hard to follow." By Hollywood standards, she lives modestly, driving a Volkswagen and turning down roles in movies—and especially in TV shows—that don't interest her. As a



"He offered me a big, juicy part once—but it wasn't in a movie."

result, she has made only three pictures in five years. But, like dozens of other talented young actresses, she's determined to hang in there. What Candy can't understand—and with reason—is why she should have been paid so much less than her male co-stars this time out. "I was signed right after David," she says, "and, by rights, I should have had second billing. But they wanted to leave that open to attract another male star—Rip Torn. He got much more than I did, yet I had to do a lot of physical things, like picking David up and carrying him. And the nude scenes." In the best of all possible worlds, Candy would have received as much for her work as David Bowie did. But then, this isn't the best of all possible worlds.

The list of models who have become movie stars is a long one, topped at the moment by Marisa Berenson and Cybill Shepherd but including (in addition to Lauren and Candy) such promising and attractive newcomers as Farrah Fawcett-Majors of *Logan's Run* and Jessica Lange, who took up where Fay Wray left off in Dino De Laurentiis' impressively budgeted version of *King Kong*. According to advance reports, old Kong does considerably more with his new girlfriend than just tote her up the side of a skyscraper. (Just what, given his disproportionate size, is difficult to imagine.) A few years ago, the discovery that the 99-and-44 100-percent-pure girl on its Ivory Snow boxes had become San Francisco porno queen Marilyn Chambers became a matter of some concern to Procter & Gamble. Although both corporation and Chambers seem to have survived the ordeal, Marilyn has been less than successful in a stab at a night club career; she's now awaiting the start date for *City Blues*, a new (and non-X) movie to be directed by veteran Nicholas (*Rebel Without a Cause*) Ray. While waiting, she was imprudent enough to dance nude in a Los Angeles theater—and get busted for it.

Meanwhile, beautiful Catherine Deneuve, formerly one of France's most sought-after high-fashion models, has been supplementing her take-home pay from movie studios on both sides of the Atlantic by appearing in those Chanel ads, the sultriest 60 seconds on prime-time TV.

The year's most publicized recruit from the fashion salons, however, is six-foot, sexy Margaux Hemingway, the athletic, 21-year-old granddaughter of author Ernest and daughter of Jack Hemingway, a fish-and-game commissioner in Ketchikan, Idaho (on the edge of fashionable Sun Valley). On a ski promotion tour to New York City, she almost immediately met Frol Werson, who, impressed by her all-American good looks and boundless vitality, offered to oversee her career—and her life. After sharing an apartment on Manhattan's Upper

East Side, the two were married, in Paris, in June 1975. Within months of their meeting, Werson had skyrocketed Margaux's modeling rates to \$100 an hour by seeing to it that both her face and her frame graced not only the fashion pages but also the society sections of New York newspapers and national magazines. By the time the search for someone to play the fashion model who gets raped in *Lipstick* began, she had become the logical choice. Everyone knew her name and most people, especially women, could recognize on sight the cool, blue-eyed blonde with the dark lashes and the sultry lips—a kind of animated Grace Kelly. What was she really like—*Lipstick* (which also featured Margaux's younger sister, Mariel) left the question largely unanswered. But there can be no question that this handsome, spirited girl will have many more opportunities to prove herself. "I guess for me," she said not long ago, "movies are inevitable." And one can only ask, Why not? If movies weren't invented for girls who look like Margaux, what were they invented for?

Well, maybe for girls like Valerie Perrine, former lead dancer in Las Vegas revues. Catapulted into films with her galvanic portrait of Montana Wildhack, the fantastic foldout girl of Michael Sacks's sex fantasies in *Slaughterhouse-Five*, the winsome Valerie consolidated her position both as actress and as sexpot by playing (marvelously well) the role of Honey, a night-club stripper switched on to drugs by husband Lenny Bruce in Robert Fosse's award-winning production of *Lenny*. This year's outing, in which she played Carlotta Montu opposite Rod Steiger in *W. C. Fields and Me*, was less felicitous. In fact, she hated the whole experience. "After that film was finished," she told an interviewer, "I was ready to quit the business. I cried all the time, and drank too much, and was so unhappy I behaved unprofessionally. I regret it now. I did something an actress should never do: I gave up trying. I got a bad reputation on that film." Perhaps within the industry; but for the critics and the public, her performance as Fields's long-suffering but understanding mistress was one of the film's few saving graces. As far as the industry is concerned (the public has yet to be consulted), Valerie more than redeems herself in the forthcoming *Windfall*, in which she plays a lady detective assigned to prevent Italian car mechanic Terence Hill from collecting a billion-dollar legacy in San Francisco. "I just love it," said Perrine of the film while on location in Sonoma, California—and the people she was working with—including Jackie Gleason—just loved her. "She was wonderful, cooperative and thoroughly professional," stated producer Steven Bach, "a producer's dream star."

Enhancing Valerie's dreams off and

on over the past several years has been millionaire Jamal Kanafani, a Lebanese industrialist who, she avows, got her to cut down on her drinking after the *Fields* fiasco. "I love the way he treats me," she said recently. "I consider myself a very liberated lady. I support myself. I'm 32. I'm a free woman. Not the kind who has to burn her bra or wear Levis to prove it—really free. But here I am with this man, and when he's around, I hardly open my mouth unless spoken to. He makes me feel—do you want to know?—totally, absolutely feminine."

And then we have Jacqueline Bisset and Karen Black, two of the hardest-working young ladies in films at the moment. For Black, the high point came early in the year, when she played a reluctant accomplice to murder in Hitchcock's nimble, witty *Family Plot* and managed to come off looking like a minor-league Marlene Dietrich. (Hitchcock had achieved the same effect some years earlier with Eva Marie Saint in *North by Northwest*.) Karen's low point had to be *Crime and Passion*, in which she plays Omar Sharif's partner in crime in an attempt to swindle industrialist Bernhard Wicki out of a great deal of money. Karen came on strong, but the script—allegedly improvised on location—didn't. In between was *Burnt Offerings*, in which Karen becomes increasingly enthralled by a malevolent mansion. The mansion has a swimming pool, and one evening Karen goes skinnydipping with husband Oliver Reed; apart from that, it would be difficult to list the film's attractions.

Nor did Bisset fare much better with her roles in *End of the Game* and *St. Ives*, both rather staid productions for a girl who made her bow in a picture (*The Sweet Ride*) in the opening shots of which she lost the top of her bikini. Still to come is *The Deep*, Peter Benchley's follow-up to his highly successful *Jaws*. Will she lose more of her accouterments there? Probably not. The latest word from Bisset is "No more nudes." Not so petite Genevieve Bujold, who took a bold plunge for all to see in *Swashbuckler*, and also dueling with the swashbuckler himself, Robert Shaw, in a scene in which he insouciantly sliced one by one, the ties holding her blouse together. The accomplished Canadian-born actress reveals even more in *Alex and the Gypsy*, in which a salient plot point revolves around her tattooed *derrière*. Nevertheless, as the nubile student with whom Cliff Robertson falls madly and, it turns out, incestuously in love in Brian De Palma's *Obsession*, Bujold reveals that she has other assets—notably the ability to project a youthful sensuality extraordinary for an actress pushing 35. Bilingual, she is in constant demand here, in Canada and in France, and small wonder. She went directly from *Swashbuckler* into *Alex and the Gypsy*

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opposite Jack Lemmon, making it quite possible that the diminutive Geneviève will have four major films to her credit for the year.

There's an old Hollywood story, perhaps apocryphal, about a studio head who was famous for having all of his starlets go down on him. Finally, one of them achieved full stardom. The producer unzipped his fly in anticipation of the accustomed ritual, but the lady icily informed him, "I don't have to do that anymore. I'm a star now." We can hope that particular requirement is a thing of the past. But we can also rejoice in the fact that not all established stars are inhibited about mere nudity. One has only to recall Sarah Miles's scenes with Kristofferson in *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*, or Charlotte Rampling's in *Yuppi Du* with Adriano Celentano, or Romy Schneider's in *anything*, to realize that clothes are no longer a status symbol. Still clambering toward stardom, and shucking their garb en route, are pert Susanne (*A Boy and His Dog*) Benton; fashionable Marisa Berenson, who had precious little else to do in Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* marathon; producer Robert Evans' great and good friend Barbara Carrera (like so many newcomers, an ex-model), glimpsed nude through the blurred lenses of *Embryo*; Veronica Cartwright, working for porno-flick director Richard Dreyfuss in *Inserts*; Sally Field, television's *Flying Nun*, getting her wings clipped—but good—by Jeff Bridges in *Stay Hungry*; Fiona Lewis, a tempestuous British import whose uninhibited charms graced both *Lustomania* and the otherwise graceless *Drum*; Susan Sarandon, shackling up with emotionally disturbed Beau Bridges in *One Summer Love*; the perennial Barbara Scagall, who is once again Barbara Hershey, stripped and offered up for gang rape in *The Last Hard Men*; and Sharon Weber (who back in 1971 was PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year, Sharon Clark) in a memorable screen debut as the airline hostess who makes wild love with Sam Elliott in the opening scenes of *Lifeguard*, then backs off when she realizes that his whole life is made up of one night stands.

But the big stars? Ann Margret was indisputably herself in *Carnal Knowledge*—and carnal as all get-out in Ken Russell's *Tommy*—but in Tony Richardson's *Joseph Andrews*, according to advance reports, she limits herself to a wet see-through something. Nor is it yet possible to say how sexexplicit her scenes with Bruce Dern will be in the French-based *Twist*. Raquel Welch has always promised more than she has delivered, and there is no reason to believe that anything will have changed in the remake of *The Prince and the Pauper*, in production in England. As for Liza Minnelli's going nude in *A Matter of Time*, or Streisand's stripping in *A Star Is Born*

(both unfinished at this writing), not bloody likely.

Which leaves us with such European-based stars in the ascendant as the incredibly beautiful Isabelle Adjani, who deservedly won the New York Film Critics award last February for her touching, but ultimately terrifying, performance of a girl by love possessed in François Truffaut's *The Story of Adèle H.* and a few months later proved no less effective as Roman Polanski's girlfriend in his eerie *The Tenant*. Tina Aumont, the shapely daughter of onetime matinee idol Jean-Pierre Aumont, is also on the rise, with two films (*Salon Kitty* and *A Matter of Time*) already completed for 1976 release and a major role in Federico Fellini's eagerly awaited version of *Casanova*.

Among the emerging Italian beauties must be listed the delectable Luna Antonelli, whose career was advanced by several long paces when she was starred by the late Luchino Visconti (above Lina Wertmüller's Giancarlo Giannini and our own Jennifer O'Neill) in his final film, *The Innocent*. Adapted from a story by Italy's favorite romantic writer, Gabriele D'Annunzio, the film casts Laura as an aristocrat's loveless wife who, after a brief affair with another man, stoutly refuses to abort the child of that union. Previewed out of competition at Cannes, it was one of the hits of the festival. Perhaps tops at the moment, however, is Mariangela Melato, Wertmüller's favorite actress (*Love and Anarchy*, *The Seduction of Mimi*, *Sweet Away* . . .). This is the year, of course, in which Wertmüller is being discovered with a vengeance by both American critics and American moviegoers. And with that discovery, inevitably, has come the recognition that blondined, curvy Mariangela is one of the sexiest all-purpose actresses around—strident and bawdy as the whore in *Love and Anarchy*, bitchy and aloof as the society lady Giannini brings to heel in *Sweet Away* . . .

As noted last month France relaxed its anti-porn legislation in 1975 and has been inundated with sex films (most of them soft-core) ever since. When *skin flicks* first surfaced in the United States, most of the actresses who appeared in them chose to remain anonymous—or, at best, pseudonymous. Not so in France. In the past year or so, Jane Birkin, Corinne Clery, Brigitte Maier and (above all) *Emmanuelle's* Sylvia Kristel have become superstars, apparently with the option of stepping over to the mainstream of film making should they so desire—or should a mainstream director desire one of them (as Roger Vadim did when he selected Kristel to appear in *La Femme Fidèle*).

To these should be added the name of blonde, Swedish-born Maria Lynn, who divides her time these days between Paris and her native land. Her costar in

at least two of her recent films, *Bel Ami* and *Justine & Juliette*, is our own, hard-pressed Harry Reems. Although Reems collected a paltry \$100 for his stint in *Deep Throat* he managed considerably better on subsequent Stateside pornos, and better yet when he ventured upon the Continent. All of this was cut short, however, when the FBI rapped upon his door one night in July 1974 and served him with papers extraditing him to Memphis for his part in "a national conspiracy to transport interstate an obscene motion picture." Obviously, Reems had not himself lugged prints of *Deep Throat* from Fort Lauderdale to Memphis. But, according to Judge Harry W. Wellford, the Nixon appointee hearing the case, "If it weren't for actors like Mr. Reems, we wouldn't have movies like *Deep Throat*."

The consternation of a Candy Clark mentioned earlier about her nude scenes in *The Man Who Fell to Earth* is spreading throughout the Hollywood community. A committee for Reems's legal defense includes such prominent names as Warren Beatty, Tony Bill, Dick Cavett, Louise Fletcher, Gene Hackman, John Houseman, Norman Lear, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, Rod McKuen (who has also contributed office space), Steve McQueen, Mike Nichols, Jack Nicholson, Ryan O'Neal and Barbra Streisand. All realize that this precedent-setting trial, in which a performer is named conspirator in a work over which he has no control, could ultimately affect every one of them. As Nicholson put it: "Had the Reems case been national precedent when *Carnal Knowledge* was released, I could have been subpoenaed and put in jail by some self-seeking religious fanatic functioning as a prosecutor in East Podunk. If similar prosecutions began happening around the nation, an actor would practically be afraid to say hello in a film unless there was a confessional screen between him and the person he was talking to." So fundraising parties for Reems are now booming from coast to coast, and industry people are contributing out of their own pockets, because they are in agreement with the position taken by Reems's defense attorney, Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz. "To more and more film makers," Dershowitz said, "self-censorship will be the only logical course if they know that although it's legal to show their movie in most parts of the country, that same movie can get them indicted for criminal conspiracy in places like Memphis. And as self-censorship grows, the most restrictive local community standards will gradually dominate the rest of the country." And our sex stars will be reduced to sharing soda-fountain straws with Andy Hardy.



A man and a woman are standing in front of a wall covered in many small, square photographs. The man, on the left, is wearing a light-colored blazer over a striped shirt and light-colored trousers. The woman, on the right, is wearing a striped sweater over a collared shirt and light-colored trousers. They are both looking down at a white shopping bag that the man is holding. The bag has the word "Jantzen" printed on it. The background wall is densely packed with small, square photographs of various scenes and people.

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LAS VEGAS (continued from page 200)

will understand that life is full of nasty surprises. Also, I think gambling keeps kids out of jail. I grew up in a tough neighborhood with a lot of opportunities to get into serious trouble. While some of my buddies were out late at night burglarizing and strong-arming, I was trying to break the candy-store owner in casino.

Why do adolescents gamble? When I was in my teens, I stayed out until four A.M. My mother screamed that I would be forced to marry the girl, that I would get her into trouble. I only wished she was right. I was too shy with girls to have any luck or any dates. I was out until four A.M., playing poker. But at least by that time, I had stopped cheating.

I had stopped cheating because I was a star athlete and fancied myself a hero. Heroes did not cheat. I was better than anybody else. I knew it and I assumed the rest of the world knew it. I had the same attitude as French and English noblemen who considered themselves gentlemen because they did not cheat at gambling and who would commit suicide before refusing to repay a debt of honor incurred at the tables. So I always paid my gambling debts. Forty years later, I realize finally I am no better than anyone else. I still have markers in Vegas I have not paid.

GAMBLING TALES

There was a woman from Brooklyn. She lived a full life. She married and had children. Her sons became successful professional men. Her daughters gave her grandchildren. Her husband operated one of the most successful delicatessens on Coney Island. She was a model *Hausfrau*, a loving mother and a faithful wife.

When she reached the age of 65, her husband died. She knitted a great deal; she visited her grandchildren. Friends took her to Miami Beach. She found the people there too old. She visited a married daughter in California. She found the people there too young. On the way back to New York, she stopped over in Las Vegas. And there she became a penniless degenerate gambler, a rare species in America. She took a small apartment there.

The Brooklyn lady gambled all day long. She read up on roulette systems. She played the slot machines until her shoulders ached. She accumulated treasure boxes full of nickels and dimes and quarters. She made friends of fellow penniless degenerate gamblers and went for picnic lunches with them to Hoover Dam and the Grand Canyon. She never dipped into her savings. She took from her Social Security and pension money to pay the rent and the rest she gambled on a daily budget.

It is not enough to say she was happy. She was in a state of bliss, entranced with the whirring slots of the casino, the red

and black swirling numbers of the roulette wheel, the diamond-backed black-jack cards unfolding before her. She could forget her approaching death. She did that for 15 years.

Her sons and daughters went to visit her periodically. They took her grandchildren to see her and receive presents from her. She refused to leave Las Vegas. But then, finally, one of those old-age diseases began to grind her out like a casino percentage. She was bedridden and became frailer and frailer. But every day her cronies crowded around her bedside to play gin rummy and that is how she died, with a hand full of playing cards and an 87-cent loser on the sheet.

In the early days of Vegas, an old desert rat collapsed outside a small-town casino. Good Samaritans lifted him up, took him into the casino and laid him out on the blackjack table. A couple of degenerate gamblers gathered around and placed bets on whether he would survive until the doctor arrived. The "no" bettors would not allow any first-aid treatment, because that would interfere with the fairness of the bet.

This story, again like a lot of gambling stories, has a happy ending. The desert rat recovered. The "yes" bettors made up a portion of their winnings to give him a new grubstake when he left the hospital.

Perhaps the only foresighted, prudent degenerate gambler in Vegas history was Odds Bodkin. He was a man of honor who would always pay his debts. When he made a big score, he would make huge advance payments to his hotel, three or four of the best restaurants in town, a clothing store, a jewelry store, his barber and his manicurist and the madam of the nearest whorehouse, so that no matter how badly the cards went against him, he could live well without cash for the next few months.

Finally, in his old age, he went broke. Two years of poverty broke his spirit. He couldn't believe that he was a loser, and so at the age of 70, he sent letters to all his friends announcing that he was going to commit suicide. A devout Catholic, he asked his friends to intercede for him so that he could be buried in holy ground.

His friends rushed to see the local Catholic priest, who indignantly refused their bribes. They went to collect their friend who on the final day of his life had finally gotten lucky. He had prepared the noose in his dining room and, after doing so, had reclined on his bed to recover his strength. While lying there, he had fallen into a deep sleep and expired of heart failure.

At one of the Strip hotels, the dice got really hot and the action was fast and

furios. The shooter became so excited stacking up his chips and throwing his dice that his false teeth fell onto the green-felt table. The box man, without skipping a beat, whipped out his false teeth and said, "You're faded!"

A hybrid degenerate Chinese-Swiss gambler named Gerhard Goda established a great and famous restaurant in San Francisco. For some years, his Swiss blood predominated and he socked away huge amounts of cash, since there is as much skimping done in restaurants as in gambling casinos' counting rooms.

But over the years, his Chinese gambling blood boiled to the top and it became his custom to spend three or four days in Vegas each month. He was a desperado degenerate gambler and he lost huge amounts each trip, but the restaurant in San Francisco kept piling up the money.

The Vegas hotel began to feel a form of reverence not only for his celestial bad luck but also for his inexhaustible bank roll. One day, the hotel's owners decided to give him a birthday party. Four hundred Vegas gamblers were invited. As a climax, a huge cake was wheeled into the dining room. The cake opened, the sides folded away and there was a gleaming "Italian red" \$30,000 Stutz-Bearcat.

Goda burst into tears at this sign of friendship, forgetting that his losses of just one year could have bought him at least ten of those magnificent automobiles.

The next year, a rival hotel threw him a birthday party and presented him with an even more magnificent car, hoping to get his business away from the other casino. Again, Goda burst into tears of happiness at finding such true friends.

This went on for six years. Goda soon owned a fleet of automobiles. Unfortunately, his restaurant died from neglect and the draining away of its life's blood of cash. He closed the restaurant and went to Vegas. His friends drove the automobiles there for him. He proceeded to lose the automobiles and became a penniless vagrant.

Again, as in most gambling stories, this one has a happy ending. One of the hotels employed him as a host and he performed his functions magnificently.

Today, in the little garage of his home, he constructs antique jewelry and gives it away to his degenerate-gambler clients, who weep on his shoulder from the joy of his friendship.

In all the arguments about degenerate gamblers, the discussion narrows down to what game holds the biggest fascination for the player: blackjack, crap shooting, baccarat, roulette or the slot machines. The argument is resolved by the following true story.

At the Sahara Hotel years ago, with the casino jammed with gamblers of all

Levi's??



Yes, Levi's.

But with a look so different, not so given. Even a different name: Panatela.

As you can see from the picture, Panatela is quite a styling change for Levi's. Very contemporary. Very upscale.

The clothes are designed in go-together colors that let you switch pants and tops with each other almost endlessly. So there's always more than one pair of slacks to wear with any Panatela top.

What you can't see from the picture is that Panatela has the superb fit and construction

that made Levi's a legend in the first place. Even the prices are in the Levi's tradition. Suggested retail for the outfits shown is about \$15 to \$19 for the slacks, \$50 to \$56 for the blazers, and \$18 for the shirts. Shirts are about \$15.



The next time you're shopping for something special, try Panatela. And don't be surprised when you find some very familiar comfort under all of Panatela's new style and good taste. Because there's a little bit of Levi's in everything Panatela makes.

Slacks and Tops

Yes, Levi's Panatela!!



BOOTH

"Lend me thirty-five bucks, Ed . . . until after Christmas."

types, the management received an anonymous bomb threat. The casino manager announced over the loud-speaker system, "A bomb threat has been received; please vacate the casino." Nobody moved. Five minutes later, the manager announced again, "Please, everybody leave the casino. A bomb threat has been received."

The blackjack players were the first to go, then the crapshooters, then the bacarat players; finally, the roulette players left. But the slot machines kept whirring and flashing, the players still thrusting in their coins. Of the 1000 players, only four would leave their machines.

Luckily, the bomb threat proved to be a hoax.

MAN DOES NOT LIVE BY ART ALONE

It is natural that the most intelligent, gifted, worthwhile people disapprove of gambling. They have many valid reasons to do so. Gambling is nonproductive to society. Gambling is nonproductive to the individual. It does not improve your mind, it does not improve your health. It does not help you love your fellow man or even understand him. Gambling makes you waste time and energy. It prevents you from accomplishing your career aims. Keeps you from writing your novel, studying to be a doctor, and even prevents garbage from being collected from the

streets of New York, because in cold weather, the garbage men play cards in their warm trucks instead of working. Gambling keeps you from making love to your wife as often as you should. Gambling keeps you from helping your children with their homework. Gambling makes you squander your hard-earned wages, so that your wife and children go hungry, sometimes without a roof over their heads. It makes you unhealthy, because you stay in a smoky room or a casino and never get any fresh air or exercise.

If you are intelligent, gifted and conditioned to appreciate the finer things in life, you don't need gambling—most of the time.

Gambling is foolish, because you cannot win. The house has that two percent to 14 percent edge on the player in every kind of game. A gambler is a loser. Then why not abolish it by the strictest law and punishment? Why not educate people not to gamble? Why tolerate it at all in a civilized society?

Well, man does not live by bread alone. He also does not live by art alone. Man needs his foolish dreams perhaps more than he needs anything else. For two reasons. He must forget the hardships and pain of life. He must forget that he must

die. Also, it can be argued that man's instinct to gamble is the only reason he is still not a monkey in the trees.

It is true that gambling has been a deadly disease, but I think that this is no longer true. As penicillin made venereal disease a comparatively minor ailment and so encouraged the sexual revolution so have the ability to read, the advent of television and movies, the ability to travel long distances easily and see strange countries relaxed the strangling grip that gambling had on mankind. We have other pleasures to relieve our anxieties, to divert our fears.

I had to give up gambling at a certain period of my life because I found I could no longer write if I continued to gamble. Now, for the first time in my life, making more money than I have ever made, financially more secure than I have ever been, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot economically afford to gamble, the simple reason being that to gamble is to risk, that is, to approach, the "ruin factor." When I was poor, the ruin factor was not important. Hell, I was ruined, anyway. But now I have too much to lose and the ruin factor is decisive. Of course, I had to lose a great deal of money and come near ruin before I could figure that out. Gambling education is not cheap.

Everyone misses his childhood, even if it was an unhappy one, because then the world was pure. That is why so many people gamble. I think it is a desire to be happy in an innocent way. You can easily call this infantile. But I have noticed that the acquiring of knowledge, of power, of wealth does not always make a man happy. The love of a beautiful (throw in virtuous) woman does not invariably make a man happy. Certainly, all of these give him pleasure.

Here is the terrible truth: I got more pure happiness winning 20 grand at the casino crap table than I did from a check for many times that amount as the result of honest hard work on my book.

Before anyone thinks I'm completely crazy, let me say that I recognize that it was better for me as a social human being to earn my money by hard work. I realized that gambling could only lead to the ruin factor in my life. I was smart enough to give up high-stakes gambling before I went broke. Still, the mysterious question remains: Why did I so much more love getting and winning money in a way over which I had no control than in a way that was to my credit?

I think that the magic power of gambling lies in its essential freedom from endeavor and its absence of guilt. No matter what our character, no matter what our behavior, no matter if we are ugly, unkind, murderers, saints, guilty sinners, foolish or wise, we can get lucky.



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WHAT IS LIFE? (continued from page 165)

Mortonson—a mere mortal and not too fantastic a specimen, at that hadn't the faintest idea of what life was. So his answer should perhaps reveal his understanding of his own mortal limitations but also show his awareness that it was somehow appropriate for the god or demon to ask this question of a potentially divine creature like man, here represented by Mortonson with his stooped shoulders, sunburned nose, orange rucksack and crumpled pack of Marlboros. On the other hand, maybe the implication of the question was that Mortonson himself really *did* know what life was and could spontaneously state it in a few well-chosen words. But it was already a bit late for spontaneous wisdom.

"I'll be right with you," Mortonson said.

"OK," said the tremendous voice, booming off the mountains and rolling through the valleys.

It was really a drag to be put on the line like this spiritually. And it wasn't fair. After all, Mortonson hadn't come to Nepal as a *pilgrim*, he was only here on a 30-day excursion. He was simply a young American with a sunburned nose chain-smoking Marlboros on a hillside in Nepal, where he had come through a combination of restlessness and an unexpected birthday gift of \$500 from his parents. So what could you infer from that, contextwise? "Raw American Encounters Immemorial Eastern Wisdom and Fails Miserably to Get with It." A bummer!

Nobody likes to be put on the spot like that. It's embarrassing and potentially ego damaging to have this vast otherworldly voice come at you with what has to be a trick question. How do you handle it? Avoid the trap, expose the double bind, reveal your knowledge of the metagame by playing it in a spirit of frivolity! Tell the voice: *Life is a voice asking a man what life is!* And then roar with cosmic laughter.

But to bring that off, you need to be sure that the voice understands the levels of your answer. What if it says, "Yeah, that's what's *happening*, but what is *life*?" And you're left standing there with ectoplasmic egg on your face as that cosmic laughter is directed at *you*—great gusty, heroic laughter at your pomposity, your complacency, your arrogance at even attempting to answer the unanswerable.

"How's it coming?" the voice asked.

"I'm still working on it," Mortonson said.

Obviously, this was one of those spiritual quickies, and Mortonson was still stalling around and hadn't even gotten around yet to considering what in hell

life was. Quickly, he reviewed some possibilities: Life is a warm Puppy. Life is Asymmetry. Life is Chance. Life is Chaos shot through with Fatality (remember that one). Life is just a Bowl of Cherries. Life is Birdcall and Windsong (nice). Life is What you make it. Life is Cosmic Dance. Life is a Movie. Life is Matter become curious (did Victor Hugo say that?). Life is Whatever the hell you want to call it.

"This is really a tough one," Mortonson said.

"That's for sure," the voice said, rolling from peak to peak and filling the air with its presence.

One should always be prepared for this kind of spiritual emergency, Mortonson thought. Why didn't NYU have a course in Normative Attitudes Toward the Unexpected? But college never prepared you for anything important, you just went along learning a little here and there, picking up on Chuang-tzu, Thoreau, Norman Brown, Rajneesh, the Shivapuri Baba and the other insiders who really knew the score. And all their stuff sounded absolutely right on! But when you closed the book, that was the end of it, and there you were, scratching your nose and wishing that someone would invite you to a party where you'd meet a beautiful childlike young woman with long straight hair and upright pointy breasts and long slender legs, but now was no time to get into that, because that damned voice was waiting for the answer, the Big Answer, but what in almighty hell was *life*?

"I've almost got it," he said.

What bugged him was the knowledge that he had a lot to gain if he could only come up with the right answer. It was an incredible chance for spiritual advancement, an opportunity to skip a few intermediate steps and get right up to Enlightenment, Moksha, Satori! A really

together person could solve this and parlay the ensuing insight into guruhood, maybe even into Buddhism! You could spend a lifetime going to Esalen or a Gurdjieff group and never get near anything like this! But what was life?

Mortonson ground out his cigarette and saw that it was his last. No more until he got back to his pension Christ! He had to get on with this! Life is Hesitation. Desire. Longing. Sorrow. Preparation. Fruition. Coming together. Moving apart?

Mortonson rubbed his forehead and said in a loud but somewhat shaky voice, "Life is Conflagration!"

There was an uncanny silence. After what he judged was a proper discretionary wait, Mortonson asked, "Uh, was that right?"

"I'm trying it out," the noble and tremendous voice boomed. "Conflagration is too long. Blaze? Fire! Life is Fire! That fits!"

"Fire is what I meant," Mortonson said.

"You really helped me out," the voice said. "I was stuck on that one. Now maybe you can help me with seventy-eight across. I need to know the middle name of the inventor of the frictionless star drive. It's on the tip of my tongue, but I can't quite get it. The third letter is D."

Mortonson had been prepared for some freaky revelations, but playing Cosmic Crosswords was not his idea of where anything was at, spiritually speaking. He just couldn't relate to it, even though it was definitely an extraordinary experience.

He relates that he thereupon turned and walked away from the voice and the higher mysteries and returned to his pension in Katmandu. Now he has gone back to his job as expeditor in his father's gristle-processing plant in Skowhegan, and he takes his vacations in Majorca.



C. Barzotti

"You know perfectly well what hand puppet!"

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WORKING OUT

(continued from page 164)

to make faces at me. When my neck approached the 18 mark, I was shown to the door. To my great delight, I discovered a Lexington Avenue clothing store that "split up" suits, that is, fit you with a great hippolike jacket and then awarded you the pants from an entirely different suit that would normally have gone to a slender Arab teenager.

During this period and while delivering a gerbil to my son at a camp in New Hampshire, I had occasion to suffer a hyperventilation attack. Gasping for air, I located a doctor who calmed me down, said I was in essentially good condition and gave me a supply of paper bags that I was to carry about at all times, fitting one over my head when I felt another attack coming on. This particular seizure seemed to tie in with an impending divorce and a fear that I would be made to eat turnips at the camp. They had made me ill as a child camper and, quite irrationally, as it turned out, I was convinced that a counselor would shove a plateful down my throat the second I drove through the gate. Tweaking at my arms, the doctor said that although I was safe for the moment, fellows of my body type were sure-fire candidates for coronaries the instant they entered their 50s.

"You mean bulky guys?" I asked.

"Exactly," said the doctor.

My early decision to achieve bulk, then, had been a poor one. Were I to continue in the same direction, I would unquestionably bulk my way into intensive care. I set about immediately to correct this situation by taking midnight runs through Central Park. This put an almost immediate dent in my bulk, though I developed, in its place, little flaps at the waist, inelegantly referred to by a Dayton-based stewardess as "love handles." I found during my park runs that muggers were no threat whatsoever: their assumption seems to be that runners are essentially hardy fellows who will lash back at them. Perhaps, too, they have an inbred fear of people who dash about in the dark. During trips to California, I continued my runs along the beach at Malibu, slowing up at Ryan O'Neal's house to see if he was up to any hanky-panky. Apart from trots along certain sections of the Canadian border, or unless Valéry Giscard d'Estaing is along, running is essentially a boring activity. On the positive side, strollers tend to be drawn to runners, particularly if they are stationed downwind of them. It was in such a manner that I met Jill St. John.

The late Sixties represented my farewell to bulk. I loped through much of this period, switching over at the start of the new decade to a balanced program of sloth and fits of gym activity. The martial arts had taken over and a good many of

the fellows in gyms were hard at work learning to kick through people's rib cages. This represented a grim turn of events for my old bulk crowd. Though outwardly striving for physical fitness, it always seemed to me that they were there, at least in part, to get themselves ready to beat up people. No matter how imposing and finely turned out the lat or pec, there is simply no way to smack someone with it when he is sailing through your rib cage. On the two occasions on which I have had to deal with violence, I have used books to smash at my attackers, *A Galsworthy Reader* for an 86th Street offender and McNeill's *Rise of the West* for a Polish person in Queens.

I am quite pleased with my present gym. Are all gyms alike, in the fashion of Tolstoy's happy families? I would make a small emendation; all happy gyms smell alike. Each, on the other hand, has a characteristic stomp. My present one has a heavy concentration of UN Ecuadorians and Ialmudic Jews, who are always getting trapped in the running machines and having to be pried out. At unannounced times, the barrier between the men's and women's gyms is swept away, enabling one to see Wilhelmina models doing calf raises. A sign in the swimming area that said, PEOPLE WITH BOILS NOT ALLOWED TO JUMP IN POOL has been taken down; the fear that fellows with this type of affliction would seize the occasion to leap in freely has not been borne out. No longer is there much emphasis on gargantuan muscles; the strongest fellow I have seen in recent months is a mechanic who turned up to fix the air conditioner.

As to the present condition of my body, it is quite pleasant looking and highly adequate, thank you. I have not, on the other hand, overheard any whispered conversations in which someone points to me and says, "I'll bet he's invested six thousand hours in getting it that way." I have had no luck in trimming down my love handles and expect I will gamely go forward with them flapping at my side. I show up at gyms exhausted and return home exhausted, but my fatigue has a certain vigor to it. My sleep may be troubled, but only in a muscular way. There is also the feeling of virtue that goes along with gym attendance; after a session at one, I feel totally justified in emptying vats of brandy that very night. The gym, too, has become something of a mom to me. Whenever my feelings are hurt, I run right off to one. Recently, a young lady at a singles bar referred to me as Pops. I lashed back at her by racing to the gym. Gyms continue to be useful to me. Until the bell tolls for that final set of curls, I suppose I shall continue to troop off to them.



SEXUAL CONGRESS

(continued from page 177)

and make her \$100,000 before Christmas. But she was alone and lonely. Liz Ray had been so loyal to her Congressional sugar daddy that she, unlike the proverbial hooker, did not even have a secret boyfriend, a real lover on the side with whom she had to fake nothing. She was nearly in tears when she said: "I don't even have anybody to take me out on the biggest day of my life." I wound up taking her to dinner.

Lured by visions of instant glamor they stream into the capital every summer, their freshly inked diplomas clutched to their tender, not yet-sagging bosoms. They are the girls of Washington: the ladies of Capitol Hill and the White House and Foggy Bottom, the secretarial graphite that sometimes makes the sticky machinery of the Government move. And about three quarters of them seem to come from the South. Liz Ray did.

In the South, there are only two places for a young lady to go to get away from home. Atlanta is the good time and Washington is the big time. To Southerners, Washington is North; to Northerners, it is South. You can get grits for breakfast at Sherrill's lunchroom just up from the Library of Congress. The predominant vernacular is Southern. In her book *Laughing All the Way*, a raucous confession about her pilgrimage from Raleigh, North Carolina, to the inner circles of Lyndon Johnson's White House, Barbara Howard explains why she quit the South for Washington: "I was too good to marry the hometown boy and drown in hometown boredom. . . . [But] a Southern accent does come in handy."

Southern women come to the capital hoping for a sliver of power and glory to attach themselves to; they soon find out it is not the young legislative aides and executive gofers who have it. Powerful men are usually married men. The women hear about the city's legendary nine-to-one girl-boy ratio and resign themselves either to being adulterous or to staying home. Yet they all fantasize about the big hit from a Senator prince who will walk into the office one day and sweep them off in a long black Caddy with a low license-plate number. "In any other city," wrote Blair Sahol in *The Village Voice*, "a secretary is considered low life, but a secretary in Washington has stature. You are at the center of power."

Washington is utterly male dominated. The men there have outsized egos and prefer submissive women. From the snazzy looking chicks who punch buttons (and read paperbacks) in the Congressional elevators to those who have the gofer jobs in the Executive branch, Southern girls are everywhere in Washington. You won't meet many Vassarites or smart Jewish girls from the Bronx

on Capitol Hill. "A threatening woman, a woman good at what she does, is not welcome in this town," says Richard Reeves, *New York* magazine's Washington columnist. "This is definitely a town where the men fuck down and the women fuck up. In New York, a smart woman fucks at her own level."

Listen to one former Southern secretary in Washington: "When you are from a small town in Louisiana like I am, you're just blown away by all these important famous people walking into the office. One day one of them asked me to have a drink after work—everybody has a drink after work. And then suddenly I noticed he was taking an interest in me. Of course, he was married—all the important men are. I knew it could mean trouble, but I was really overwhelmed that this smooth, sophisticated guy was talking to me. I mean, just three months before, I was worrying about what to wear to church on Sunday. Suddenly, I was in bed with power; then I was hung up on him before I realized what was happening."

We put the top down on Liz's brown Corvette and headed out for Alexandria in the heavy humidity of Washington. Liz is appealing without being really beautiful. She photographs better than she looks. From where I was sitting, she seemed a bit thick in the neck and was growing a double chin that worried her. "I'm going to a plastic surgeon to have it fixed," she volunteered, her eyes darting back and forth from the road to me. Yet Liz has at once a voluptuous body and a fragile femininity: she is 5'1" tall and small-boned. Pale-blue eyes and creamy skin are the marks of her Scottish-Irish mountain origins.

"I won't talk about Mr. You know who," she said, "because the Justice Department won't let me." This was Liz's coy reference to Wayne Hays. She wouldn't mention any other Famous Names she had slept with, because the lawyers wanted upwards of \$50,000 and indemnification against a libel suit first.

Liz was speedy, nervous, simple and still the linguistic prisoner of hillbilly high school. She pronounced "feelings" as "fillings." Her mind flew off in all directions at once. She was overwhelmed by her sudden notoriety, never really sure she was the front-page story she had become. Liz craved publicity, but she was angered and frustrated by the journalistic world that kept her phone ringing in an Arlington, Virginia, high-rise overlooking the interstate highway. At home she flounced around in a constant diatribe yelling at her lawyers, meeting with FBI agents, complaining to confidants at *The Washington Post*, beseeching her shrink for advice on how to get more sleep. She sometimes made phone calls at 6:30 in the morning while sitting in the bathtub, or at one

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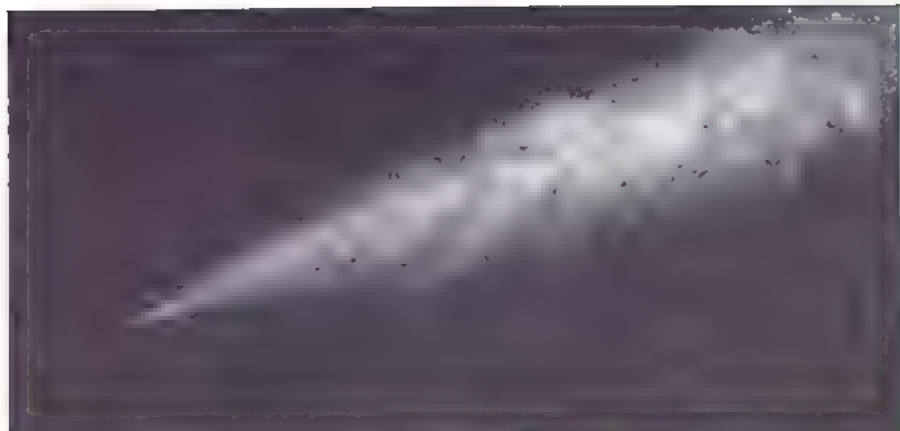


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A.M. while sprawled on the fake white fur covering her king-sized bed.

Wherever she went in Washington, Liz was accompanied by a nurse. The nurse's job was simply to see that she did not go over the brink. Her instant fame had cast Liz into such sudden, awful loneliness; she had no one to spend time with her, no real friends with whom she did not have to lie about her age (33). On the advice of her shrink, Liz hired a nurse-companion at \$85 a day. The nurse followed her wherever she went, padding along in noiseless soft-soled shoes and a starched nursing uniform to interviews with reporters and meetings at the Justice Department. She carried Liz's raincoat just in case the Washington mugginess turned to falling drops. She even slept in on Liz's red crushed velvet couch.

According to the news, Washington is a city of dirty old men and pretty young women. Wayne Hays had Liz Ray. Representative John Young of Texas was getting it in his office from Colleen Gardner on what amounted to a political casting couch. Senator Mike Gravel was charged with getting Liz Ray on a houseboat on the Potomac, a liaison Gravel insists never took place. Congressman Joe Waggoner, Jr., was accused of propositioning a police-decoy prostitute and beat the rap after the cops chased

him for six blocks. What's going on?

"Hell, a Congressman could shit on the street here and the cops wouldn't book him." This is a Southern journalist talking about the *Alice in Wonderland* quality of capital life. "Nothing surprises me here—it's like an aberration, a land unto itself. It's the Washington permissiveness. A lot of these Congressmen come here from small towns and act like 18-year-olds going off to college. Pussy seems to be the only catalyst for reform. Wilbur Mills and Wayne Hays had misused power for years, but it took Fanne Foxe and Liz Ray to move Congress to do something about them. They have to be caught literally with their pants down to get change."

Liz's long bleached-blond hair was streaming in the damp night air. Now she was upset about her book. She had not had time even to read the final version, which had arrived that morning, but she knew the manuscript had been severely cut. I had read it and she asked what I thought. "Liz, it's not really a political exposé, because you don't name names. And it's not a good luck book, either, because everything is reduced to one-liners like 'And I sucked him off.'"

Liz was livid. "Oh, those people at Dell ruined the book!" she screamed. She wanted to write kinky sex, but most of it was deleted. "They must have taken

out all the good parts, like the scene with the priest." The priest is a character in Liz's book who, having decorously removed his clerical jacket and collar, is seduced by a classic Liz Ray blow job. The entire sex scene is reduced to a single, dry paragraph in the book—a loveless quickie. "I wrote nine pages about that night, with all the atmosphere and the things in his room," she said girlishly.

To judge by Liz's book, blow jobs are the true com of the Washington realm.

No matter which way or where you go about things," she wrote, "the legitimate job is always second to the blow job." She means, of course, that for a woman to get ahead in Washington, she has to spend a lot of time on her back. Or on her knees. Of course: If ego stroking is the abiding need of overweening politicians (was Wayne Hays not overweening?), then what more appropriate sexual metaphor than a girl on her knees behind the Congressional desk? Your basic master-slave scene.

The Congressional axiom was always: If you want to get along, go along. The secretarial corollary on Capitol Hill must be: If you want to get ahead, give head. They're giving a good thing a bad name.

I have never seen a town where it is so easy to score after midnight. Or even just before the mandatory two-a.m. bar closing. If they want to go out, the 162,000 unmarried young women of greater Washington often must go out alone. Check the hangouts on M Street or Wisconsin Avenue in Georgetown. They stand up at the bar at Clyde's and dance with any comer at Winston's; they make the disco scene at Tramp's and eat fast-serve French food at Le Pam Pam Bistro Français. One recent visitor to Washington had three impromptu dates in a single evening, switching from one to the next as he moved from Capitol Hill at five o'clock to a lawn party off Massachusetts Avenue at seven to a bar in Georgetown at ten. When better bait surfaces, bite. The atmosphere, again Southern, is friendly and open; the ladies are obliging. This is really no different from Atlanta or Dallas on a good, warm night, it's just that there are proportionately so many more of them in Washington.

We found a small Italian restaurant in Alexandria; Liz ordered scaloppine and artichoke hearts; I ordered a bottle of Soave. Liz was self-conscious: "Do you think anybody recognizes me?" She drew sidelong but mercifully silent glances from waiters and patrons. Liz needed recognition but did not know how to handle it. She was thrilled when little old ladies in Garfunkel's, Washington's leading department store, approached her in the beauty salon with copies of her book to be autographed. She grinned and signed from under the hair drier.

Once she called me at seven in the morning to complain of the media pressures she was suffering—then she squealed: Oh, there I am, there I am on *The Today Show!*" News clips thrilled her. She jumped up and down when she saw herself on the cover of the supermarket tabloid *The Star*, which serialized her book, but she never read the accompanying stories.

Liz was image-conscious. While sex was obviously her bag, she wanted to clean up her act, a traditional Southerner's atavistic yearning for respectability. She turned down an offer to do a dirty movie. She threatened a lawsuit if *Hustler* printed her pictures. Yet she was eager to peddle three-year-old shots of herself in the classic Marilyn Monroe profile pose, stretched out on a satin sheet. They had even been taken at her request by Tom Kelley, the venerable photographer who had done the historic Monroe shooting.

Liz had been an illegitimate child who never saw her father. In her book, she speaks of her sexy, "utterly untamed" mother, Robbie, "who could always find a way to sneak off . . . with her latest beau." And "I was glad I looked like Robbie, but the last thing in the world I wanted was to end up like her."

Public relations in Washington is party giving. Lobbyist Kenneth Gray, formerly a Representative from Illinois, is said to be the well-heeled representative of big oil interests called Elan Bright in Liz's book. Gray well understood that having a list of ladies who would reliably put out at small, intimate parties on a houseboat was one of his most persuasive professional tools. The wide, meandering Potomac River flanking the city is a proximate locale for private escapes (and escapades) from Washington—a water-borne lovers' lane.

The art of influence peddling is a party art in Washington. Consider Longson Park, a mysterious Korean millionaire who constantly bags mammoth shipping and rice deals through his Washington friends in high places. Park, who is usually accompanied by a lovely, tanned lady of Virginia origins, maintains a \$480,000 private home in the posh northwest quadrant of the city. He also founded the sedate, exclusive George Town Club in a restored Colonial house off Wisconsin Avenue. Park gained notice for a birthday bash he threw there two years ago for House Majority Leader Tip O'Neill. He once paid for the Caribbean vacation of Betty Ford's chief of staff and her husband. After the press reported it, the White House began an investigation and she left her job. Later, her husband committed suicide.

Peter Malatesta, a California import who is Bob Hope's nephew and Frank Sinatra's drinking buddy, has become a pre-eminent Washington host. Malatesta came to the city as Spiro Agnew's "unofficial advance man" and hung around



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afterward. Those in the Agnew crowd were the secret swingers of the Nixon era; they brought the ways of Hollywood to the otherwise dull capital. "There was a real lull during the Nixon years," Malatesta admits, "so I went into a house on 24th Street with Sinatra. We started giving the best parties in town. With Frank around, it was a high profile place."

Malatesta now runs the members-only Pisces Club in a Georgetown basement decorated in Vegas-Miami Beach Gothic, including a clattering indoor ice-blue waterfall. It is designed to segregate *nouveau* Beautiful People from regular folks; old men may stagger about drunkenly with impunity here. Around midnight there is no lack of svelte, Caribbean-tanned ladies at the cushy bar. Malatesta sees no harm in doing God's work for man's more urgent needs; he is rather proud of his new role as jet-set social chairman. "Say a guy is coming in from the Coast, I know six or eight girls to call to get him a date," he says.

This is, of course, no different from what a well-connected bachelor in any town does for his buddies. It's just that the guys coming to Washington are often politicians or other types on political errands. Politics is the *juice* in Washington, like Mafia contacts in Vegas. What goes around comes around: sooner or later, the linchpin between a visitor and the power he wants to connect with may

be a soft, wet, warm thing surrounded by fine hair. If the story is true, Ken Gray arranged for Liz Ray to ball Mike Gravel on the houseboat to secure the Senator's vote on a pet public-works bill. "If truth be known," wrote Liz, "[it] should be called 'the Ray Act.'"

"The function of PR in this town," comments Richard Reeves, "is not getting people's names into the paper—it's bringing people together. The party givers are always trying to get Woodward or Bernstein to the receptions. See, a media star is one cut above a Congressman in the pecking order. There are always loads of beautiful, unattached women at these things. If you leave with a lady you met there, the host figures he has points with you. So it is in his interest to have them around. That's how the system works."

And listen again to the departed Southern secretary: "The wives? Of course they know those late nights their husbands say they're working are not all spent at a desk. It is so widespread in Washington that there is nobody else to blow the whistle on anybody else. So what is the wife going to do—be indignant and leave her nice house in Virginia and all the glamor that she still gets out of it and take the kids back to Momma in Villesburg and put up with the Hicks again? Hell, no. She just accepts it. Maybe she drinks a lot."

"The bad thing for a single girl is, 229

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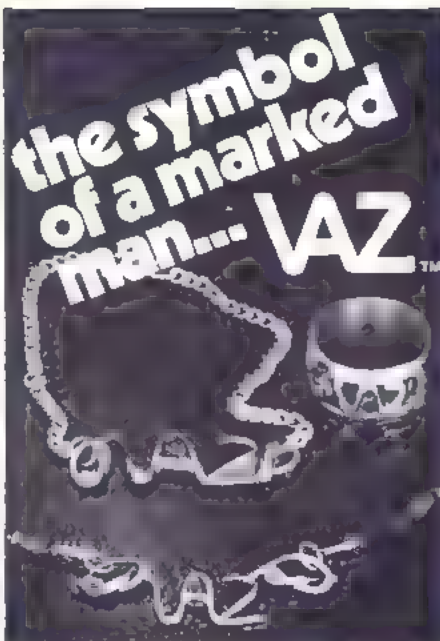
this life never leads anywhere. It just goes around in a circle. Once you're caught up in the whole thing, there are only two ways to stop: Get married or get out. I got out."

Liz nibbled at her dinner and barely sipped the wine. It was her first calm moment in weeks and she was symbolically crying on the nearest shoulder—mine. Liz was always chasing the ghost of Marilyn Monroe (with long blonde hair and tits like hers, I might, too). It was a vision that enthralled her during a backwoods education that apparently consisted of equal parts comic books and screen mags. She knew her primary appeal lay between her legs, not her ears. Women have always jumped social rank via the bedroom. The only difference between Liz and hundreds before her was that she was not quite wily enough to push one of her secret suitors over the edge of the commitment threshold—into getting a divorce and marrying her. Many others have or, failing that, decided to cut bait and head back to the action in Raleigh or Atlanta. Liz woke up one day and saw herself 33 years old and not getting any younger; she had damned little to show for it. She had given a lot of fellows a lot of fun and had not even drawn a hooker's pay for it. Judging by the pseudo-Spanish furnishings in her apartment, Liz did not make out.

Sin's wages will finally come her way from her revelations and her book. She may make another \$100,000 from interviews, nude photo shootings and the movie to be made from her book—with Liz as star. But at least half of that money will go to Uncle, so Liz has maybe three to four years' worth of very modest living left. Then, as one marriage-minded lady asked, "What's she going to do? Nobody will ever hire her, and who would want to marry her?"

No one is more conscious of this than Liz, who finally struck me as a rather tragic figure—duped by her pretty-girl upbringing and her insatiable urge to be everybody's pinup. "What am I going to do?" she asked. "I still want to be an actress, but now everybody knows my real age [she had been saying 27]. When this whole thing dies down, nobody will want to talk to me again." Liz did not understand that she had boxed herself into the loneliest corner in the world, that she had ridden the carousel too far too fast and too long, and that everyone else had already gotten off. "Why am I so alone?" she groaned.

We cranked up the out-of-tune Corvette and drove back to Arlington. At her apartment, I asked Liz what she would do differently in her life if given another chance. There was absolutely no humor in her thin, wavering voice when she answered: "Learn to type."

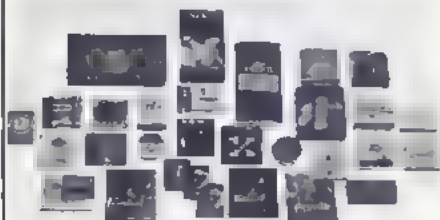


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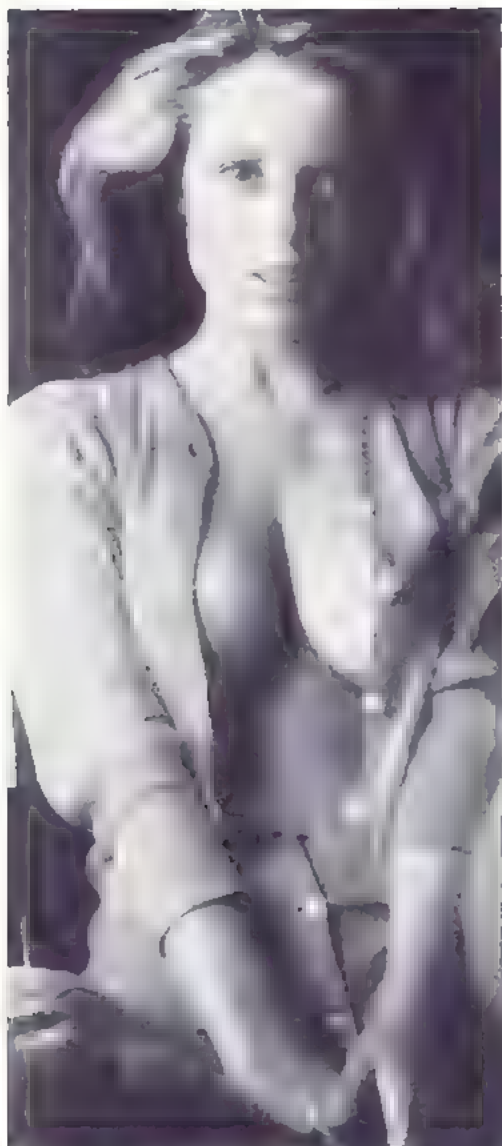
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December OUI. It's where you want to be for the holidays. And it's at your newsstand now.



WARLOCK

(continued from page 132)

insists on clothing his vicars, treasurers, canons, deacons, scholastics and especially his choirboys. There are vermilion altar cloths, curtains of emerald silk and crimson and violet orphreys of cloth of gold.

"His funds are giving way. He borrows from unscrupulous people. An immense fortune is being squandered.

Frightened by his mad course, the family of the marshal supplicates the king to intervene." So saying, her image fades.

■

A scene between Gilles de Rais and Jean V, the Duke of Brittany.

Jean V: "Spend less! Abjure alchemy. It is too expensive."

Gilles: "The star under which I was born is so potent that I must discover what no one in the world has found."

He has tried to say this mockingly, but the force of his absolute conviction leaves a vibration in the air.

Jean V: "You have too much lust for the extreme."

Gilles: "I fear neither angels nor demons. In the beyond, all things touch."

Durtal and Des Hermies are following the cracked walls of the ruins. The night is bright. One part of the castle is thrown back into shadow and the other stands forth, washed in silver and blue. Below is the Sèvre, along whose surface streaks of moonlight dart like the backs of fishes. The silence is overpowering. After nine o'clock, not a dog, not a soul.

Durtal (out of the silence): "Satan had to be a vivid figure in the Middle Ages—"

Des Hermies: "He's still about."

Durtal: "What do you mean?"

Des Hermies: "I expect Satanism has come down in an unbroken line from that age to this."

They return to their chamber at the inn, where an old woman, in black, wearing the cornet headdress her ancestors wore in the 16th Century, waits with a candle to bar the door as soon as they return.

Once in the room, Durtal bursts out, "You believe right now as we talk that the Devil is being evoked and the Black Mass celebrated?"

Des Hermies: "Yes."

Durtal (sardonically): "You have proofs, of course."

Des Hermies (shrugs): "Tomorrow evening, let's dine with Carhaix."

●

At Carhaix's, the table is set country style. Polished glasses, a covered dish of sweet butter, a cider pitcher, a somewhat battered lamp.

The diners are silent, their noses in their plates, their faces brightened by steam from the savory soup.

"I'm inclined toward Manichaeism," Des Hermies is saying. "An old and simple religion that helps explain our

abominable mess. There they rule us the God of Light and the Power of Darkness, two powers of omnipotence, two equals fighting for our souls. Carhaix, you look distressed by these theories."

"Manichaeism is impossible!" cries the bell ringer. "Two infinities cannot exist together."

"Is it more difficult to comprehend two infinities than one?" Des Hermies asks. But he is waiting till Madame Carhaix, who has got up to remove the plates, will go out of the room to fetch the beef. As soon as she is gone, he whispers, "I can tell you that the worst Manichaeans are no advertisement for their religion. They like to taste excrement."

"Horrible!" exclaims Carhaix.

"I am sure Monsieur Des Hermies has been saying something awful," murmurs Madame Carhaix as she comes back, bearing a platter on which is a piece of beef smothered in vegetables.

They burst out laughing. Carhaix cuts up the meat while his wife pours the cider and Durtal uncorks a bottle of anchovies.

Carhaix's pale face is lighted up, his great canine eyes are becoming suspiciously moist. Visibly, he is jubilant. He is at table with friends, in his tower. "Empty your glasses. You are not drinking," he says, holding up the cider pot.

Des Hermies, admit you said yesterday that Satanism has pursued an uninterrupted course since the Middle Ages," says Durtal.

"My thesis embarrasses me not at all. In the 15th Century, your own Gilles de Rais. By the 16th, Catherine de Medicis. In the 17th, the 'possessed' of Loudun. In the 18th, to give just one example, a certain *Abbe Guibourg* made a spectacle of his abominations. On a table serving as altar, a woman lies down, with her skirts lifted up over her head, arms outstretched. She holds the altar lights during the whole office.

"In this fashion, Guibourg celebrated Masses on the abdomen of Madame de Montespan, Madame d'Argenson and Madame de Saint Point."

"My heavenly Savior!" sighs the bell ringer's wife. "What a lot of filth!"

"That's a change," says Durtal. "In the Middle Ages, the Mass was celebrated on the naked buttocks of a woman."

"These frightful stories seem to have taken away your appetite," says Madame Carhaix. "Come, Monsieur Durtal, a little more salad?"

"No, thanks."

"My friends," says Carhaix, looking troubled, "I must sound the Angelus. Don't wait for me. Have your coffee."

He puts on a heavy coat, lights a lantern and opens the door. A stream of glacial air pours in. White flakes whirl in the blackness.

Once he is gone, his wife says, "Monsieur Des Hermies, here is the coffee. I appoint you to the task of serving it. At this hour of day, I must lie down."

"You were saying," says Durtal, when they have wished her good night, "that the most important element in Satanism is the Black Mass."

"No, I wouldn't ignore witchcraft, incubacy, succubacy."

At this moment the bell, set in motion in the tower, booms out. The chamber in which they are sitting trembles and waves of sound come out of the walls. Heard in the rooms of the tower, the reverberation is oppressive.

Now the booming of the bell comes more slowly. The humming departs from the air. The tumblers on the table cease to rattle and give off only a tenuous tinkling.

A step is heard on the stairs. Carhaix enters covered with snow.

"Christ, boys, it blows!" He shakes himself, throws his heavy outer garments onto a chair and extinguishes his lantern.

Carhaix goes up to the stove and pokes the fire, then dries his eyes, which the bitter cold has filled with tears, and drinks a great draught of coffee.

"How far did you get with your lecture, Des Hermies?"

"I'd like Durtal to see your friend Gévingey."

"Well, then I will arrange it."

"We'll give you a chance to get to bed."

Carhaix lights his lantern and in single file, shivering, they descend the glacial, pitch-dark, winding stairs.

■

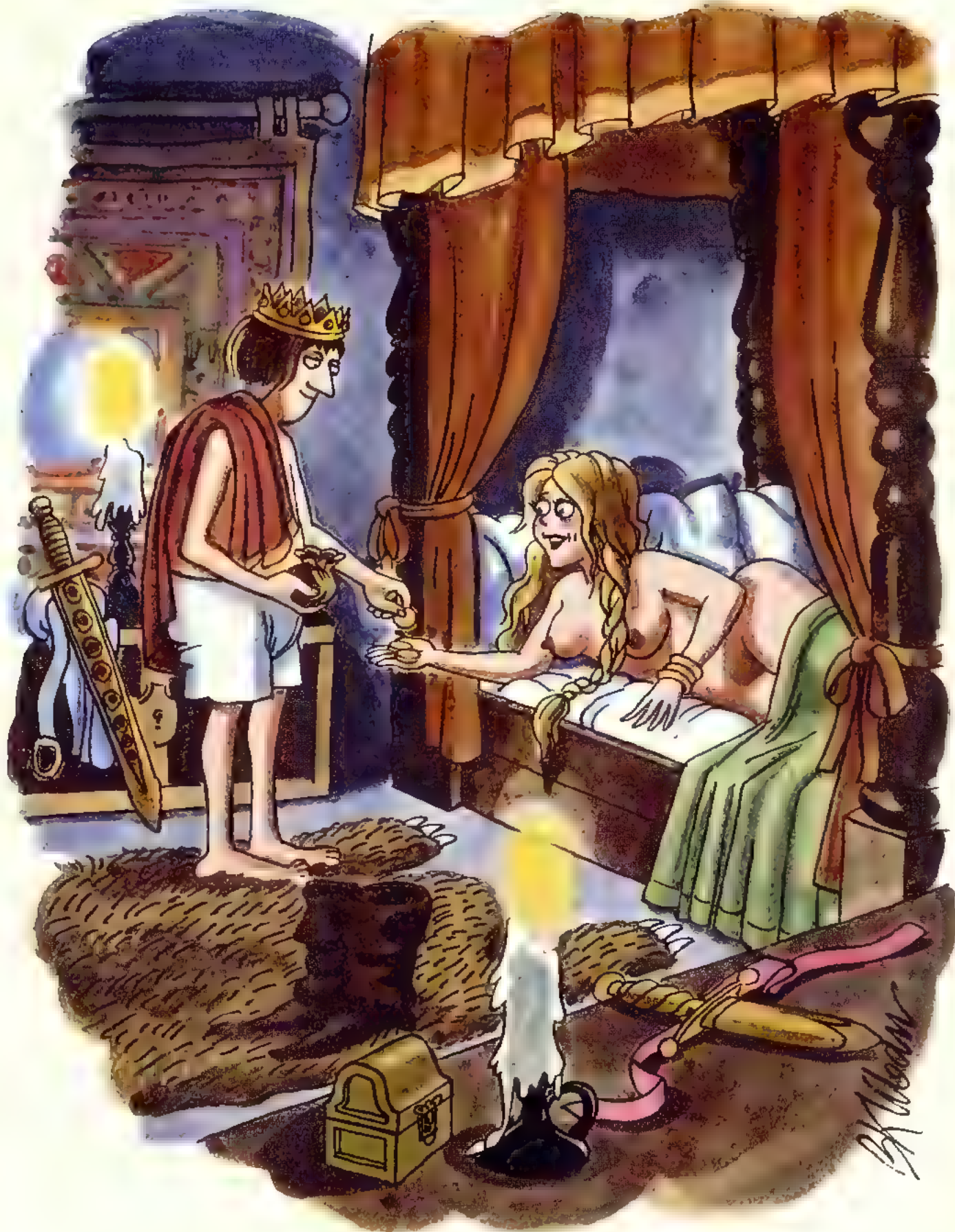
Durtal is in his apartment studying an alchemistic document *The Chemical Cortex*. The camera sees mysterious bottles and flasks. Each contains a liquid with a small creature in it. A green lion the size of a frog hangs head downward. Doves no larger than beetles are trying to fly up to the neck of another bottle. The liquid in one jar is black and undulates with waves of carmine and gold. Another is white and granulated with dots of ink. Sometimes these dots take the shape of a bat or a star. Sometimes flames rise from a liquid. As we look, we hear Durtal's voice musing over his documents and his fantasies.

Durtal: "With the aid of the philosophers' stone, provided one could find it, mercury would be transmuted to silver and lead to gold. Where did they not look? In arsenic, saltpeter and niter, in the juices of spurge, poppy and purslane, in the bellies of starved mice and in human urine; in the menstrual fluid of women and in their milk. How Gilles de Rais must have been baffled!"

The second and more oppressive sound of the bells is heard again.

●

We see a small medieval procession, perhaps eight or ten priests, soldiers and



"Thanks, Hamlet . . . you're a prince!"

What the well dressed man is wearing.



Pierre Cardin Man's Cologne

servants, approaching the castle of Tiffauges. We see Gilles de Rais crossing a drawbridge over the moat to greet them.

A young priest, exceptionally polished in appearance, approaches. He has features that speak of a formidable intelligence. The two men embrace.

"I salute Marshal Gilles de Rais, the most splendid mind of France," says the young priest.

"Francesco Prelati is the master of Florentine magic. There is no one I have dreamed of meeting more."

They smile. They walk off together. Their bodies move in immediate sympathy to each other.

We see Gilles de Rais and Francesco Prelati in the great laboratory that occupies one wing of the castle. It is filled with an alchemist's furnace and crucibles and retorts.

Gilles: "I conducted experiments for a year. Nothing but failure. My frustrations were considerable." We have a glimpse as he is speaking, of flames in many colors and burning powders; we hear the cries of animals being slaughtered sacrificially. "Nothing came near to finding the philosophers' stone."

Prelati: "The secret of alchemy is that no secret can be uncovered without the intervention of Satan."

Gilles does not look happy. "I have come to the same conclusion," he says, "but the thought is not happy. To combine my force with such a force. That is too powerful. Terrible things have happened already."

We see a sorcerer trace a great circle on the floor of a large empty room. Now he asks De Rais and another nobleman to step inside the circle. The nobleman begins to tremble. Gilles, bolder, stands in the middle of the circle. At the first conjurations, however, he begins to pray to Our Lady. The sorcerer, furious, orders both men out of the room. Gilles and his friend rush through the door and wait below in the courtyard. Howls are suddenly heard from the chamber where the magician is operating alone. There is the sound of blows.

When the groans cease, they open the door and find the sorcerer lying in blood, his body mangled.

Prelati: "Did he live?"

Gilles: "Just about." (With a wry smile) "He doesn't practice sorcery any more."

Prelati: "Your motive was improper. From the Devil's point of view, you asked for the use of his power yet gave back nothing in return."

Gilles: "What could I offer?"

Prelati: "A crime."

Gilles: "I am ready for any crime."

(We have a glimpse of Gilles and Joan swinging in the tower. The sound of bells is intense.)

Gilles expels his breath. "No," he says, "not yet. Let us, for now, relight the furnaces."

We are treated to a montage of flames and invocations. Lead is being poured and we see a cross being waved upside down.

Prelati and Gilles are making adjurations. There is no result.

Prelati: "I must try it alone."

Gilles: "No, it is better if we fail together."

Prelati: "We have failed already. Nothing is worse than to stop at this place. That molten lead is now ready to become a pestilence in our organs. We will die of bloated bellies."

Gilles nods and steps back. At a sign from Prelati, he leaves the room.

Now he waits. Suddenly, he hears Prelati screaming. The priest emerges bleeding, staggers into his arms. We see the marshal take Prelati to his room and hold his hand by the side of his bed. The bells sound in the tower. The oppressive second sound of the bells.

"Yes," says Gilles de Rais, "the time has come to open my mind to the horrors of my imagination."

The concierge is dusting Durtal's living room. "This came for you," he says, handing over a letter.

"I am a woman of lassitude"—we are treated to a woman's voice as Durtal reads the letter—"who has just finished

reading your last book. Though it is always folly to try to capture a desire, will you permit me to meet you some evening in a place which you shall designate? Afterward, we shall return, each of us, into our own lives. Understand, mon sieur. I address you only because I consider you a marvelous writer in an era of scribbles. Therefore, this evening, a maid will call on your concierge and ask him if there is a letter for Madame Maubel."

"Hmmm!" says Durtal, folding up the letter. "She must be 45 years old at least."

In spite of himself, he reopens the letter.

"Still, I commit myself to nothing by going to meet her."

He dashes off a note, looks up. "I better add that I'm in poor health. It'll be an excuse if she seems too energetic." He writes. "Dear Madame Maubel, a serious liaison is impossible."

To the room, he says. "Who knows? Maybe she is good-looking."

Durtal is before his desk. Now a number of letters are on it. He shakes his head as he passes through them. "Never accuse yourself," he reads aloud, "of being unable to give me consolation. Let us rather permit our souls to speak to each other—low, very low—as I have spoken to you this night."

"Four pages of the same sad tune," Durtal says to his cat.

"There is no misspelling," he says, studying her script, "and the handwriting



"That's my son, Donald, before he decided to become my daughter, Denise."

is nice." He sniffs the envelope. "Discreet scent of heliotrope, pale-green ink. She must be a blonde. Yet I keep seeing her as a brunette." We are offered a flash of his sexual inventories. A blonde and a brunette in Parisian costumes, half undressed, no, three quarters undressed—breasts visible and thighs, corsets, garters, stockings—cavort on either side of him. They are attractive but not wholly materialized. Now they give way to two ugly women, one small and thin, the other huge and fat, both in similar undress. They are hardly in costume to write a letter, but they are all writing letters.

"Last night," says a woman's voice, "your name was burning me. Unbearable shivers came to my flesh as I spoke of you to a common friend of yours and mine. But then, why should I not now tell you that you know me?"

Durtal is seeing women in partial states of nudity. "I wrote," he declares to the empty room, as if the sound of his voice will fortify his sense of irony. "I wrote a burning reply. I, who gave up all carnal relations years ago. I, tranquil little man, dried up, safe from adventures, forgetful of sex for months at a time—why do I find myself aroused by the mystery of these letters?"

Another unseen woman's voice:

"Now you speak of your desire with a crudity of phrase which makes my body tingle. This morning, my husband wished to make love. I began to laugh crazily

What would you think," I asked him, 'of my dream? A woman without a head came to me and said, 'I am your chamber succubus.'" 'My dear, you are ill,' he said. 'Worse than you think,' said I. 'Yes, your letter has unbalanced me.' She laughs wildly.

Durtal "No laughing matter. This woman is married to a man who knows me. But whom? Des Hermies is the only man I would call a friend." Durtal puts down her letter. Now he is seeing more blondes than brunettes, and they are reduced to their stockings. "It is too bad," says Durtal, "that we have both become inflamed at the same time. It's these ecclesiastical and demonic studies." He sighs. "I must see her. If she's good-looking, I'll sleep with her. That will bring peace." The pen shakes in his fingers as he tries to write. "Think of the harm we do ourselves teasing at a distance. Think of the remedy, my poor darling, that we have at hand."

Durtal is trying to sleep. It is impossible. His head is ringing with angelic and demonic bells. He hears the cries of Francesco Prelati and in the dark, Durtal's cat metamorphoses into a devil and makes low spitting, urgent sounds. He sees a blonde removing the costume of Paris in the Nineties and putting on the dress of the early 15th Century. He can almost see her face, but the image withdraws and he sits up. By the

clock, it is not yet midnight.

"Des Hermies must still be awake. He is always complaining of insomnia."

Des Hermies "It's certainly the week for friends and acquaintances to be ill. I've been attending to Chantelouve, who has had an attack of gout. His wife, by the way, whom I would not have taken for an admirer of your books, speaks unceasingly of you. For a reserved woman she certainly can't hold back on this enthusiasm."

"I think I'd better be going."

"You just got here. Are you certain you're feeling well?"

"Perfect."

We see Durtal walking along the streets of Paris at night. He is accompanied on either side by Madame Chantelouve fully dressed. To his right, she is a society woman, reserved and adept, a hostess smiling without animation.

On his other arm, he has Madame Chantelouve as a creature. Her eyes are wild, romantic and, by his lights, nymphomaniacal.

"It can't be Madame Chantelouve," he says aloud to the empty streets. "Her husband has written a history of Pope Boniface VIII, a life of the blessed founder of the Annunciate, Jeanne de Valois and a biography of Venerable Mother Anne de Saintonge."

Church bells ring out suddenly, discordantly, and he comes close to racing down the dark, cold Paris street.

Next afternoon, Durtal is trying to write but puts down his pen. He again has the fantasy of the blonde woman who is changing her costume from Paris in the 1890s to the Brittany of the 1430s. We see Madame Chantelouve in tattered stuffs with tight sleeves, a great collar thrown back over the shoulders, a long train lined with fur. She thrusts her head under a two-horned steeple head dress. From behind the face, she smiles. We realize that the face of Madame Chantelouve is equal to the face of Catherine of Thouars, the wife of Gilles de Rais.

Once again, Durtal picks up his pen, but the doorbell rings. He gets up, opens the door and falls a step backward.

Madame Chantelouve is before him.

Stupefied, he bows. Madame Chantelouve, without a word, goes straight into the study. Durtal follows.

"Won't you please sit down?" He advances an armchair. She makes a vague gesture and remains standing. She is wearing a tight black dress, long fawn-colored suede gloves, a fur cloak and no jewelry except sparkling blue-sapphire eardrops.

In a calm but low voice she says, "It is I who wrote you those mad letters. Since I have come to agree that nothing



"And, just as you might expect,
Harry has swine flu."

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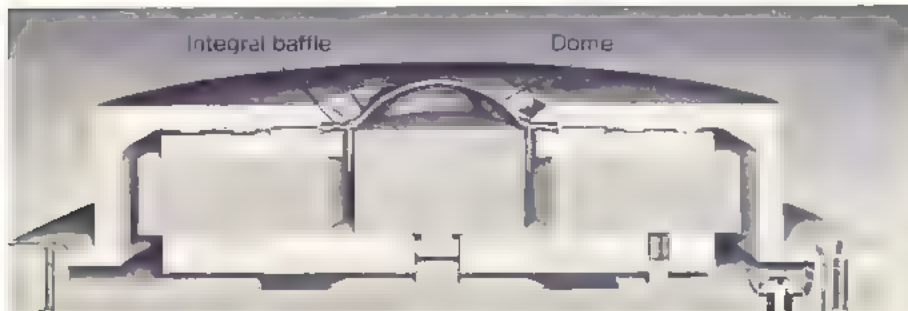
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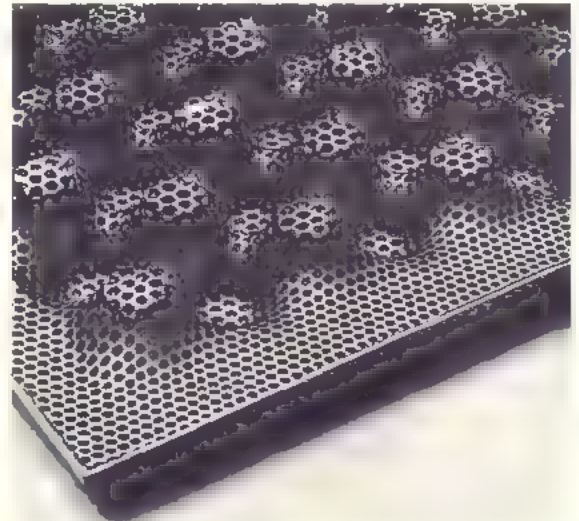
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is possible between us, let us also agree to forget what has happened."

"I love you," he blurts out to his astonishment.

Love me! You didn't even know who the letters were from."

"I knew very well it was Madame Chantelouve hiding behind the pseudonym of Madame Maubel."

She sits down and bursts out laughing.

Furious at seeing this woman behave differently from her letters, he asks irritably, "Am I to know why you laugh?"

It's a trick my nerves play. Never mind. Let us talk things over. Chantelouve is a very nice man who loves me. His only crime is that he offers a somewhat insipid happiness. So I started this correspondence with you. But you have beautiful books to write. You don't need a crazy woman. I came to tell you we must remain friends and go no further."

You wrote those letters. Now you speak of reason."

He takes her hands. She makes no resistance.

He presses her hands more tightly. She regards him with her smoky eyes, her subtly voluptuous face. With a firm gesture, she frees her hands.

Which saint is that? she asks, getting up to examine a picture on the wall of a monk on his knees.

I do not know."

I will find out for you. I have the lives of all the saints at home."

"I don't care who he is!"

She comes closer.

Are you angry at me?"

I've been dreaming about this meeting. Now you tell me it is all over."

She is dequre. "If I did not care about you, would I come to explain? No! Let me go. Her voice becomes a hint harder. "Do not squeeze me like that! I swear I will go away and you will never see me again if you do not let me loose." He lets go. "Sit there behind the table," she says. "Do that for me." She adds, in a tone of melancholy, "It is impossible to be friends with a man. It would be nice to come and see you without evil thoughts to lean." She is silent. "Yes, just to see each other."

Then she says, "I must go home."

"You leave me with no hope," he exclaims, kissing her gloved hands.

She does not answer. As he looks pleadingly at her, she says, "Listen. If you will promise to make no demands on me and be good, I will come here night after next at nine o'clock."

He promises. As he raises his head from her hands, she offers her neck to his lips. Then she is gone.

The Carhaix apartment

We see Geyngey climbing the stairs. He is a little man. Has a head like an egg. The skull seems to have grown up out of the hair. His nose is bony and his nostrils open over a toothless mouth hidden by a mustache and goatee. Solemn voice and obsequious manners. Looks like he belongs in a sarcophagus.

Geyngey, as soon as he has seated himself, puts his hands on his knees. Enormous, flecked with blotches of orange, the fingers are covered with huge rings.

Seeing Durtal's gaze on his fingers, he smiles. "My valuables, monsieur, are of three metals, gold, platinum and silver. This ring bears a scorpion, that with its two triangles reproduces the image of the macrocosm. A story for each of my rings."

"Ah!" says Durtal, somewhat surprised at the man's self-satisfaction.

Dinner is ready," says the bell-ringer's wife.

Geyngey (at table): "Mysticism, astrology and alchemy were the great sciences of the Middle Ages."

Des Hermies: "It is too bad that the astrologers, occultists and cabalists of the present day know absolutely nothing."

Geyngey (nodding wisely): "Ignorant imbeciles. Nonetheless, the old theories can be upheld. Space is peopled by microbes. Why can't it also be crammed with spirits?" He puts his hands on his plump stomach.

Madame Carhaix: "Maybe that is why cats suddenly look at something we can't see."

Carhaix: "I'll be back." Gets up to ring the bells.

The bell-ringer's wife bids them good

night. Des Hermies gets the kettle and the colicpot.

Any help?" Durtal proposes.

"Get the little glasses and uncork the liqueur bottles, if you will."

As he opens the cupboard, Durtal sways from the strokes of the bells that shake the walls.

Carhaix returns, blowing out his lantern.

"I hear, monsieur, that you are occupied with a history of Gilles de Rais," says Geyngey to Durtal.

"Up to my eyes in Satanism with that man."

Des Hermies: "We are going to appeal to your knowledge. You can enlighten my friend on one of the obscure questions."

"Which?"

"Incubacy and succubacy."

Geyngey replies, "The Church, you know, does not like this subject."

I beg your pardon," says Carhaix. "The Church has never hesitated to declare itself on this detestable matter. The existence of succubi and incubi is certified by Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas, Saint Bonaventure, and many others! The question is settled for every Catholic."

"Yes," says Geyngey, "the Church recognizes succubacy. But let me speak."

I want to ask you," says Des Hermies, "does a woman receive the visit of the incubus while she is asleep or while she is awake?"

A distinction has to be made. If the woman consorts willingly with the impure spirit, then she is certainly awake when the carnal act takes place. Of course, here the details are a little dirty," says Geyngey. He blushes. "The organ of the incubus, you see, has two branches." He extends his pinkie and forefinger like horns. "So the incubus is able to penetrate both *vases* of the lady."

Whereas the succubus is a woman," says Des Hermies, "and so has no branches. But does she have four *vases*?"

Geyngey says in rebuke, "The subject is grave. Messieurs, I slept once in the room of the only modern master Satanism can claim."

Canon Doctre, says Des Hermies.

"Yes. And I can tell you, my sleep was fitful. It was broad daylight. Yet I swear to you the succubus came to me."

What was she like?" Durtal asks.

"Why, like any naked woman," the astrologer says hesitantly.

I hear Canon Doctre celebrates a Black Mass," Des Hermies remarks.

"With abominable men and women. Some people cross themselves when Doctre's name is said in their presence."

"But how did a priest fall so low?" asks Durtal.

"I can't say. If you wish more information about him," says Geyngey, "you might question your friend Chantelouve."

"Chantelouve!" cries Durtal.

Yes, he and his wife used to be friendly



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"I'm just not sure the general public is ready for this, Foster."

with Canon Doct. I hope for their sakes they have no further dealings with that monster."

Durtal's apartment. He is cleaning in preparation for Madame Chantelouve's second visit.

He consults his watch. "I am waiting for a woman," he says aloud. "I, who for years scorned the doings of lovers. Now I look at my watch every five minutes."

There is a gentle ring. "Not nine o'clock yet. It isn't she," he murmurs, opening the door.

He squeezes her hands and thanks her for being so punctual.

She says she is not feeling well. "I came only because I didn't want to keep you waiting in vain."

His heart sinks.

"I have a fearful headache," she says, passing her gloved hands over her forehead.

He takes her furs and motions her to the armchair. He sits down on the stool, but she refuses the armchair and takes a seat beside the table. Rising, he bends over her and catches hold of her fingers.

"Your hand is burning," she says.

"Yes, because I get so little sleep. If you knew how much I have thought about you!"

He sits down in front of her. His knee touches hers.

"Listen!" Her voice becomes grave and firm. "I do not wish to spoil the happiness our relation gives me. I do not know if I can explain, but try to comprehend: I am able to possess you in my mind when and how I please"—she snaps her fingers—"just as, for a long time, I have possessed Lord Byron, Baudelaire, Gérard de Nerval, all those writers I love."

"You mean . . . ?"

"I have only to desire them, or desire you, before I go to sleep. . . ."

"And?"

"Dear man, you in your own flesh would have to be inferior to the fabulous writer Durtal who comes to me in my bed. That imaginary man offers caresses that make my night delirious!"

He looks at her and pictures Gèvingey lying nude on a bed and Madame Chantelouve approaching Gèvingey as a succubus. "We shall untangle all this later," Durtal says. "Meanwhile—" He takes her gently by the arms, draws her to him and abruptly kisses her mouth.

She rebounds as if she has had an electric shock. With a strange cry, she throws back her head.

He pushes her away. She stands there, pale, her eyes closed. Durtal comes up to her and catches her again, but she cries out, "No! I beseech you, let me go."

He holds her.

"I implore you, let me go."

Her accent is so despairing that he obeys.

She is breathing heavily. She leans, very pale, against the bookcase.

"Good God," he says, marching up and down, knocking into the furniture, "what are you made of?"

"Monsieur, I, too, suffer. Spare me. I have to think of my husband and my confessor." She is silent long enough to regain composure. Then, in a changed voice, she says, "Tell me, will you come to my house tomorrow night? Tell me you will come."

"Yes," he says at last. "I don't know why, but yes."

She readjusts herself and, without saying a word, quits the room.

During a storm, we see Gilles de Rais on one of the battlements of Tiffauges. The parapet is narrow, not six inches in width. A fall would be fatal. Gilles is forcing himself to advance. As he does, he calls to a voice he hears on the wind. "I will walk around the walls of Tiffauges," he cries out. "If I fall, I am yours." Then he turns to Prelati, who is standing below in the courtyard. "There is no answer," says Gilles de Rais. He moves and almost slips. The rain is icy. The parapet is slippery.

"Come down."

"He says . . . I hear him."

"Come down."

"He says he has no interest in my fall." Gilles de Rais comes off the parapet. In the rain he says to Prelati, "The Demon does not want my death. He wishes me to perform the deed."

"Do what he wants."

They have descended to the stone chamber where the marshal sleeps.

Gilles de Rais: "Prelati, I do not fear this Demon, because hell is where I live now. My blood is oppressed. I could meet a wild boar in a forest and it would flee my teeth. Wolves draw back when I go by. I cannot speak of the thoughts I have when young boys pass before my eyes."

"We have had our pleasure with young boys," says Prelati.

"The Demon tells me not to stop at their skins." He lifts his head. "Smell the wind. It stinks worse than any battlefield." He makes a violent move. "Tomorrow, I will disembowel a small boy."

"Who?"

"I have not seen him yet. You, Prelati, will find him for me. I am going to separate his hands from his arms and his eyes from his head."

Prelati crosses himself. Gilles de Rais picks up Prelati's cross and makes the same sign upside down.

"We will use the blood of this child," says Gilles de Rais, "to compose the ink of our formulas. Spirits will flower in that blood."

A scene in the same room where Prelati was attacked by the Devil. We see

him enter with a few small objects on a tray. They are wrapped in bloody linen. He and Gilles de Rais kneel. With passion, they offer these sacrifices to the Demon. Their words are so thick we can hardly hear them. They both speak at once.

"To Asmodeus and Sammael. . . ."

"By the Law of pointed stakes. . . ."

"By fire and grease. . . ."

"In the way of the great work. . . ."

"Through salts and retort. . . ."

"In the grand magisterium of the ferment."

"By Xose, Xorcheon and Xolostosos."

"In blood, in gold."

"*Faeces urinae nascimur*."

"By the snake of your intestine."

When they are done, we see Prelati gather up the bloodstained objects.

"Recognize," Prelati says to Gilles de Rais, "that the Devil did not attack me."

Chantelouve's apartment. Durtal is waiting in the same room where we first saw him at the party.

Monsieur and Madame Chantelouve enter. The lines of her figure are advantageously displayed by a wrapper of white swanskin. She sits down facing Durtal, and he perceives under the wrap her indigo silk stockings in little patent leather boots with straps across the insteps. They are like the picture he has had of her in fantasy.

Chantelouve is in a dressing gown. "You catch me in the middle of my literary drudgeries," he tells Durtal. "I've taken on the worst kind of job. A quick series of unsigned volumes—unsigned, thank God!—on the lives of the saints."

"Yes," says his wife, laughing, "sadly neglected saints."

Chantelouve, also laughing, says, "My publisher has a nose for the unkempt martyrs. Saint Opportuna who never used water because she washed her bed with her tears; Saint Radegunde who never changed her hair shirt. I am asked to draw a golden halo around their heads."

Madame Chantelouve laughs gaily. "This disregard of cleanliness makes me suspicious of your beloved Middle Ages."

"Pardon me, my dear," says her husband, "it is not until the Renaissance that uncleanness becomes common in France, and our good Henri Quatre will boast of his reeking feet and a fine armpit."

"For heaven's sake," says madame, "spare us one or two details. My dear," she says, addressing her husband, "you have forgotten to turn up your lampwick. I can smell it smoking from here."

Chantelouve rises, gathers up the skirts of his dressing gown and, with a vaguely malicious smile, excuses himself.

She assures herself the door is closed, then returns to Durtal, who is leaning against the mantel. Without a word, she takes his head between her hands, presses

her lips to his mouth and opens it with her tongue

He grunts with sudden appetite and agitation

She passes her hands over her forehead. "You won't believe it, but I have to suffer when I think how hard he is working. If he had a few women, it would not be so bad."

Durtal rises to take leave

"When shall I see you?" she murmurs.

"My apartment tomorrow night?"

She responds by a long kiss.

Durtal's apartment

Madame Chantelouve is buried under the thick coverlet, her lips parted and her eyes closed, but she is studying Durtal through the fringe of her blonde eyelashes. He sits down on the edge of the bed. She draws the cover over her chin

"Cold, dear?"

"No," she opens wide her eyes. They flash sparks.

He undresses. Her face is hidden in the darkness but is sometimes revealed by a flare of the fire, as a smoldering log suddenly bursts into flame. Swiftly, he slips between the covers. Silently, she kisses his features. They thrash about. He cannot speak for the shower of kisses traveling over his face. It is too much. He pulls away.

"I detest you!" she exclaims.

"Why?"

"I detest you!"

"I can't stand you."

The fire is burning low. He sits up and looks into the darkness. His nightshirt is torn

Once more, he is embraced; the woman grips him again. This time, he responds. He tries to crush her with caresses. In a guttural voice, she cries out, "I love it, I love it, oh, piss, shit, I want to eat you." The bodies writhed under the covers, the bed creaks and he finally jumps over her, out of bed, and lights the candles. On the dresser, the cat sits motionless. He chases the animal away.

He puts some more wood on the fire and dresses. She calls him gently. He approaches the bed. She throws her arms around his neck and kisses him hungrily. Then she says, "The deed is done. Will you love me any better?"

He does not have the heart to answer

"A woman of my age doing a mad thing like that!" she says as she emerges from the bedroom fully dressed. "You will sleep tonight," she adds sadly

He begs her to sit down and warm herself, but she says she is not cold.

"Why," he says, "your body was cold as ice!"

"I am always that way. Winter and summer, my flesh is chilly. Even in August."

Durtal and Des Hermies are strolling by the Seine. Notre D. me is in the background

"Tell me," Durtal asks Des Hermies, "do you know whether a woman can get a cold body as a result of making love to an incubus?"

"Gevingey told me that women who were attached to an incubus had icy flesh even in the month of August. All the books of the specialists bear witness to that. But now, such ladies show the opposite: a skin that is burning and dry to the touch."

"Odd," says Durtal.

Durtal and Madame Chantelouve are in bed. He is looking somewhat relieved the act is done. She puts her arm around his neck and kisses him forcibly—her tongue is not inactive. He remains apathetic. She slips under the sheets, works around, reaches him and he groans.

"Ah," she exclaims, coming up from the covers, "at last I have heard you make a sound."

A little later. They are getting dressed.

"Does your husband suspect us?" he asks

"He may but I do not accept his right of control over me. He is free, and I am free, to go where we please. I keep house for him and watch out for his interests. I love him like a devoted companion. My

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"I Had Almost Given Up On My Hair Problem Until I Discovered Vitamins For My Hair."

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

Believe Me, It Works.

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be heredity.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

Believe The Experts, It Works.

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get



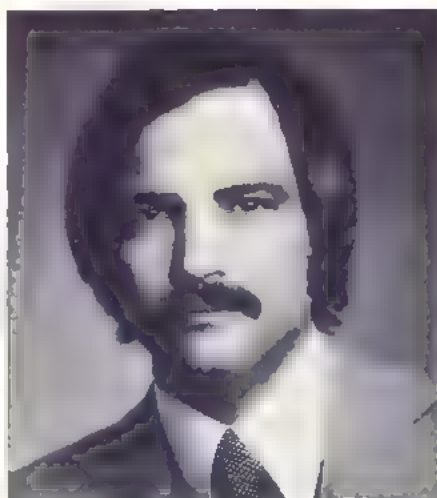
my hands on

I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—(may not be sufficient for scalp and hair).

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973 scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.



In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about \$30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than 1/2 of our users are females!

Today, as you can see, from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

Believe Them, It Works.

"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." C. B. Santa Rosa, Calif. "I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and... I have tried many..." E. H. New Orleans.

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement..." W. H. Castlewood, Va.

"... my hair looks much much better than before." C. I. Atlanta, Ga.

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail..." S. H. Metairie, La.

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference..." E. H. Charlotte, N.C.

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"I thought you had booked the inn!"

acts, however, are none of his business."

She has spoken in a crisp, incisive tone.

"You certainly reduce the importance of the role of husband."

"My ideas do not belong to this period we live in. In my first marriage, they created a disaster. You see, I despise deceit. After I was married a few years, I fell in love with a most unusual man. And I proceeded to tell my first husband about that lover."

"How did he take such information?"

"He could not bear it. He called it treason. In one night, his hair turned white. A week later, he killed himself." She has spoken with a nondramatic and resolute air.

"Ah!" says Durtal. "Suppose he had strangled you first?"

She shrugs and picks a cat hair off her skirt.

"The result," he resumes after a silence, "being that you then looked for a new husband who would tolerate—"

"Let us not discuss my second husband. I receive enough trouble on this subject from my confessor."

"Is your confessor hard on you?"

"He is of the old school. Incorruptible. I chose him for that."

"If I were like you, I think I would look for a confessor who was indulgent." Something in her expression excites his intuition. "Of course, there's always the danger of seducing a priest who likes you too much."

"That would be sacrilege," she says quickly. But it is obvious he has guessed something of her past. "Oh," she says, half-pleased with the confession, "I was mad, mad—"

He observes her; sparks glint again in her eyes.

"When you are at home in bed, do you

still summon me to make love to you?"

"I do not understand," she says.

"Didn't you used to have a visit from an incubus who resembled me?"

"No need now!"

"But you still receive Canon Doctre? As an incubus?" His voice is not without anger. He is jealous at the thought.

"What are you saying?"

"You know him."

"Yes, I do."

"How much truth is there to stories about him?"

"I don't know. Doctre was once a confessor to royalty. He would certainly have become a bishop if he had not quit the priesthood."

"You knew him personally?"

"I had him for a confessor."

"Is he young or old, handsome or ugly? Tell me."

"He is forty years old. He is very fastidious of his person."

"Do you believe he celebrates the Black Mass?"

"Possibly."

"Suppose I were to ask if your knowledge of incubacy . . . ?"

"I received it from him. Now I hope you are satisfied."

"I don't know. I think I'm in pain. But I must say I'm curious. Do you know how I can see Canon Doctre in person?"

"He's not in Paris."

"Pardon me. He is in Paris."

"It would not be good for you to see him."

"You admit he is dangerous?"

"I admit nothing. I deny nothing. I tell you simply: Have nothing to do with him."

"I need new material to stimulate my book."

"Get it from somebody else." Shaking her finger at him, she leaves with the remark, "Don't think too much about Canon Doctre."

"Devil take you," he says after he closes the door.

Durtal is writing at his desk.

"From 1432 to 1440, the children of Brittany begin to disappear. Shepherds are abducted from the fields. Little boys who go to play in the woods fail to return. Whenever the marshal quits one castle for another, he leaves behind a devastation of tears. From Tiffauges to the château de Champtoce, and from La Suze to Nantes, children are missing. Entire regions are devastated. The hamlet of Tiffauges has no more young men. La Suze is without male posterity. At Champtoce, the whole foundation room of a tower is filled with corpses."

Durtal throws down his pen. "I write but I do not know of what I am writing."

We see Gilles speaking. Just his head.

"I took pleasure in butchery. Once I slashed a boy's chest and drank the breath from his lungs. I would open another's stomach and smell it. I took carnal knowledge of the open guts of a third. I knew odors and felt sensations no other man has come near. I was rich in vitality. I lived in a country of my own habitation."

As he speaks, the camera passes over a great fire on a hearth where indistinct objects, the size of bodies, are burning. Scraps of charred clothing are visible.

We have a clear view of one of Gilles's henchmen scattering ashes to the wind from the top of a tower at Tiffauges on a dark dawn.

We see Gilles snoring in coma. Then we hear his voice, as if out of his sleep, "There is no man on earth who dare do as I have done."

The bell sounds in the tower.

"Who is ringing at this hour?" Gilles cries out.

No answer.

We see him rushing along the solitary corridors of the château. He is in the tower, looking at the bell. The last echoes of its reverberation sound in his ear. He has a partial image of Joan and himself swinging on the bell and howls like a wounded beast. "I swear to do penance," he cries out.

We see his face again, only his face.

"I had hoped to do penance," he declares. "Yet, on the next night, I gouged out the eyes of a child. I crushed its skull with a club."

He grinds his teeth. He laughs.

He is running through the woods.

His henchmen are cleaning stains on the floor of the castle and burying the garments.

More ashes are scattered from the tower.

We see Gilles wandering in the forest

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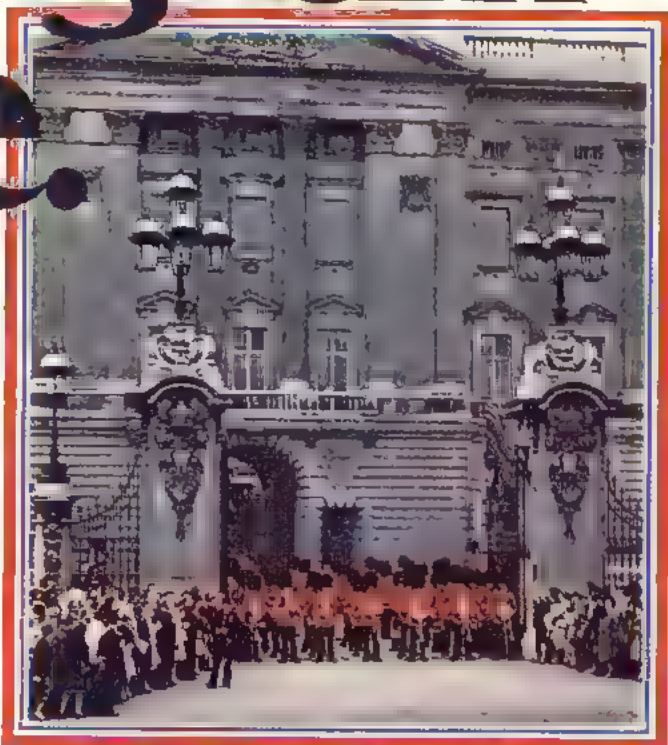
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surrounding Tiffauges. He sees obscenity in the shape of the trees. Between two limbs, a branch is jammed in a stationary fornication. He sees the act repeated all the way up to the top of the tree. He sees the trunk as a phallus that disappears into a skirt of leaves.

More frightful images rise. The pucker of office in the bark of an old oak simulates the protruding anus of a beast. In the trunks are incisions that spread out into great lips of vulvas beneath tufts of brown, velvet moss.

The clouds overhead swell into breasts, divide into buttocks, bulge with fecundity. Now they mingle with the somber foliage. Gilles sees images of giant hips, mouths of Sodom, glowing scars, humid wounds. He sees frightful cancers on the trunks and horrible wens. He observes ulcers, sores, chancres.

There, at a detour of the forest aisle, stands a mottled red beech. Tensely, Gilles listens to the wind. Under the falling leaves, he feels spattered by a shower of blood. He runs until he reaches the chateau. He returns to his room exhausted and crawls to the crucifix like a wolf on all fours. He strains his lips to the feet of the Christ. It is the Grünewald Christ.

He adjures him to have pity, supplicates him to spare a sinner. Then he whimpers. In his own voice, he is hearing the lamentations of children.

A bell is ringing. We hear the voice of the bell at last. It says, "I call to the living. I mourn the dead. I break the thunder."

Durtal and Madame Chantelouve are walking on a Paris street.

"You're wrong," she says. "I am being consistent. I really don't want you to become acquainted with Canon Docte. But I understand your desire for new material. So I have arranged to let you see a ceremony."

"A Black Mass?"

"Yes. I'm disobeying my confessor in order to take you." She shivers visibly. "You will have no complaint if the spectacle terrifies you."

"Tell me," he asks, "are you still in love with Canon Docte?" A pause. "Admit you are in love with him."

"Not now. But once we were mad about each other. It was because of him that my first husband committed suicide."

"It is really over?"

"I swear it."

Durtal's apartment. Madame Chantelouve enters.

Madame Chantelouve: "It's on for tonight. I'll be back at nine. First you must sign this letter." She reads it aloud:

"I certify that all I write about the Black Mass is pure invention. I have imagined these incidents."

"Your canon distrusts me."

"Of course. You write books."

"What if I refuse to sign?"

"Then you will not go to the Black Mass."

He scratches his signature on the letter.

In a fiacre, they go up the Rue de Vaugirard.

The carriage turns up a dark street, swings around and stops.

Durtal and Madame Chantelouve find themselves confronted by a little door cut into a thick unlighted wall.

She rings. A grating opens. She raises her veil. A shaft of lantern light strikes her full in the face, the door opens and they penetrate into a garden.

A woman with a lantern scrutinizes Durtal. He sees, beneath a hood, wisps of gray hair over a wrinkled face, but she does not give him time to examine her.

He follows Madame Chantelouve down a dark lane between rows of palms to the entrance of a building.

"Be careful," she says, going through a vestibule. "There are three steps."

They come out into a court and stop before an old house. She rings. A man greets her in an affected voice. Durtal has a glimpse of cheeks plastered with cosmetics.

"You didn't tell me I was going to be in such company," he whispers to Madame Chantelouve.

"Did you expect to meet saints here?"

They go into a chapel with a low ceiling. The windows are hidden by large drapes. The walls are cracked and dingy. Gusts of moldy air pour out of the heat registers to mingle with an irritating odor of alkali, burnt herbs and the

acridity of a new stove. Durtal is choking.

He attempts to accustom his eyes to the half-darkness. The chapel is vaguely lighted by sanctuary lamps suspended from chandeliers of gilded bronze with pink glass pendants. Madame Chantelouve makes a sign to sit down. Durtal notices there are many women and few men present, but his efforts to see any one's features are somewhat frustrated by the dim light. Not a laugh, not a raised voice is heard, only an irresolute, furtive whispering, unaccompanied by gesture.

A choirboy, dressed in red, advances to the end of the chapel and lights a stand of candles. Then the altar becomes visible. It is an ordinary church altar on a tabernacle. Above it stands a statue in parody of Christ. The head has been raised and the neck lengthened. Wrinkles painted in the cheeks transform the grieving face to a comic and bestial one twisted into a mean laugh. The figure is naked. Where the loincloth should have been, a virile phallus projects from a bush of horsehair. In front of the tabernacle, the chalice is covered with a pall. The choirboy, reaching up to light the black tapers, wiggles his hips, stands tip-toe on one foot and flips his arms, as if to fly away like a cherub.

Durtal recognizes him as the man in rouge and lipsuck who guarded the chapel entrance.

Another choirboy now exhibits himself. Hollow-chested, racked by coughs, made up with white grease paint and vivid carmine, he approaches the tripods flanking the altar, stirs the smoldering incense pots and throws in leaves and chunks of resin.

Now Madame Chantelouve conducts



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Durtal to a seat far in the rear, behind all the rows of chairs.

"What's the matter with you?" she asks, looking at him closely.

"The odor from the incense burners is unbearable. What are they burning?"

"Asphalt and henbane, nightshade and myrrh. Perfumes delightful to Satan." She is speaking in the same guttural voice she uses in bed. "Here he comes!" she murmurs suddenly. The women in front of them kneel.

Preceded by the two choirboys, the canon enters wearing a scarlet bonnet with two horns of red cloth. Durtal examines him as he marches toward the altar. Canon Doere is tall but not well built. His large chest is out of proportion to the rest of his body. His forehead makes one line with his straight nose. His lips and cheeks bristle with beard. The eyes are close together and phosphorescent. An evil face, and energetic.

The canon kneels before the altar. Then he mounts the steps and begins to say Mass. Durtal now sees that he has nothing on beneath his sacrificial habit. One can see his black socks and the flesh of his thighs bulging over his garters which have been attached high on his legs. His chasuble has the shape of an ordinary chasuble but is the dark red color of dried blood. In the middle is a triangle surrounding the figure of a black Billy goat showing its horns.

Doere makes the genuflections specified by ritual. The kneeling choirboys sing the Latin responses; their voices fall on the final syllables of the words.

"It's a simple Low Mass," says Durtal to Madame Chantelouve.

She shakes her head. At that moment the choirboys pass behind the altar and bring back copper chafing dishes and censers, which they distribute to the congregation. The women envelop themselves in smoke. Some hold their heads right over the chafing dishes and then close to fainting, they unlace their bodices and make raucous sighs. As Canon Doere proceeds through the following invocation, so do they open their clothing and expose themselves.

"Master of Slanders," says Doere, descending the steps backward and kneeling on the last one. "Dispenser of the benefits of crime, Administrator of sumptuous sins and great vices, we bow to thee, Satan, thee we adore, for you are our reasonable God, our just God!"

"You save the honor of families by aborting wombs impregnated in the forgetfulness of illicit fornication, you are the mainstay of the Poor and the Vanquished, for you endow them with hypocrisy, that they may defend themselves against the Rich, who are the only children to whom God speaks."

"Treasurer of old Humiliations, you alone fertilize the mind of a man whom injustice has crushed; you breathe the idea of vengeance, incite him to murder

you furnish the abundant joy of reprisal."

As he speaks, the choirboys tinkle prayer bells. The women fall to the carpet and writhe.

One of them seems to be worked by a spring. She throws herself prone and waves her legs in the air. Another stands with her mouth open, the tongue turned back, the tip cleaving to the palate. Another, pupils dilated, lolls her head back over her shoulders, then tears her breast with her nails. Another undoes her skirts and draws forth a rag. Her tongue, which she cannot control, sticks out, bitten at the edges, harrowed by red teeth, from a bloody mouth. As these acts continue, so does Doere's voice. Standing erect, with arms outstretched, he speaks in a ringing voice of hate:

"Jesus, Chief of Hoaxes, Thief of Homage, Counterfeit of Affection, hear! Since the day when thou didst issue from the bowels of a Virgin, thou hast broken all thy promises. Centuries have wept, awaiting thee, mute God! Thou wert to redeem man and thou hast not, thou wert to appear in thy glory but slept. Thou dost say to the wretch who appeals to thee: 'Be patient and hope: the angels will assist thee.' Impostor! The angels abandon thee!"

"Thou hast forgotten the poverty thou didst preach. Thou hast seen the weak crushed beneath the press of profit, thou hast heard the death whine of the weak paralyzed by famine and thou hast caused thy commercial agents, thy Popes, to answer by excuses and promises."

"We wish to violate the quiet of thy body, cursed Nazarene, do-nothing King, coward God!"

"Amen!" trill the soprano voices of the choirboys.

A silence succeeds the litany. The chapel is foggy with smoke.

Contemplating the Christ surmounting the tabernacle, Canon Doere says loudly,

"Piss, Shit, Fuck and Blood. *Hoc est enim corpus meum.*" He faces the congregation, haggard, dripping with sweat. The two choirboys raise the chasuble to display his naked belly. Doere passes the host around his groin and then sails it tainted and soiled, into the congregation.

Hysteria shakes the room. While the choirboys sprinkle holy water on the naked pontiff, women rush upon the Fuchrist. They crawl in front of the altar, clawing the bread.

A crone tears her hair, whirls around and around, and falls beside a young girl who is writhing in convulsions. Durtal sees the red horns of Doere. The canon is seated now. He is in a spasm of activity as he chews up sacramental waters, takes them out of his mouth, wipes himself and distributes them to the women. They struggle over each other to get hold of the bread.

The place is a pandemonium. One could be looking at a congress of prostitutes and maniacs. Now the choirboys

offer their buttocks to two of the men present. A woman climbs up onto the altar to take hold of the phallus of Christ. A young girl bends over and barks like a dog. Durtal looks for Madame Chantelouve. She is no longer at his side. He catches sight of her close to the canon and, stepping over writhing bodies, reaches her. She is in a trance. She is breathing the effluvia of the incense, the couples and the acts.

"Let's get out of this!"

She hesitates a moment, then follows him. He elbows his way through the crowd, jostling women whose teeth look as ready to bite as any snarling animal's. He pushes Madame Chantelouve to the entrance, crosses the court, traverses the vestibule, opens the door in the wall and finds himself in the street.

There he stops and looks at her. "Confess you would like to go back."

"No, these scenes shatter me," she says with an effort. "I need a glass of water."

She leans on him as they walk up the street to a nearby wineshop. Two dry laborers are playing cards. They turn around and laugh at the sight of Durtal in his frock coat. The proprietor takes an excessively short-stemmed pipe from his mouth and spits into the sawdust. He seems not at all surprised to see this fashionably gowned woman in his dive. Durtal, who is watching him, surprises a look of complicity between the proprietor and Madame Chantelouve.

The proprietor lights a candle and mumbles into Durtal's ear. "Monsieur, you can't drink here with these people watching. I'll take you to a room where you can be alone."

"This," says Durtal to Madame Chantelouve as they climb an old wooden staircase, "is a lot of fuss for a glass of water!"

But she has already entered a room with paper peeling from walls, and a dirty bed. Her eyes are wild. She embraces Durtal.

"No!" he shouts, furious at having fallen into this trap. "I've had enough."

She does not even hear him.

"I want you," she says, and throws her skirts onto the floor. Lying on the bed, she rubs her spine over the coarse grain of the sheets. A look of ecstasy he has not seen before is in her eyes.

Durtal is shuddering in a bed strewn with fragments of dirty hosts. The bells are sounding in his brain. "I call to the living, I mourn the dead. I break the thunder."

An ecclesiastical courtroom. Massive and dark, it is upheld by heavy Roman pillars. An array of bishops presides over a troop of deans, jurists, advocates, curates and chancellors. Row on row of clerics form the juridical ranks of the court.

Gilles de Rais is speaking in a loud

voice. "I do not recognize the competence of this tribunal," we hear him say. "I protest the nature of my arrest and the evidence collected against me."

"May the court rule," says the prosecutor, "that the objection of the accused is null in law and frivolous."

"So does the court rule. Proceed to inform the accused of those counts on which he will be tried."

Now the prosecutor begins to invoke the separate crimes of heresy, blasphemy, sacrilege and magic. "He has polluted and slain little children. He has violated the immunities of the Holy Church at St. Etienne de Mer Morte."

Gilles cries out. "The prosecutor is a liar and a traitor."

The prosecutor extends his hand toward the crucifix. "I swear," he declares, "that my list is a true list. Will the marshal take an oath that he tells the truth?"

Gilles shouts. "I make no vows before God, you filthy liar!"

After a silence, the prosecutor demands that Gilles be struck with double excommunication, first as an evoker of demons, a heretic, apostate and renegade, second as a sodomist and perpetrator of sacrilege.

Gilles loses control of himself. He is in a greater rage than any we have witnessed until now. "You call yourselves judges and me a sodomist. On your knees, dergy. Let my pollutions drip from your mouth. Recognize yourselves as clowns, you bugged asses." He bellows like an animal in pain.

"Do you answer the questions?" asks the court.

"I answer no questions. I declare my presence to be equal in magnitude to this court."

"You are prepared to refuse nothing?" asks the court.

"My refutation is my silence."

"You are in contempt. This court pronounces upon you the sentence of excommunication. The hearing will be continued tomorrow before a civil court that will decide the penalties."

"I am innocent in the eyes of Satan and God. Through me, they find peace with each other."

Gilles is in his cell. He is trying to evoke the image of Joan of Arc but can not succeed in making her wholly visible. Glimpses of her, elusive as wings, glide by. The bells are muffled. Now his attempt betrays him and the sound of the bells becomes the sound of his bellow in court. Gilles is swinging on the bell, but a wild boar swings on the other side.

He hears a woman's voice. "When do you return to the Church?"

"I am excommunicated," he shouts. "The Church must return to me."

"But I am burning."

We see Gilles's face; but it is Joan's voice that issues from his face. "Why did you not rescue me at Rouen when I

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"Well, then, what are you doing after the rape workshop?"

began to burn?" she asks out of his mouth.

He stares into the walls of his cell. We see Joan on the stake. We see the pain on her face. Now we see Gilles standing in the crowd that watches. He is 100 feet away, staring at the burning stake.

Gilles (his own voice): "I could not rescue you. If you lived, I would have had to follow you for the rest of my life." He cries out, "Better to love a dead woman than obey a live one. I was born to follow no one."

Joan: "You did not follow me. You followed my voices."

Gilles: "I wanted to hear my own voices. They told me that I was born to be the master of discovery. The planets were holding their secrets for me. And the minerals and the beasts. You were as blind as the muscle of my arm. Do you comprehend? I needed a greater courage than yours."

"Why?"

"Because I had to violate every holy covenant that resisted the advance of my knowledge."

Joan: "I am still burning."

Several times he is about to speak; several times he clamps shut his jaws. Finally, the words come out:

"Why, Joan, why do you continue to burn?"

"I do not know."

"Perhaps," he says, "you continue to burn because you are not a saint but a demon."

"I do not know what I am."

"Maybe the Devil is stronger than God," he says.

She shrieks through his lips.

He shrieks back in his own voice.

"I pray for you," Joan says. "In the flames of my fire, I pray for you. Yet the more I pray, the more you torture others."

"My desire to become evil," he says with pride, "is larger than your power to remain good."

Now she appears before him. Suddenly he sees her speaking to him out of her own face. "My strength was my faith in My Lady, but I continued to think of you. That diminished my strength. I could not bear it when you did not save me from the flames. The odor of my flesh was ugly as I burned."

He moans.

She disappears.

He is left alone in his cell. As light changes through the day and into the night, he meditates.

In the dawn, he stands. "I will speak," he says aloud, "out of all the arrogance of the Devil and in all the compassion of the Lord. Those priests will hear a truth like none heard before."

The trial recommences. Peasants in

every variety of good and poor dress are sitting on the stairs, standing in the corridors, filling the neighboring courts, blocking the streets and lanes. From 20 miles around, they have come.

Suddenly, the trumpets blare: the room is lighted up. The bishops enter the civil court. Their golden miters flame like lightning. About their necks are brilliant collars with orphreys crusted. In silent procession they advance and seat themselves in the front row. Their jewels animate the pale sun of a rainy day. They make the black vestments of the civil judges look wholly somber in contrast.

Under the escort of men-at-arms, Gilles enters. He has aged 20 years in one night. He declares that he is ready to begin a full recital of his crimes.

In a slow, hoarse voice, he states, "I have committed countless abductions of children. I murdered hundreds. Before I killed them I violated them. I have heard every sound of pain. I am able to reproduce in my ear the hoarse sound that is made by the rattle of a dying throat." He looks about him. "Does the court shudder? Hear that I confess to having wallowed in the warmth of open intestines. I have also held in my hands the sweet-smelling hearts I had just ripped out from wounds that opened before my fingers like ripe fruit." He holds up his hands.

Gasps rise from the audience. With the eyes of a somnambulist, he looks at his fingers. We see only a shaking hand. He sees blood still dripping. "Once, I had congress in the belly of a wound," he says. "That provided me with more pleasure than nature ever offered through her orifice. I found no pain in such an act. Previously, taking the way of nature, between the thighs of a woman, it hurt like a knife in my loins." Now the camera is once again close to his face and unlocated to anything else—"I even opened the incision in one stomach so wide that I could seat myself in it. As I squatted there, I had a vision of how in years to come there will be doctors who look like nuns in white. They will make just such cuts and slashes. They will transport organs from one body to another." (A quick view of an operating room where open-heart surgery takes place. It is, even by his scale, a bloody sight.) "But," says Gilles de Rais, "such doctors would never dare to defecate in the wound they created. Gentlemen, I was happier in the enjoyment of tortures, tears, fright and blood than in any other pleasure. There was nothing I did not do—I had only to think of it." I was looking, you see, for the philosophers' stone.

The audience is as silent as a forest after an animal has just been killed.

Tempered in extremes of medieval confession, familiar with demonomania and torture, the bishops, nonetheless, have never heard anything like this. As Gilles de Rais speaks, each is constantly

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making the sign of the cross. Now the presiding bishop rises and veils the face of Christ.

"Some nights," Gilles goes on, "I would sit in reverie over which of the three young heads prayed before me might be most beautiful to kiss. No one knows so well as I the peace that resides in the chill of dead lips." The marshal is bathed in sweat. He looks at the crucifix whose head is now covered. Only the crown of thorns thrusts up a shape beneath the veil. "I knew the loneliness of such a man," he says, pointing to Christ.

Gilles de Rais finishes his narrative with a look of surprise. "My God," he cries aloud, "I have boasted too much."

He falls over abruptly like a tree, true in its fall. On the floor, he begins to beat the flagstones with his forehead. "O my God, I smell the odor of her burning flesh."

The bishop Jean de Malestroit leaves his seat and raises the accused, raises him to his knees. "He laments his fault," says the bishop to the court.

Gilles de Rais is weeping. With his head down and his arms extended he looks to the audience at the rear of the court. "Will the parents who have lost their children be able to pray for me?" he asks.

A sound of anguish comes up from the men and women in the court. Weeping, pity and outrage are heard, and terrible cries of pain. In the convulsions of these sounds can also be heard the murmur of prayer.

In the babble, the judge of the civil hearings, Pierre de l'Hôpital, intones, "Dispose yourself to die in good state with a great repentance for having committed such crimes."

Gilles de Rais is alone again in his cell. He is staring at the moon. "I now know," he says aloud, "a peace I have not known since I was born. Maybe I was born to commit a thousand murders and find peace."

"Maybe I have accomplished something I cannot quite name."

"Certainly. I have no fear. That is curious."

We are back on the cheap bed with the crumbs and fragments of soiled bread on the floor, on the bed linen and on Madame Chantelouve's lace. "Dress," says Durtal. "Let's get out of here."

He picks up a piece of the host. "I am a rational man and do not think the Savior ever resided in this"—suddenly aware of where *this* has been, he flips it away, as if holding a cockroach—"still..." He does not finish.

They go out. Below, in the cheap bar they face the smiles of the laborers. He

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"Great God, Clancy, it's a flash flood!"

pays and leaves without waiting for change.

They are traveling in a cab. It comes to her door.

"Soon?" she asks.

"No."

"You are not a big man."

"By your measure, I am now a determined little man."

She leaves.

He gives the cabman his address.

Des Hermies and Durtal, at a café.

Durtal: Carhaix has been ill?

Des Hermies: "He almost died two nights ago."

Durtal: "I was at a Black Mass two nights ago."

Des Hermies (a pause): "The older I get, the more I conclude that medieval reason is not utterly without logic."

Durtal: "I would like to see Carhaix. But I don't know if I have the right."

Des Hermies: "See him. Your Black Mass has probably had more power at a distance than it will in the same room."

Durtal: "Maybe I'll tell him about my researches on Gilles de Rais's trial. The end is surprising, you see."

At Carhaix's. Durtal is talking. Carhaix is in bed and the others sit around him. Durtal speaks animatedly trying to interest the invalid.

From his dungeon, Gilles de Rais appeals to the bishop to intercede with the fathers and mothers of the children Gilles has killed. Will they consent to be present at his execution?

"On the day, by nine in the morning, people are marching through the city in procession.

"Many of the parents are actually weeping in pity. Contemporary documents describe their sentiments as follows: They see a demonic nobleman who now knows the emotions of a poor man. He is about to confront divine wrath. What a fearsome journey must await him! So they take vows to fast three days for the repose of the marshal's soul. Isn't that incredible? I know no story that so captures the spirit of the Middle Ages." says Durtal. "Is it not touching?"

Unwilling to be overcome by such sentiment, Des Hermies remarks, "It's a long way from the lynch law of those crazy Americans."

"At eleven that morning," Durtal goes on, "they wait at the prison for Gilles de Rais. There, at the prison gate, he prays to the Virgin. One document describes his conversation with Prelat. 'Farewell Francesco, my friend,' he is reputed to say. 'we shall never see each other again in this world. But I pray God we meet again in great joy in paradise.'" In *paradise* mind you," Durtal says.

"He goes to the stake. The clergy, the peasants and the people join in the strophes of the chant for the departed."

At last, we see the scene. The camera passes over the market place, the great square, the fiery stake and the thousands assembled on their knees in prayer. Hundreds are weeping. We hear the chant. We have a last look at the face of Gilles de Rais in the flames.

*"Nos timemus diem iudicii
Quia mali et nobis consen-
Sed tu, Mater summi concilii,
Para nobis locum refugii
O Maria!"*

The chant fades. The flames fade. We hear Durtal's voice again. "As he burns, we are without a clue to his last thoughts."

Des Hermies: "Whatever they were, those peasants know enough to weep for him. They may have been naïve then, but they were not as stupid as people today."

"That," cries Carhaix, "is because the great majority no longer believe Satan exists. That is what is frightening."

"Do you know," says Durtal, "when I think of the decades to come, I feel terror."

"No," says Carhaix, "don't say that. In the future, there will be light." With bowed head, he prays.

Durtal walks up into the tower by himself. He has a note from Madame Chanteloupe and hears her voice in his car as he reads.

"You might at least have permitted a comradeship that would have allowed me to leave my sex at home so I could spend an evening with you now and then."

He gives a low laugh and descends the tower.

Walking along the street, he thinks aloud. "I wonder if I will ever comprehend Gilles de Rais. That man has such conviction. Even in his doom, he can think only of paradise. He must be the very monster who brought science to the modern world."

As Durtal continues to walk, the streets of Paris go through a metamorphosis. The hacks become taxicabs. The horsebuses turn into autobuses. High-rise apartments go up in the *banlieues*. Traffic increases until we are witnessing scenes from Godard's *Weekend*. The sound of the bells becomes an electronic shriek and the low animal roar of the Demon turns into the shriek of jet planes at Orly. Durtal in his costume of 1890 is not at all out of date as he walks among all the recapitulations of the costumes of the past 100 years that tourists and hippies are wearing in line at the ticket counters and in the plastic seats of the arcades and concourses.

"Dig those threads," says an adolescent to his sister as Durtal goes by. "Is it a boy or a girl?" And we see that Durtal has long hair, something like make up and his stern 19th Century expression has moved into the clown's look of modern androgyny. Yes, we are suddenly aware that the nearest waiting room at Orly is filled with androgynous couples. But Durtal is seeing Gilles de Rais in his mind and the fires of the great crucible in the castle of Tillauges at night. As he pictures those flames, a rocket lifts slowly out of the same great fires and the moon gives a cry like a wounded child.

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foreign missile making a direct hit on Baltimore, nothing could have stopped the hot chemistry bubbling between us and through us. Lenny's sexiness settled down, over me and around me, slowly, gently but steadily. There was no room nor world outside. There was just Lenny and I was his. My body moved on its own, responding to every move, every subtle demand from Lenny's.

Lenny had me stand by the old double bed while he unzipped my dress and peeled it down my hips and off. He took off my bra next, squeezing my nipples until they stood out hard and erect for his lips to suck on. I slipped off my heels and bent forward to roll my stockings off. Lenny's hands were like fiery butterfly wings, touching my breasts, caressing my flanks, the inside of my thighs, cupping the cheeks of my ass in his palm, first one side, then the other. He gently pushed me into bed. I lay there, watching Lenny undress, my pussy a hot pool of need. The soft flesh of my inner thighs was slippery with wanting him.

Slowly Lenny undid his studs and took off his tuxedo shirt. My mouth went dry watching him strip. Lenny had broad shoulders, firm, rounded biceps; his belly was taut and smooth. His chest was silky with a soft cluster of hair in the center. He had a high ass that tapered in and flared out slightly, flowing into his slim but beautifully proportioned thighs. His cock stood out from his body, hard and erect, trembling in space. In the dim light of early morning, Lenny looked like the dark and handsome sheik-lover of my fantasies come to possess me.

Lenny slid into bed next to me and it was as if he'd always been there. That fiery chemistry between us had first settled deep inside my stomach, and then it spilled over, sending rivulets of electricity through my pussy, my legs; through my breasts, my arms, shooting up through my neck and into my brain, drowning everything in a bubbling pool of wanting, red-hot and molten. I call it that electric belly feeling. It takes over a woman's body; it can't be denied and when it's there, no zippers in the world can turn it off. It can last a lifetime or it can be satisfied in a hallway, but once the electric belly feeling hits you, nothing matters, nothing intrudes until relief is reached. The shame of it is that a bachelor girl's belly doesn't turn electric every day. It takes a very special person to do it.

Lenny spread my legs and slid his cock up and into me. His hips moved smoothly and steadily, in and out, rubbing against the soft flesh of my inner thighs. My body found his rhythm and, instead of turning me off, for the first time in my life, fucking a man felt good to me.

He whispered "I love you" in my ear, warm and wet, like a jungle steaming in the noonday sun, just before I felt his body stiffen as his cock burst open, spurt-ing creamy pollen into my fiery hot pollen catcher.

We spent that day in bed making love to each other; searching out every soft, secret hollow. Lenny's skin felt like electric velvet. I couldn't touch him enough. His skin seemed to pull at my finger tips, guiding my hands over endless miles of beautiful man flesh, now hot, now soft, now warm, now hard. Lenny was so, so beautiful. He was why God had made me.

For the rest of that week in Baltimore, we were never apart except when we were onstage. When we weren't making love, we were laughing. Lenny could make me hysterical with just about anything as he splashed word paintings—zap-zap-zap—in front of my eyes. Everything was fun with Lenny: A penny arcade became a carnival, grade B movies at all-night theaters became hilarious with a few choice comments from Lenny.

Seven nights and seven days

On our last night together, we stood on the bridge overlooking Chesapeake Bay and watched the sun rise. Lenny had his arms around me from behind and I nestled the back of my head against his chest.

Whispering in my ear, he broke the news. Before we met, he had signed up as a merchant seaman on a ship that was

to pull out of New York the next day. He would be gone for three months.

When Iris arrived ten days later to drive me back to New York, I was glad to see her—but more as a friend than as a lover. That night, Iris couldn't wait to get into bed. She made love to me, but the turn-on was missing. My body just didn't respond to her caresses. I asked her to take her panties off and let me make love to her. But she refused, saying in her precise voice, "I will not be the first one to turn you on to pussy. If you had already had another woman, then it would be different."

When I pressed her for an explanation, she described the intimate relationship she'd had with another woman for years. They had a successful union only as long as Iris played the fem role. But at some point in their love affair, Iris tried the male-aggressor role and dug it so much she couldn't assume the passive role again.

It was bitter cold in New York. I was bored and restless. Thoughts of tropical weather prompted me, a few days later, to pick up the phone and call my agent in Florida, Sammy Clark. Dear Sammy found me an immediate booking at the Paddock Club in Miami Beach. Iris wanted to go with me, so we packed our light summery clothes and stored our winter ones in her specially built insulated cedar closet. The double locks sealed my Persian lamb coat inside the closet, forever.

One night, I got a telephone call at the Paddock Club. It was Lenny, calling



"When I'm ready to get married, I hope I'm lucky enough to find someone exactly like you"

to say that he had jumped ship. One month away from me had been too much. He had called my mom and found out where I was. "Honey, I'm taking the next flight to Miami to see you." Click.

I could hardly do my first show. When I got off stage, there he was, more beautiful even than I'd remembered. I fell into his arms and he nibbled and sucked at my throat, whispering "I huff you!" in his Bela Lugosi voice. I could feel my pussy turning into hot sauce just standing close to him. But I had a second show to do, so we agreed that the second it was over, I'd go straight to my room and wait.

After my act, I dashed off stage and ran to my dressing room. Iris was there, waiting. I didn't know quite what to say to her, since she knew nothing about Lenny, but I had the feeling that it didn't matter if I said anything—it was all going to come out in the wash, and soon. We crossed the street to our hotel and went directly to our room.

We walked into a blizzard of flowers. I couldn't believe my eyes! Everywhere, literally everything was covered with flowers—lavender, pink, red, white, yellow—an explosion of colors before my eyes. Dozens of long-stemmed gladioli (288, to be exact) were artistically arranged in huge cans, pitchers, wastepaper baskets covered with Reynolds Wrap!

Iris and I stood in the open door. I knew it had to be Lenny, it was so outrageous. Iris just stared and muttered "How did these flowers get in our room? If he sent them?"

Spotting a small white card tied to a red flower, I lifted it off and scanned the lines. *Lenny was upstairs in the room directly above us, waiting for me!* I ran out as fast as I could and called over my shoulder to Iris that I'd explain later.

I flew up the stairs and into Lenny's arms. We smothered each other with kisses, hugs, caresses. Laughing and crying we stood in the middle of the room, happy to hold each other, touch the reality of each other.

"Honey, sit on the bed and close your eyes. Now, when I count three—open up! One-two-three!"

I opened my eyes to see a full-sized suitcase filled with goodies for me—souvenirs from every port. There was a small bottle of banana cordial from Spain, wine from Portugal, lime-green slippers with curled-up toes from Turkey, silk scarves, bottles of expensive perfumes.

I was going through Lenny's "Santa bag" when he pulled me down onto the bed. "Here, my lady, is your last gift," as he handed me a gorgeous, elaborately carved tortoise-shell comb for my long red hair. As we lay together, he told me the O. Henry story of *The Gift of the Magi*. It was so sweet I couldn't help but cry, which made Lenny cry, so that pretty soon, there we were, the two of us, crying our little hearts out.

Lenny turned onto his side and began stroking my hair. "Baby, you're so beautiful: the combination of alabaster skin and red hair everywhere drives me crazy!" Lenny's touch made my skin feel like satin and I felt completely uninhibited in expressing my feelings to him. His low moans as I sucked his hard little mam nipples brought the aggressor out in me. He let me play with him while he lay passively on his back. I brushed my hair over his face, his chest, his gorgeous cock, stiff and trembling. He held on to the cheeks of my pussy and used them as handle bars, rotating my pussy against his groin. Then I began to tease his cock with my boobies. I moved down along his torso and began to flick my tongue rapidly from one end to the other of his perfect manhood. I opened my mouth and sucked deeply, wanting all of him. When he couldn't hold off coming any longer, I stopped sucking and we fucked with me on top of him.

I could hear Lenny whispering "Oooow, I'm coming, fuck me." Then we were coming together. With Lenny's beautiful shaft reaching deep into me, I climaxed for the first time with a man! I held on to Lenny, wanting my body to stay wired to him.

Lenny started talking quietly. "I love you. Honey, really love you. You're all I could think about on the ship."

I rolled over and looked into his beautiful baby sparrow eyes. "Lenny, you know I love you, but I want to tell you about my past. There are kinky parts to it."

Lenny cooed, "Yummmmm," and stroked my bottom. "Hey, Honey, *I love you*. I don't give a fuck what you've done in the past."

But I insisted and Lenny held me in his arms while I described my year in Florida's Raiford Prison and my unhappy marriage to the original King Kong.

I took a deep breath, held it, then let it out slowly, my eyes on Lenny. "For the last six months, I've been having an intimate relationship with a woman. I really thought I was in love with her. She's been very good to me, but then I met you . . . and you are all I want."

Lenny pulled my head down against his chest. His face seemed to glow with love.

"That's great, baby," he said. "That just makes me want you all the more. It isn't every day a guy can take a woman away from a dyke! Anyway, who isn't homosexual to *some* degree?"

"Did you ever have sex with a man?"

"Oh, sure! A few months ago. I was in San Francisco and saw a small blue neon sign—FINISHED STEAM BATH—OPEN ALL NIGHT. Beautiful. It was late and I wasn't tired enough to sleep. I went on in. Inside, the steam room was filled with hot fog. Three cement tiers, like shelves, lined the sides. It was all green-tiled, like the Y but steamier, right? I put the towel

down on the tiles and sat naked. I was just getting into relaxing when a distinguished-looking middle aged man with silver sideburns walked in. He said hello to me. Would I mind if he sat down on the first level next to me? Pretty mild opener, right? But dig—I was the only person in the steam room!

"Now I'm getting really *wiped out* from the heat and the steam, so I decided to lie down. The next thing I knew, this dignified looking man with his neat silver sideburns was kneeling on the bare tiles alongside of me—looking at my cock! He didn't touch it. He just looked at it, like he'd lost his mind and was checking to see if I had it! I wasn't in the mood to hassle, so I took my towel and covered my act up."

"Oh, my lad, please let me *see* it. Just for a minute. Don't cover it, please. Your cock is beautiful. I do believe it's a perfect penis!"

"God, Lenny, what'd you do?"

"Well, I was going to punch him in the mouth, but when he told me it was *perfect*, I took the towel away to look myself."

"Honey, before I knew what was happening, this guy had my cock in his mouth. This dignified gentleman—down on his knees, with my cock in his mouth!"

"Oooh, Lenny, did you like it? Did it feel good?"

Well the first two times I came in his mouth, it felt OK. But when he asked if he could kiss it just once more, I drew the line."

"Ah, come on, man," I complained. "You had me believing that steam-bath sex trip."

An hour before I was due onstage, I kissed Lenny goodbye and went downstairs to my room. Iris was there, looking grim. I chattered away about being late for work and having to hurry and take a shower. Iris followed me into the bathroom and began quizzing me. I quickly got into the shower.

"Honey, who is that guy? I know that you've been upstairs in his room all night. What the hell is going on? What did you do all night? Have you lost your mind? I have a right to know!"

I had to stick my head out around the shower curtain to answer. "Iris, it's really hard to tell you this, but I've fallen in love. I mean deeply in love." I told her about Lenny.

Iris's voice leaped a few octaves higher as she began arguing. But I was firm about my decision and secure with my love for Lenny. After a few minutes of bickering, Iris finally released me.

"GO, go on and go, Honey. I don't want you, if you don't want me. But don't come crying to me, asking me to take you back, when you realize what a mistake you're making. Leaving me for a man, no matter who he is!"

His stomped out of the bathroom, slamming the door in a fury. I could hear her



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rummaging around in the bedroom, kicking things, pulling out drawers. Suddenly, she popped her head back into the bathroom. "And don't dry yourself on my bath towel!" Slam!

That night, Lenny picked me up after my show and we spent another delicious night together. The next day we went over to the Floridian Hotel and checked into adjoining rooms.

Lenny wasn't working steadily, but he always had money. When I asked him where he was getting it, he told me such a fantastic story that I didn't believe it. He had been impersonating a priest and going around to the wealthy neighborhoods in Miami Beach soliciting funds for the poor blind and crippled lepers supported by the legally chartered Brother Mathias Foundation. But the foundation existed in name only. Several years before, Buddy Hackett, Arnie Sultan, Marvin Worth and Lenny had formed it as a gag. Later, when Lenny thought of the priest idea, he got a charter for it and bought the rights from each member.

It was still hard for me to believe Lenny's scam. I couldn't imagine how he had the nerve to actually dress as a priest (in stolen vestments, no less) and solicit funds for the lepers.

But the next day, I walked into a shoe store on Lincoln Road and there was

Father Bruce, looking holier than John the Baptist's head. I couldn't hear what he was saying, but I watched as the manager wrote out a check and gave it to Lenny with a grateful smile. On his way out, he turned and tipped his somber black hat. He winked at me obscenely and exited with a gracious "May God bless and be with you, madame."

Now, I knew plenty of people who could sell the Brooklyn Bridge or even San Francisco's Candlestick Park, but a Jewish priest selling lepers? I couldn't wait to get back to the Floridian and talk to Father O'Lennygan. I opened the door to my room, threw my packages down onto the bed and rushed through our connecting bathroom to find Lenny standing and smiling in the middle of his room. He was gleefully holding the check for \$100 donated by the shoe-store manager for those poor lepers. Lenny ran around the room, emptying secret stashes of money. Handfuls of green stuff. Money scooped out of socks, dumped out of shoes, coat pockets, inside the Gideon Bible. When we counted it, I was dumfounded. Eight thousand simoleons, collected in cash and checks in less than a week! "Don't worry, Honey," he soothed, "I'll send the lepers some and only keep six thousand for 'operating expenses.'"

But, Lenny, where'd you get the nerve

to impersonate a Catholic priest?"

Relax, sweetheart, I've got it covered. I've seen enough Pat O'Brien movies to portray a priest. It's just a role with a uniform. I'm holding confession," he smirked. "in five minutes in the bathroom, where I'd be happy to listen to your sins, you gorgeous little sinner!"

"Come, come, my child," Lenny chanted from the bathroom. "Come and confess to Father Bruce."

I went into the bathroom, where I could see the outline of his body behind the shower curtain. I began confessing. "Oh, Father, my pure one, my idol," (Lenny always loved that.) "My celestial being. Forgive me for sinning."

"Don't worry, my child. Take off your clothes, so that I may cleanse your body with my holy water. After you are completely naked and have completed your penance of five Hail Marys, close your eyes and open your mouth, so that I may give you my holiest communion."

I sat down on the toilet seat and closed my eyes. After mumbling my prayers, I promptly opened my mouth and waited for a cue from his holiness. Naturally, he filled my open mouth with his cock. I couldn't stop laughing when I opened my eyes and saw Lenny in front of me completely nude—except for a white clerical collar around his cock!

"Father Bruce" wasn't mentioned seriously again until I nearly died in a car accident when a truck ran over the lower part of my body. On the critical list, momentarily regaining consciousness, I heard Lenny the atheist talking to God. He was pleading: "God, if there is a God, I beg of You, let Honey live. If You do, then I'll promise to give up my Brother Mathias scam, even though I know it's a winner scene. I'll give it all up, if You just let her live." And he did just that. After that accident, he hung up his habit forever.

Lenny and I got married June 14, 1951. We were in Detroit, visiting my mother, who had been in the hospital. A judge performed the ceremony in the city hall; afterward, we decided we should do something to celebrate.

"I've got a great idea," said Lenny. "I'm hungry, and I know a place where they make absolutely the best buttered popcorn in town."

"Where's that?"

"The Fox Theater. Let's go see a movie."

You know, it's funny—I don't remember a thing about the show. Nothing mattered except one thing: I was Mrs. Lenny Bruce!

Over the next several years, our careers continued to grow. The only fly in the ointment, besides the auto accident, was the fact that I kept getting pregnant—and Lenny kept insisting he didn't want children. I had had five abortions when I finally put my foot down: I wanted a baby. No baby, no sex. Lenny finally

'Tis the C.C. Season!

Time for that spirited holiday cheer that C.C. is famous for. And now, for the holiday season, C.C. comes beautifully gift-wrapped at no extra charge.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

agreed, and on November 7, 1955, Brandie Kathleen Bruce was born at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood.

Daddy and me and baby make three.

Kitty was a perfect baby. She hardly cried, and when she did, it was a delicate sound. By the time she was six weeks old, my figure was back in shape.

Joe Maini, the blues sax man, and the trumpet player from the burlesque club where Lenny was working in L.A. were at our house every day. Lenny was working out an idea for a bit that included them. One afternoon, I sang *Sweet Sue* and Joe harmonized with me. We were sounding pretty good together, especially when the trumpet man added his harmony. Lenny loved it.

"That's it, Honey! We'll have a group. I'm writing a satire on *The Man with the Golden Arm* and with the four of us in the bit, it will be dynamite!"

I wanted to go right back into show business and I knew by Lenny's enthusiasm he *definitely* wanted me back in showbiz. But underneath, I was disappointed in myself for not wanting to stay at home and take care of Kitty.

Every night after work, Lenny and the musicians would snort a little smack before they started rehearsing. Joe always fixed. I didn't use any drugs during my pregnancy, to make sure I'd have a perfect baby, but I figured it would be OK now, so I started snorting every night, too. I wanted to feel what everyone else was feeling. Maybe I would sing better loaded with smack. In 1955, most of our jazz musician friends were using heroin and they were the best musicians around. Besides, it was easy to bury my guilt feelings about being a mother on the run when I snorted a toot or two. As soon as I felt strong enough, I nervously hired my first baby sitter and went with Lenny to the club for the evening.

The audience was predominantly male, with two middle-aged women near the back. The only ones paying attention to Lenny were Joe and me. With that much attention, however, Lenny could be tempted to do damn near anything. As the last stripper was taking her bow, Lenny was to come out and close the show. On cue, he walked out on stage, nude except for black shoes and socks. Before the audience had time to react, he was urging them to join his sing-along, like in the Forties, when the lyrics of a song were shown on a screen and a small ping-pong ball bounced in tempo over the words. Lenny, naked, hopped across the stage, singing, "Now let's watch the bouncing ball and every-one sing."

One of the women in the audience jumped out of her chair and ran to the owner-bartender in a rage: "I want to talk to the owner."

"I am the owner; what can I do for you?" he replied.

"I think that young man onstage is disgusting and I'm going to report him to the police. I demand to know his name."

"Oh, him? That's Tony Curtis!"

Joe, Lenny and I laughed all the way home when we heard that the irate woman was going to report to the police that Tony Curtis was performing an indecent act on the Cobblestone Club stage. As soon as we were inside, Joe got a spoon and started cooking up some stuff. I watched him fix and then I watched him fix Lenny. They were high on a crest. I couldn't resist the temptation; I wanted to be up there with them. Joe coolly coaxed me to try fixing in the vein. He explained that an intravenous injection creates an incredible flash and injecting heroin meant getting high on less dope. (It's ironic now to think that I embarked

on a 16-year journey with heroin and the needle partly through an argument for thrift!)

Lenny was already floating in his private cloud. He was all smiles, but they were obviously not for me. I wanted to be there with him. I needed to know he saw me. I let Joe tighten a belt around my upper arm and made a fist, as he instructed. Petrified of needles, I turned my head and shut my eyes.

The next thing I knew, I was lying on our bed with an ice pack on my forehead. Through a haze of lovely calmness, I heard Joe explain that I had passed out from sheer fright before he even finished fixing me. But I was finally feeling what addicts crave—a sudden sensuous warmth flowing through my lower parts and settling in my pussy. Inhibitions numbed. I felt as though I could dance and sing my ass off!

Stoned on smack, kibitzing with our jazz friends till dawn, Lenny began formulating ideas for his own group. The owner of Duff's Gaeties on Caluenga Boulevard, a retired pharmacist from Chicago, was looking for entertainment. Lenny managed to convince him, "You need a comedian, a cool jazz trio—sax, piano and drums—but you can't cook without a bass, of course; a rooing curvaceous lady up front would be dynamite, and then a fine trumpet to round out the group." Our seven-piece group was booked. Booked and booked.

We practiced and partied day and night. Words and sounds blended. When everyone was stoned on smack, it was easy for all inhibitions to ooze away. One night, I planned a surprise birthday party for Lenny. Barbecued chicken and ribs and our two-quart sparklet bottle filled with champagne punch. Lenny was like a kid, bubbling with happiness. He couldn't believe that anyone could make such a fuss over him. It was his first birthday party. Imagine that! One of the girls brought a bottle of Drambuie as a birthday present. She wanted Lenny to take out his cock so she could pour a small amount of the liqueur on it and lick it off! It was certainly a *different* present. But, after all, it was his birthday and everybody was there, so I went along with it. It wasn't as if they were "making love." That was my big mistake.

The next night, the guys in the band wanted another party. They invited two strippers from our show, plus the chick with the Drambuie tongue. The scene was set. Night after night, the after work orgies continued, and the Drambuie Lady was a regular. She always tried to talk me into a *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* scene—only the players were to be some guy, Lenny, me and Drambuie. I always refused. But one night, in a euphoric state of drugs, I agreed. The four of us got into bed, Lenny and me in the middle and our guests on the outside. Within



"Of course it's pot . . . how else do you expect reindeer to fly?"



**I tried the new
cigarettes. Then I went
back to enjoyment.**

They sounded good, but none of
them gave me the enjoyment Salem does.
Smooth taste that comes through the cool
menthol. You can't find that anyplace else.

Salem King.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

minutes, a football player was kissing my pussy and Miss Drambuie had Lenny's cock in her mouth. Lenny started to moan deep in his throat, exactly the same as with me. I opened my eyes and looked at him. The look of pleasure on his face, that electric-belly feeling I'd thought he got only with me! I couldn't stand seeing that I felt fury fill my body and jumped out of bed. Grabbing a shoe in each hand, I began hitting Lenny and Miss Drambuie with one and the football player with the other. They couldn't believe what was happening. At first, they thought I'd come up with some kinky sex trip. I was livid, Lenny was laughing like a madman as our guests ran down the driveway, still putting their clothes on.

"Now, come on, Momma. You don't have anything to worry about, baby. I love you and don't give a damn about that chick. If you don't want her here again or don't want the parties, then we won't have any more orgies. That's all; it's as easy as that."

But it wasn't easy at all. A pattern had been formed. Heroin continued to poison our relationship.

(From then on, it was mostly downhill for Honey and Lenny Bruce. In Hawaii, where they went to work, Honey was busted for possession of marijuana—six joints she still wonders if Lenny may have planted in her bag as a means of forcing her to break her heroin habit. They quarreled, Lenny took Kitty to Los Angeles and filed for divorce. Honey was sentenced to two years in Federal prison at Terminal Island, California. When she got out, they reconciled—but were soon back into their pattern of drugs, lovemaking, drugs, quarreling, drugs, separation.)

Lenny and I made up, broke up and made up so many times it was like playing Scrabble with a bag of blank disks. No matter how we tried to mix them up, the little wooden chips came up blank, forcing us to say what they spelled out. And we could only see one word on the board—NEVERMORE. It simply didn't work. The complete trust and love I had once felt for Lenny had evaporated like water from a kiddie pool on a hot summer's day, inch by imperceptible inch.

Our big attempt to reconcile was when Lenny bought the famous House on the Hill—a \$60,000 unfinished shell with a pool in back overlooking the Hollywood Hills. Once again, we rolled out the old dreams of our little family making it together. We had literally everything a young couple could ask for. Kitty was adorable and healthy and happily adjusted to school. Lenny was a hit comedian, the darling of the jet set, and I was still his young and beautiful wife.

Then Lenny started getting arrested for obscenity. Soon the arrests became more frequent; plainclothesmen were

planted in club audiences, waiting to hear Lenny say "clap" or "cocksucker" or any other "dirty" words. Arrest, bail, court. That was to become the pattern of his life.

Lenny was out of town most of the time, so his mother, Sally, moved into the house to keep Kitty and me company. Sally and I kept getting into bitter arguments about the shifty-looking connections who came to see me. Two hens could not rule the roost, so I moved out and from then on, I went up to the house for only a few days at a time to see Kitty and Lenny, when he was there. I drifted in and out of their lives for the next few years.

As time went on, Lenny's notoriety was splashed across the front pages of newspapers from coast to coast. The harassment and persecution continued; added to obscenity busts were narcotics busts. The police came barging into the House on the Hill so often that Lenny finally moved Sally and Kitty to an apartment in West Hollywood.

Saturday, July 30, 1966. It was late in the afternoon when Lenny called. "Hey, baby, come on up the hill, I have a surprise."

My poor Lenny Penny, I couldn't believe how awful he looked. The beautiful body I'd fallen in love with was flabby, swollen with eczema. He hadn't left his office in days; obsessed with his ever increasing legal problems he'd been poring over lawbooks, playing tapes, gathering evidence to defend his career against his freedom of speech. Once a fanatic about clean white underwear, he no longer even took time to shave or bathe. I knew he seldom slept, living on junk food and diet soda, dropping uppers until he couldn't concentrate any longer, then downers for four hours sleep and back at his cases again.

Lenny's usual smile of greeting was missing. I followed his bulging form into his office. He'd scored some "outsite" dope and he was in a rush to fix. He shuffled toward the bathroom. He no longer felt secure leaving his drugs in the medicine cabinet. Instead, he'd had two large pockets sewn onto his custom-made denim muumuu, and there he kept all his precious drugs. His drugs, his words and his tapes had become his world, his salvation, his last lines of defense against the terrors of a national conspiracy to wash the "sickness" from his brain and make him "well." As he hobbled into the bathroom on his swollen purple legs, the various pills and bottles rattled in his pockets like a metronome gone mad. (Tika-tika/clicka-click, I got my dope/to keep me sick.)

We couldn't wait to blot out the horrors of our reality, put ourselves into euphoria. We locked the bathroom door and cooked up the stuff. Before I got the

needle out of my arm, I felt the potency gush warmly through my body. It was the strongest of anything I'd fixed. Lenny was jabbing his callused veins frantically, looking for a hit; it was like drilling for oil in a field tapped dry. I briefly nodded out from the strength of the drug and when I opened my eyes Lenny was out cold! The needle was still in his vein, his arm tied up. His lips were already turning blue.

I tried to pull him up so I could walk him around and keep his circulation going. But he was so obese, I couldn't lift him. I screamed for help. Luckily, John Judnick, who was living with Lenny at the time, was home. I put ice cubes on Lenny's balls, forced an upper down his throat and we walked him around and around the pool until Lenny, blue-eyed, smiled again. I thanked God he was alive, but I didn't feel like smiling. All I felt was panic. I knew Lenny's health couldn't take this sort of thing anymore. He had been in and out of hospitals almost as many times as I'd been in and out of jail. He had a 20-inch scar on his chest from a recent operation for a collapsed lung after shooting too much speed. He wasn't strong enough anymore to mess with heroin and I told him so.

"Honey, I don't fix that often anymore. I don't have the bread—just a treat once in a while."

He was back at his desk, busying himself with some tapes he was working on for his defense. I kissed him goodbye on the forehead and told him, "Daddy, you're playing with fire. I'm not ever going to fix with you again. Your health can't take it."

Two days later—Monday, August 1, 1966—Lenny phoned again and invited me for another "surprise." I refused. "Lenny, I meant what I said about your health. I'll come up and see you in a day or two."

But that was never to be. Wednesday, August 3, 1966. I was watching the seven o'clock news. The announcer was talking about Lenny. *Not my Lenny!* "Lenny Bruce, the sick comedian died today in his Hollywood Hills home from an overdose of heroin..." Oh, *nooo*, it was Lenny. I grabbed the phone and dialed his number.

John answered. "Yes, Honey, it's true. I'm sorry. There was nothing I could do. His face was purple and foam was coming out of his mouth and nostrils. He was dead, Honey, it was too late."

Crying, moaning, sobbing, I prayed he was only pretending. "Please, Lenny, please let it be a bit, a skit, anything. Don't leave me on this planet *alone*!"

Friday, August 5, 1966, he was buried in the Eden Memorial Park, San Fernando Valley. His name was misspelled on his grave marker. He probably would've laughed at that.



*"J.B.'s just a child at heart. All he really enjoys
is unwrapping the gifts."*

manufacturers of the day—Rolls-Royce, Bugatti, Minerva, Hispano-Suiza, Alfa Romeo, Delage, Talbot, Isotta-Fraschini, Duesenberg—did not build complete automobiles that could be purchased from a showroom floor like an off-the-rack suit. Each automobile was tailored to the individual tastes of the customer, through the services of special coachbuilders who fitted handcrafted bodies to chassis provided by the car maker. No two Rolls or Duesenbergs were alike and each bore evidences of the unique tastes and prejudices of its purchaser. This car-making syndrome reached its peak in the late Twenties and early Thirties, before the world-wide economic collapse in the Great Depression and the social, and military revolutions of World War Two caused a major redistribution of wealth and a muzzing—or at least a modification—of the expressions of conspicuous consumption. About a dozen ultracexpensive car makers and roughly twice as many custom coachbuilders serviced this trade in Europe and America. By 1950, only a handful were left.

The automobiles they created came in a variety of shapes and sizes (all immense). Great formal limousines and *coupés de ville*, where the poor chauffeur sat in an open cockpit in a loony hold-over from horse-drawn-carriage days, were among the most spectacular and high-priced of the lot. And there were elegant sedans and coupes and fire-breathing sports cars, with their louvers and straps and flapping, lightweight bodywork. But perhaps the most desirable and exciting of the lot were the incredible roadsters and drophead coupes that combined all the sheer size and opulence of the giant limousines with the performance and limited passenger capacity of sports cars. While the limousine was used for such heavy-duty operations as opera and theater transport, state funerals and coronations, the sedan for family drives to the country and the sports car for short-haul, nerve-fraying blasts along curving roads, the great coupes embodied a wistful element of glamor and romance missing in the others. Yes, there was a certain ingredient of gentle sin in these machines. These were the cars for weekend trysts, afternoon assignations and evening rendezvous with mistresses and lovers—for silent, private, luxurious trips to the south of France or up to Newport in the company of a deliciously elegant and eager female. These were the original hustlers' cars, the ultimate sexual-fantasy vehicle. If you couldn't get laid with a Bugatti or a Duesenberg, you had two alternatives: a cathouse or a monastery, it was that simple.

Imagine, if you will, an automobile 243 inches long, with a 784-cubic-inch straight-eight engine capable of propelling it

over 125 mph. Imagine some more: its hand-built two-place roadster body set on a chassis costing \$30,000 *minus* the coachwork—30,000 hard, uninflated dollars of 1930, by the way. That machine, a Type 41 Bugatti, the largest automobile ever produced in quantity (if six or seven versions can be described as quantity), typifies the sense of automotive extravagance that died in the rubble of the Hitler war. Called the Royale by its eccentric creator, Ettore Bugatti, whose sensibilities lay somewhere between pure sculpture and engineering, the Type 41 was intended for sale to European royalty, though the realities of world-wide depression resulted in the three versions that were actually sold to fall into the hands of the *bourgeoisie*—a Parisian clothing magnate, a German doctor and a British army captain. (Historians cannot agree on whether three or four additional Royales were built, simply because a number of them were fitted with more than one body by Bugatti and many of the records from his Alsace company—run more like a feldom than a factory—were lost in World War Two.) While Bugatti maintained the unsold Royales for his family in the form of elegant coupes and limousines, two of the three customers' cars were classic, two-place roadsters. Again, it is simply beyond the ken of contemporary automotive thinking to create a monster car, the hood of which was nearly as long as a Honda Civic, intended for the transport of two people and their luggage.

The larger-than-life roadsters of the Thirties were a unique permutation of automotive elegance that will never be seen again. All the thoroughbred marques of the era sold roadsters with blockbuster price tags. Bodies were built out of everything from aluminum to steel to aircraft fabric to tulipwood. That special moment in history, when technological optimism knew no boundaries, when concerns about ecology, pollution, distribution of wealth, resource shortages, etc., were unthinkable in the rush toward a hazy, Buck Rogers utopia, produced automobiles without finite limits. Anything that could be done was done, regardless of mundane considerations of cost or time.

This unbounded energy resulted in startling mechanical exotica such as double-overhead camshafts, supercharging, independent suspensions, transaxles and the widespread use of aluminum and magnesium. Perhaps the most lurid examples of this energy were the Gatsbyesque two-seaters, those block-long roadsters and drophead coupes intended only for transporting a pair of bodies in the ultimate luxury. The most staggering example of this particular type of vehicle is the stark, white Bugatti Royale Coupe presently on display in the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan. Built in

1930-1931 for Dr. Joseph Fuchs at the Bugatti works in Molsheim, Alsace-Lorraine, with a custom body by Ludwig Wenberger of Munich, the car reached the United States, apparently after wandering around the Far East for a brief period, and was found in a Long Island junk yard in 1943. Its discoverer was Charles A. Chayne, a vice-president of General Motors and a classic-car enthusiast who had the car completely restored. It now sits amid the regiments of locomotives, old cars and airplanes of the imposing Ford Museum, its body so well proportioned that from a distance it does not look oversized. Only upon close examination does the immensity of its 169-inch wheelbase and its 24-inch wheels come into focus. Before lending it to the museum, Chayne had a number of pictures taken standing next to his Royale. The bulk of the automobile is such that he appears to be a small boy lurking in the shadow of the great machine, when, in fact, he was a burly man, 6'3" tall.

The Chayne Type 41 Royale is one of the rarest and most valuable automobiles in the world. This is the only open car of the existing six. The five others, all part of great automobile collections, are sedans and limousines, one of them having been converted by Bugatti from a magnificent roadster built in 1931-1932 for Armand Esders of Paris. This machine, with a long and graceful body designed by Bugatti's eldest son Jean, is memorable because it carried no head lights. Because he *never* drove at night, M. Esders specified that the car be built minus front lighting. But the Chayne-Fuchs Royale remains the unrivaled champion of four-wheeled extravagance: never has more been lavished on a device to carry a pair of human beings down a highway.

This is not to say that others did not operate in the same league with Bugatti. A pair of gruff, much-loved brothers operating in that unlikely outpost of the American heartland, Indianapolis, Indiana, Fred and Augie Duesenberg created some of the world's greatest racing and passenger cars during their long and illustrious career. A Duesenberg, using a revolutionary system—four wheel hydraulic brakes—won the Grand Prix of France in 1921, a feat not duplicated by an American car until Dan Gurney drove one of his Eagles to victory in the Belgian Grand Prix 36 years later. While Bugatti did maintain a body-fabrication shop of his own, the Duesenbergs were primarily chassis manufacturers, and many of their cars carried bodies designed and built by American special coachbuilders such as Murphy, Locke and LeBaron and by European houses such as Franay, Weymann, Hibbard and Darrin. However, some of the most beautiful Duesenbergs of all were designed in house by a man acclaimed by many to be America's greatest automotive

(continued on page 270)

What you don't hear is as impressive as what you do.

Up to now the most you could expect from a medium-priced cassette deck was rather medium performance. But now there's the RS-630US. The medium-priced cassette deck with high-priced performance.

We started by going to work on the sounds you don't want to hear with any cassette deck. When we finished, we ended up with virtually inaudible wow and flutter (0.09% WRMS). Negligible distortion. Transistorized switching that reduces signal loss. And a S/N ratio where there's practically no room for noise (-63dB with Dolby[®] and CrO₂ tape).

That's what you won't hear. What you will hear is a frequency response of 30Hz to 16kHz (CrO₂ tape). That means cymbals, brass and strings will sound crisp, smooth and natural. The reasons: A super alloy tape head formed under intense heat and pressure. As well as high-grade premium transistors.

You can also forget tape hiss. Because we use a two-stage direct-coupled equalizer as well as Dolby[®]. So that soft musical passages will remain quiet.

The RS-630US also has highly accurate peak-check meters that let you set the recording levels without the fear of overload distortion. So you get highly accurate recordings. With excellent dynamic range.

There are also dual output level controls. A CrO₂ tape selector switch. A lockable pause control. And Auto-Stop at the end of the tape in both record and playback modes.

So if you've been looking for a cassette deck with outstanding performance, audition the RS-630US. It only sounds expensive.

Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.
Cabinetry is simulated wood.

Technics

by Panasonic



PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



TUBE JOB!

The owners of such home video-tape machines as the Sony Betamax now have an additional treat in store for them. A firm called Home Cinema Service (119 Ann Street, Hartford, Connecticut) is offering a mixed bag of Russ Meyer and Radley Metzger color classics—including *Vixen* (above), *Cherry*, *Harry & Raquel*, *Her*, *She and Him*, *The Lickerish Quartet*, *The Libertine* and a kinky black-and-white diversion, *Faster Pussycat, Kill, Kill*—priced at just \$299.95 each. So that's why they call it the boob tube!

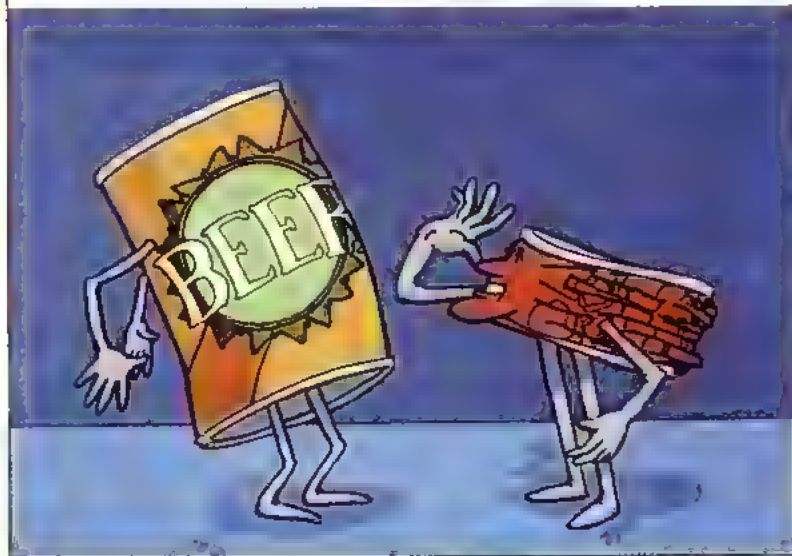


A DOG'S LIFE

Is your dog a grouch? Overattached? A sex maniac? Does it attack old folks? Snarl at minority groups? Interrupt your lovmaking? Dr. Michael Fox (yes, *the* Michael Fox, who's regularly on *The Tonight Show*) has all the answers to your canine's hang-ups in the form of a \$5.95 LP record titled *Dogtalk* that's available from Life Lite Concepts, P. O. Box 2070, Teaneck, New Jersey. Subjects covered include smells, emotional language, discipline and personality problems. Woof!

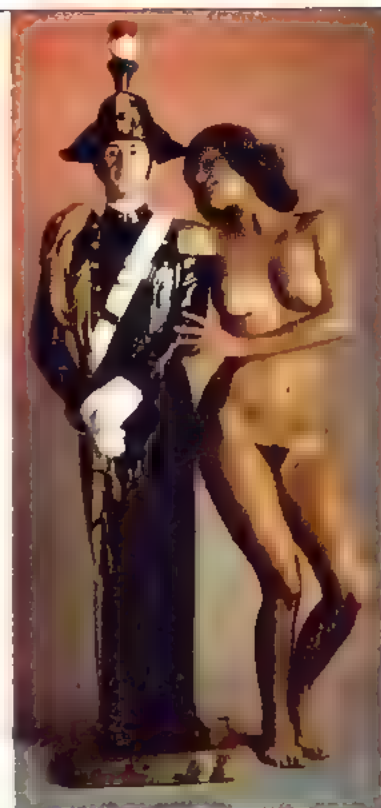
BREWHAHA IN THE MAKING

Now that everybody's into serious beer can collecting, two sud-loving artists in Brooklyn, Wisconsin, Jerry Cratsenberg and Robert Cavey, have come up with a crazy, 31-page minibook called the *Official Collector's Manual to Flatcans*. In it, you'll find such shapes as the Oooh-La-La and the Old Pucker—plus ridiculous mounting instructions. It's yours for just \$2.49 sent to the Tin Man Studios, Box 237, Brooklyn 53521. Step on it!



ON GUARD!

The liquor industry loves to produce good-looking mementos to remember its products by—whiskey ashtrays, Pilsner glasses and now, for all you well-heeled tipplers who think you have everything, your very own five-foot-tall, 25-pound Galliano Carabinieri that's available for \$225 sent to Gold Standard Premiums, P. O. Box 14756, Baltimore, Maryland 21203. If that's a bit too dear, the same outfit also offers a 22-inch-high ceramic Carabinieri lamp for \$20, a colorful seven-foot diameter three-ply vinyl Carabinieri café umbrella for \$31.95 (with four-inch fringe, no less) and a chef's apron in the official Italian colors emblazoned with eight prize-winning Galliano recipes for \$3.95. It's enough to drive you to drink.





FULL OF HOT AIR

Almost 200 years ago, the Montgolfier brothers escaped terra firma in their hot-air balloon; today, you can do the same—if you've got the guts—by signing up for a stay at The Balloon Ranch, America's only ballooning resort, located in San Luis Valley, Star Route 41, Del Norte, Co. orado. Accommodation prices vary, depending on the length of your stay—not including the time you spend in the sky. And for all you chickens, there's also rafting, horses and bikes.



THE ICEMAN COMETH

Some masochists love to be flogged; others—if they belong to a qualified scuba club—can enter the annual Ice Floe Race that's to be held this March 19 and 20 on the Otonabee River near Peterborough, Ontario. What happens is this. Scuba teams garbed in wet suits and accessories attempt to paddle or push a 15' x 20' ice chunk two miles downstream to an awaiting bonfire. (The Kawartha Tourist Association, P. O. Box 802, Peterborough, has the details.) We'll be on shore—standing guard over the hot buttered rum.

T, AS IN TAIL

Nevada, as everybody knows, has pockets of legalized prostitution where a guy can relax and enjoy some very tender, loving care. The next best thing to visiting one of these establishments, of course is to sport a bit of memorabilia; Beverly Harrell's famed Cottontail Ranch in Goldfield for example, peddles quite a number of nifty items—besides the obvious. Bev's T-shirts, in light blue, yellow, azalea and beige (include your size), go for \$11.95, post-paid, sent to Harrell's Las Vegas mail-order address at Suite B, 5300 Paradise Road 89119. So get one on!



ALL SHOOK UP

Fraidy cats of the world, grab this: A guy named Richard Owens, who runs Owens & Company at 150 Green Street, San Francisco, California 94111, is marketing a hand-cast solid-brass Bicentennial (there's a word we can do without) San Francisco Earthquake Handle measuring 10" x 4" x 2" that comes inscribed with the succinct advice, HOLD UNTIL QUAKE STOPS. If you don't have a door that's worthy of it, the handle can also be used as a conversation piece, paperweight, doorstop, mini-bar bell or lethal weapon. At \$45, including shipping, ours will be kept safely locked up inside the house.



ANNIE'S OLD MAN

As all PLAYBOY readers know, Harvey Kurtzman is the mild-mannered genius (he loves to be called a genius) who's responsible for our own *Little Annie Fanny*, plus a whole slew of other creations. If you'd like to see for yourself, Glenn Bray, P. O. Box 4482, Sylmar, California 91342, is offering for \$4.95 *The Illustrated Harvey Kurtzman Index*, 120 pages of rare and unpublished art on the great man himself. And if that's not enough, Krupp Comic Works (P. O. Box 7, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968) has just reissued for a buck some vintage Kurtzman in comic-book form. Harv, you sell out cheap.



reglups

(continued from page 266)

stylist, Gordon Buehrig. The famed, coffin-nosed 810-812 Cord was a Buehrig creation, as were several magnificent Duesenberg SJ boat-tail roadsters. If there is a car larger than life, "it's a Duesie," as the old slang accolade goes.

Although they had been prominent in the automotive world for nearly 20 years, thanks to their racing accomplishments and much applauded efforts in behalf of building passenger cars, the Duesenbergs made their first giant splash in 1928-1929, when the first versions of the fabled J hit the American roads. Like the Bugatti, it was built without compromise by the proud craftsmen who populated the low, brick Duesenberg factory on Indianapolis' West Washington Street. It, too, was a monster, not as large as the incredible Royale but immense (142½-inch wheel base, which, for comparison's sake, is more than a foot longer than contemporary Cadillac and Lincoln sedans), and it cost the earth. A bare chassis was a

minimum of \$8500 and, depending on the bodywork, an owner could easily unload over \$20,000 for a fully road-prepared J Duesenberg.

The J was a mighty enough performer to operate without serious challenge on American highways. With its straight-eight, 420-cubic-inch (6.9 liters), double-overhead-camshaft engine, built with the same painstaking care and brilliant technology developed through racing (in those days, competition with cars as well as horses improved the breed), it produced 265 horsepower and was capable of 116 mph. However, this was not enough. In 1932, the Duesenbergs introduced their masterpiece, the SJ, a supercharged version of the J. With the addition of the centrifugal blower, or supercharger (which pumped the air-fuel mixture into the engine's combustion chambers under pressure) output was increased to 320 horsepower—a prodigious feat, considering the relatively low octane of the pump gaso-

line of the day. These SJs, complete with their four distinctive, chrome-plated, external exhaust pipes that became a hallmark for all supercharged automobiles, could accelerate from 0 to 100 mph in 17 seconds and run over 130 mph flat-out. As with the Bugatti Royale, the big Duesenbergs carried three-speed transmissions, which permitted proud owners to astound witnesses by informing them of their car's ability to run 104 mph in *second gear*.

Like the other great automobiles of the day, a substantial percentage of the 470 to 480 Js and SJs produced were fitted with four- and seven-seater bodies of various configurations. But there were those people—perhaps the most profligate of the lot—who insisted that their Duesenbergs be limited to carrying two souls.

The most famous of these customers were Gary Cooper and Clark Gable, who had a pair of short-wheelbase (well, relatively short, at 125 inches), lightweight SJs built by the coachbuilder Murphy of Pasadena.

Some of the most beautiful Duesenbergs were created by Buehrig and the factory coachbuilders, but the particular 1933 boat-tail SJ "speedster" model pictured on page 204 was built by the custom firm of Schwartz & Company. With its lightweight body, this machine is still capable of nearly 130 mph in top gear as a perfectly restored member of the marvelous Harrah automobile collection in Reno, Nevada.

While it is primarily perceived as the builder of great, silent limousines for the chauffeured transport of aristocracy, there was a day when Rolls-Royce was the source of magnificent roadsters and drop-head coupes with a distinct sporting flavor. The years since World War Two have seen Rolls-Royce concentrate primarily on sedans and large convertibles, but during the decade 1925-1935—which might be described as the golden years of automotive coachbuilding—a number of wonderful, two-place Rolls were on the road. Perhaps the most exciting performers of the lot were the 7.7-liter, 160-hp Phantom IIs, which could nudge 100 mph. The Phantom III arrived in 1933 as an ultrasmooth, 7.3-liter V12 (the entwined Rs on its label had been changed from the traditional red to black in mourning for partner Henry Royce, who had died in 1933). Although not quite as rapid as the II, the Phantom III is considered by many Rolls aficionados the high-water mark for this legendary make.

While Bugattis, Rolls-Royces and Duesenbergs were without peer in terms of sheer cost, other manufacturers of the day were producing luxurious roadsters for somewhat less money, although they remained staggeringly expensive in terms of the masses. Packard, for example, produced a splendid, narrow-bodied roadster in 1930 that could be bought, complete from the factory, for \$5200. While this



"First I'd like to point out that with the recent permissiveness in the theater and in print, it would be hard to classify a call like this as really *obscene*. . . ."

Treat yourself to light menthol Belair.

*Now's the time for the
light menthol cigarette.*



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"Amigo, you don't woo a good woman or make a good tequila overnight."

"Some things in life are extra delicate. Like my Two Fingers Tequila and every woman I ever knew."

An old desert rat and his wife remember Two Fingers telling them that.

They figured he was a strange dude with a name like Two Fingers. But he sure sold a macho tequila.

"My boys and I squeeze this tequila out drop by drop," he winked.

And that's as far as he would go on details about making his tequila, or about himself for that matter.

"Like my tequila, like me," he once told a storekeeper in Flagstaff, Ariz.

Two Fingers and his tequila made a lot of friends in the late 30's. Folks would see his truck—Two Fingers gripping the wheel with Honey at his side—and the

word would spread fast.

"How come you deliver your own tequila?" It was a question Two Fingers was always asked.

"Cause I know it gets there just fine. And I spend a little time wooing Honey. Get it?"

Our sources say Two Fingers made his trips north of the border until the end of the 30's. The last man we could find who spoke to him was a retired Colorado state trooper. He helped Two Fingers fix a flat in the fall of '39 (Two Fingers gave him his last bottle as thanks).

After that not a word. And nobody's quite sure why.

They don't make them like old Two Fingers anymore. But luckily for us his tequila lives on.



1976, Imported and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill., San Francisco, Calif. Tequila. 80 Proof. Product of Mexico.



was perhaps one third of what one might have to pay for a Bugatti or a Duesenberg, one must not forget that Henry Ford was selling his 1930 Model A standard roadster for about \$150. The Packard, therefore, was a car for the well to do, as opposed to the filthy rich, and the rare Speedster Runabout shown on pages 202-203 is one of the most desirable artifacts from this much-lamented company. Powered by a straight-eight engine of 3819 cubic inches, developing 145 hp, the Runabout was sold with a guarantee that it would exceed 100 mph. While approximately 150 of these exquisite machines were manufactured, only 18 are known to exist, which places their value at astronomical levels among serious collectors.

Mercedes-Benz sporting vehicles of the golden era were directly related to machines the company raced in Continental sports-car competition. Unlike Rolls-Royce and Packard, which had forsaken active racing almost from the time the companies were established, and Bugatti and Duesenberg, whose racing cars were much smaller and lighter than their Royales and SJs, Mercedes-Benz often competed with cars similar to the models it sold on the open market. After dropping out of Grand Prix racing in 1926-1927 to concentrate on the design and development of a new generation of powerful sports cars, Mercedes-Benz introduced the S series, a collection of supercharged roadsters in a variety of weights and sizes, ranging from the S (Sport) to SS (Super Sport) to SSK (Super Sport Kurz—a short-wheelbase version) to SSKL (Super Sport Kurz Leicht—a lightweight, short-wheelbase pure racer). The basic design work was done by Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, perhaps Germany's greatest mechanical genius and the creator of the contemporary sports car that bears his name. The SSKs were excellent sports/racing machines and accounted for numerous victories, including the 1929 Ulster Tourist Trophy, the 1931 Mille Miglia and the 1931 and 1932 Avus races. The SSKL was a rough and tumble racer, light and brutally overpowered for all but the finest competition drivers of the day. For high-speed touring, the SS and SSK were favorite machines for Europe's wealthy, and the automobile pictured on page 201—a 1929 SSK drophead coupe with body by Corsica Coachworks—was among the most desirable of all.

Like the SJ Duesenberg, the SSK used a large-displacement (431.3 cubic inches), supercharged, in-line engine. Its Roots-type blower—activated by cranking the throttle wide open and recommended not to be used for more than 15-20 seconds at a time, lest it ruin the engine—boosted the output of the six-cylinder, overhead-camshaft power plant from 140 to 200 hp for short bursts of acceleration and top speed. Old timers still rhapsodize about



"Guess what, dear? I'm cleaning my oven!"

the ominous, unearthly shriek of an S-series Mercedes-Benz while running with its supercharger, or *Kompressor*, in operation.

In full road trim, the SSK was hardly the dainty piece that its designation *kurz* implies. Its wheelbase was a substantial 116 inches and it weighed 4590 pounds. However, its engine was powerful enough to push it along in excess of 120 mph and its suspension (semielliptical springs, front and rear), its four-speed transmission and its giant four-wheel brakes were efficient enough to make it one of the finest handling road cars of the day. With its original cost in excess of \$18,000, it is understandable that no more than 33 SSKs were built, and probably no more than five were fitted with Corsica bodies. This exquisite example from the Harrah collection is one of only two Corsica SSKs known to exist.

Most men who love automobiles maintain that we will never again see an era like that which produced these incredible roadsters and drophead coupes. The safety freaks wail that such cars are unsafe, but they provide no rollover protection, which is true. They are also extremely expensive to manufacture and each year fewer and fewer are made. It was a unique time, when wealth had no sanctions on excess and technological knowledge was blossoming at a staggering rate. Of course, the aristocracy that

bought and drove these cars is old and tattered now, and, with the exception of a few Italian and English custom coachbuilders and some high-performance G.I. machines being built by Ferrari, Lamborghini, Maserati, et al., there is nothing left of this world of unbridled automotive elegance.

Egalitarian instincts might cause us to applaud the end of such overpowering displays of wealth as a Bugatti Royale or an SSK Mercedes-Benz, but when they are viewed more as sculpture—as expressions of a unique 20th Century art form—their impact becomes that of aesthetics and not economics. Who cares that they were created for the selfish nutrition of egos or that unforgivable sums of money were expended in such pursuit? The fact remains that—as in all times when rich, perhaps vulgar men have patronized great artists for their personal aggrandizement—the result has far transcended the motivations for creation. After all, Da Vinci and Michelangelo were subsidized by men who had rather superficial interests in art; so, perhaps, might we be grateful to the decadent, frivolous rich folk who unleashed the genius of men like Ettore Bugatti and the Duesenbergs.

In the end, their service was to art, not to science.

Are You Sexually Liberated?

were the accomplices' friends? — Strangers? — Members of a swingers' club? Guests at an orgy at a movie star's house? —

Section Six: True Confessions: Assume for the moment that none of the above questions applies to your situation. Perhaps you've been stationed in the antarctic for the past ten years and have yet to taste the fruits of the sexual revolution. You haven't even chosen sides. How do you know if you're ready for the big time? Imagine yourself in the following scenario: Your new girlfriend tells you that a year before she met you, she went to a party with a man she knew quite well. The party was noisy, fun — everyone drank, smoked, snorted or meditated to get high. Your girlfriend began to feel loose, warm and friendly. The man began to make sexual advances while they danced — your girlfriend says that she responded. Then, without warning, an absolutely beautiful woman came over and gave the man a huge kiss. With

(continued from page 138)

a lot of tongue. She was an old lover whom he hadn't seen in hours. Your girlfriend confesses that she was attracted to the new arrival, who kept patting her arm, complimenting her breasts, making literary references, etc. The man asked if the two ladies would like to accompany him back to his apartment to make love. Your girlfriend, realizing that this was a chance to satisfy a deep, abiding fantasy, agreed. She gives you the clinical details. The woman was good at performing cunnilingus, but the man was better. Your girlfriend kissed the other woman's breasts, while the man entered her from the rear. They changed places. Her orgasm was overwhelming, perhaps the most extraordinary of her life, but, in retrospect, nothing you'd write home about or expect to repeat in the near future. End of scenario. Your reaction is.

1. Why is she telling me this? Does it mean she loves me? Is this her idea of intimacy?



"There are a couple of blondes in lingerie who put out, there's a redhead in sporting goods who gives great head. . . ."

2. Is she a lesbian? Is she going to do this often? Am I as good as the other guy?

3. She hasn't done anything like this with me, or even suggested it. I'm jealous.

4. It's part of her past. Our sexual experience improves us for our next lover. It is biographical foreplay.

5. Far fucking out. I'm turned on. Could you repeat the part where the girl was kissing your breasts, while. . .

Imagine that your girlfriend tells you the same story but confesses that it happened while you were out of town over the weekend. Would your reaction be any different? Yes — No —

Now imagine that after hearing either version of the story, you suggest calling up the other woman for an encore. You've always dreamed of having a *menage à trois*. Your girlfriend declines. She has satisfied her fantasy. She is not interested in making love to or with another woman. However, if you wanted to call up the other man, she would be interested. Your reaction is.

1. You agree.

2. You suggest a foursome.

3. You decline and promise yourself that, with or without her help, you'll arrange a *menage à trois* for yourself.

4. You cold-cock the bitch for general impertinence.

SCORING

Section One: The source books and quotes match as follows.

1. B. The description of the bronco ball-buster comes from Gershon Legman's *Orgentalism*, a funky, scholarly tribute to the joys of oral sex.

2. D. Believe it or not, *The Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana* is the source of this bit of advice on giving hickies to your girlfriend. Oriental sex is just high school sex with an accent.

3. A. Because of Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex*, an entire generation of bed partners has been bound and gagged. No complaints have been heard.

4. C. *The Sensuous Woman*, by J. is the source of the Butterfly Flick. Bless J.'s little heart. You may wonder why we include in our list of sources a book that was written for women. The reason is simple. In the battle of the sexes, it pays to do your intelligence work. Did you know what the most sensitive part of your body was? Did your girlfriend? It pays to know what the opposition knows and, in the absence of that knowledge, to teach. Maximum possible score: 8.

Section Two: Freud suggested that we are polymorphously perverse at birth — i.e., the entire body is an erogenous zone — and that we desensitize ourselves as we grow older. The liberated lover works to reclaim lost zones. Teeth are sensitive to sexual stimulation. So are eyebrows, rib cage and kneecaps. This

Dolomite says man was never meant to ski on high heels

The theory sounded great.

High heels would force your weight forward on the skis so you could carve your turns the way good skiers do.

Nice theory. But it makes you ski all wrong.

Prove it for yourself: Raise your heels off the ground and tip your weight forward onto the balls of your feet. See? Three entire sets of leg muscles tighten up on you. And your ankles lose their flexibility. This is no way to ski. It's tiring. And eventually painful.

Down with your heels!

Common sense—and a careful study of anatomy—has led Dolomite to the *low-heel* boot.

You're down closer to your skis, in closer touch with the snow.

Your muscles stay springy, sensitive, poised for action. Your

Dolomite's low-heel footbed keeps muscles flexible. You ski naturally.



High heels tighten leg muscles so you tire quicker.

ankles are at a natural angle. You can throw your weight forward *when you want to*...not because you're forced to.



The advanced new Dolomite Bora.

Two gold medals already.
Our thinking would seem to be on the right track.

The men's slalom at the Olympics was won this year in Dolomite's new low-heel boots.

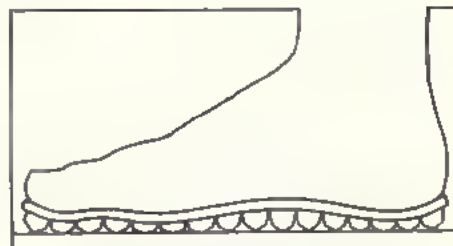
And so was the women's giant slalom.

Tiny little shock absorbers under your feet.

We have another advance in store for you when you slip your feet into Dolomite's new Bora.

The insoles of the inner boots are only a quarter-inch thick, yet contain hundreds of elastomer shock absorbers. Each is a tiny lever. And each lever is connected to other levers.

As the bony parts of your foot press down, interconnected levers raise other sections of the insole



Tiny shock absorbers help spread the shock of impact.

to cradle the softer parts of your foot. The shock of impact while skiing is thus spread more evenly over a greater area of your foot.

And everywhere there are passages for air to circulate, helping to keep your feet at a comfortable temperature.

Dolomite gives you more skiing time.

The most comfortable boot in the world is useless if it is vulnerable to rivets that pop and metal hinges that snap.

There are no rivets on any Dolomite boot. And no metal hinges. So you spend less time in repair shops and more time out on the slopes.

And without high heels to sap your strength, Dolomite keeps you out on the slopes longer.

For your free copy of the Dolomite brochure, write the nearest Beconta office listed below.

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10685 East 51st Ave., Denver, CO 80239

section is not designed to test your knowledge of what areas "work" or "don't work" erotically. Rather, we want to measure your sense of the erotic potential of the entire body. We have listed 17 areas. A maximum score would be five times 17, or 85. If you scored the maximum, either you are liberated or you take good drugs. If you scored within ten points of 17, then you are a boorish lover, totally insensitive to the potential of your partner. Either that or you have been making love to corpses. Note the regions that received low scores on your tally. Next time you make love, concentrate on just those areas.

Section Three: How many of the items listed have you used? The maximum possible score is 30. For anything above ten, you can consider yourself a true experimenter, a willing subject, open to the subtle nuances of sex. Less than ten and you probably live in Sheboygan. As for owning the items, again, the maximum possible score is 30. Score above ten and you probably own a franchise with The Pink Pussy Cat Boutique, New York's leading erotic boutique. If you own any of the items from 16 to 20 (the inflatable vagina, Prolong, Auto Suck, penis enlarger or flavored douches), you are penalized five points each for general tackiness. Accessories such as Prolong—which claims to prevent premature ejaculation—or strawberry douches—which disguise the natural flavor and scent of a woman—are antithetical to the cause. Why worry about how long you last? Really, now. What do you think all the other toys are for?

Section Four: The maximum possible score on this section is 15. If you answered that you have done it at a nudist colony, penalize yourself five points. A liberated lover is spontaneous: He does not take guided tours of Disney World and he does not need or desire the organized air of a nudist colony. If you scored higher than ten, we've probably caught your act. Keep up the good work. Less than ten? Well, the world will still be there when you finish serving your sentence. If you are not satisfied with your score, a retest is possible.

Section Five: We're here to find out if you are sexually liberated enough to make it with more than one person at the same time. If you answered yes to questions one and two, you have overcome the major obstacle to group sex of any kind—the traditional belief that sex is something that should happen in private. If you are loose enough to take off your clothes or to make love in front of other people, then you are familiar with the closeness that comes from sharing, from celebrating a feeling with others. If sex is good enough to do with one person, then it is better with two. Or three.

The energy jumps geometrically with each member. If you answered no to either of the first two questions, then you obviously had to answer no to questions three through six, unless, of course, you've figured out how to have an orgy with your clothes on. Question three requires a simple yes-or-no answer: If you answered yes, it indicates that you are willing to try anything once. A positive answer to question four suggests that you didn't learn anything the first time that would keep you from doing it a second time. Many persons engage in a hit-and-run tactic for satisfying their fantasies. It's the old adage: If you do it once, you're normal. Twice and you're queer. Our society has given its permission to try anything once. The liberated lover, however, does not just satisfy his fantasies and leave it at that—he weaves them into an ongoing lifestyle. Question five indicates your willingness to abandon sexual stereotypes. If you are hung up on whether you're bisexual or homosexual or asexual, you are not liberated. In an orgy, the two-backed beast of traditional sex gives way to a multifaceted creature that has no gender. This is a difficult obstacle to overcome: some feel that it should be saved for the next revolution. Question six is designed to test your degree of comfort with your style of sexual expression. Many people find it easier to experiment with strangers, thinking, perhaps, that if their friends knew what they were up to, they would cease being friends. Discretion has its place, but if you're afraid of judgment, you aren't liberated and probably will end up joining a swingers' club, where the erotic goings-on follow *Robert's Rules of Order*. If you can't do it with a friend, is it worth doing?

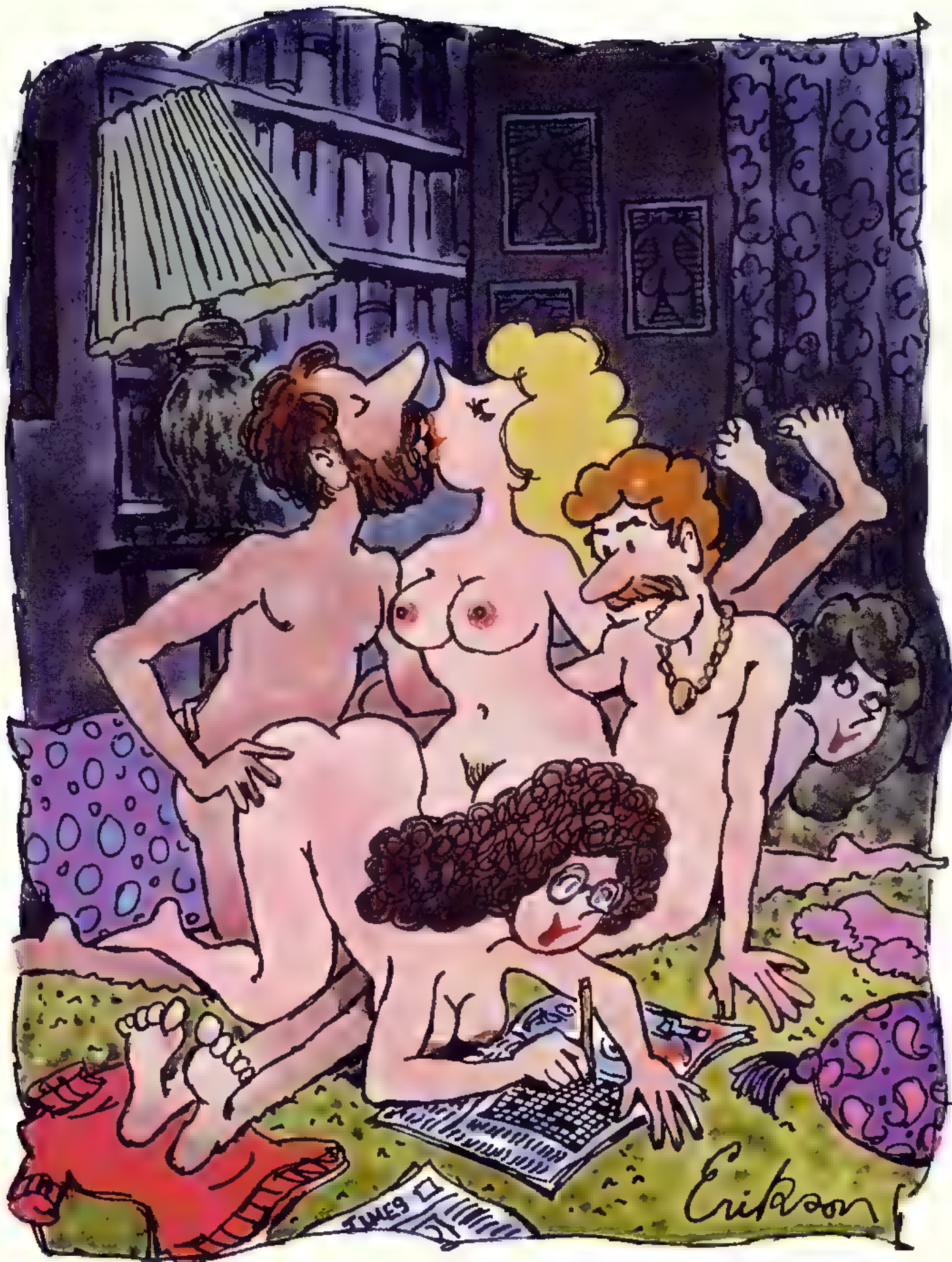
Section Six: We know, the scenario sounds like something out of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*. What were your reactions to the story when you thought it was past history? Do you belong to the school of forgive and forget or relive and learn? Affirmative answers to reactions one through three suggest some degree of insecurity on your part. You are afraid of confession, of comparison. You probably keep accounts.

The liberated lover is responsible for his own sex life. He does not view another person's experiences as a depletion of a resource that should be his alone. He's closer to the person who answers yes to four and five. Every experience improves the pilgrim. (Or, as Thomas Pynchon notes, you break your cherry on something different every day.) And it's perfectly normal to be turned on by a confession. Veterans of the sexual revolution are not afraid of trading war stories.

The politics of the matter become

somewhat more personal when the event happens in the present tense. Your reaction to a confession, your urge to judge reveals a great deal about how you conduct your own life. Do you think that you can get away with anything as long as you tell someone about it? (The George Washington Cherry Tree Theory of Truth and Consequences.) The liberated lover is more inclined to live with his choices. Either he doesn't consider them mistakes or he learns from them and doesn't feel the need to burden someone else. If you feel miserable, you don't ask someone to kiss it and make it better. In this section, positive answers to three through five indicate an openness to new experiences. (It is all right to feel jealous, but only when you put it in perspective.) Which brings us to the proposed *ménage à trois*. If you agree to her request to call the other man, you're liberated. Probably queer, too, but don't let that bother you. You are willing to help your partner satisfy her fantasy (although why you would want to help someone who doesn't want to help you is beyond us) or you are interested in the same fantasy yourself. If you suggest a foursome, you are heading in the right direction, but you may be hung up on balancing sexual accounts. It is probably bad form to ask someone you love to pimp for you: If you can't arrange it on your own, you're not in charge. If you decline, that's your right.

We hope this has given you something to think about. It is not meant to be definitive—sexual liberation is an attitude that cannot be put on a scale. In fact, the whole notion of scoring is incompatible with the idea of an independent, adventuresome explorer of the sexual scene. If you are willing to take someone else's word for how you did, or what you are, then you are probably not liberated. However, some sections of the quiz are more revealing than others. Don't worry too much if you haven't read all the books mentioned in "Different Strokes"—there are some people (censors, assistant district attorneys, et al.) who can read such works and not learn anything. Similarly, do not feel inadequate if you do not have a completely stocked toy chest. It may just mean that your natural skills do not require accessories. We kind of like the sections on erogenous zones, though—after all, variety is the spice of life. Are you flexible, spontaneous, curious? If not, use those sections as a guide for growth. By far the most important sections of the quiz are those that focus on attitudes. Are you judgmental? Inhibited? Cautious? The liberated lover tends to disregard established attitudes about sex: He wants to find out for himself. Go to it.



*"Is that how you get off, Marian? Making it with
the Sunday Times crossword puzzle?"*

MERRY CHRISTMAS

with Jim Sanders, one of my writers, Art Steuer and Bob Johnson of *Jet* magazine. It gave me a blend of perspectives. McGraw was white Irish, Sanders was Midwest rural black, Steuer was New York Jewish and Johnson was a polished journalist with the amazing capacity to penetrate to the mitty-gritty core of any situation. Sanders and McGraw were out on the street corners of Chicago every morning at six o'clock, in zero and subzero weather. They had a big barrel with chicken wire across the top and McGraw was dressed as Santa Claus. Seeing him on those ghetto street corners playing Santa reminded me of one of my most famous comedy lines: "My oldest daughter said she doesn't believe in Santa Claus. I said, 'What you mean you don't believe in Santa, and I'm pickin' up the tab?' She said, 'Because you know darn good and well no white man's gonna be in our neighborhood past midnight!'"

And it was so beautiful to see black folks in Chicago reach into their pockets and purses to help their brothers and sisters in Mississippi. I saw a girl in her late teens excitedly drop a dollar into the barrel and giggle, "I've never helped Mississippi before." I also saw a wino reach into his pocket and give four pennies. I thought of the New Testament story of the widow and her mites—giving all that she had. You have to understand what four cents means to a wino to appreciate the beauty of self-sacrifice. That puts him four cents further away from that half pint. Who knows how long it will take him to hustle up the needed change for that bottle? And it's cold outside.

The day of the big show at McCormick Place arrived almost before we realized it. Charles Evers and Drew Pearson flew into town. Charles, brother of slain civil rights leader Medgar Evers and then the state field secretary for the NAACP in Mississippi, had been in charge of setting up distribution of the turkeys when they reached their various destinations. Drew had been busy collecting donations from his many contacts in high places. We all got together at the turkey office. Drew, so distinguished with his mustache, his black coat and his black Russian-style hat, truly looked like the ambassador of good will that he was. He sat down and started pulling checks worth thousands of dollars out of his pocket as casually as if they had been telephone messages. He further pledged to make up whatever cost we could not raise through benefits and street donations. My Christmas dream was now a full-fledged reality!

Back in New York City, United Air Lines had a limousine at the stage door of the Majestic Theater waiting to pick up Sammy, who rushed out the door,

(continued from page 110)

following his Saturday-night performance, and raced to Kennedy Airport, where the last flight from New York to Chicago was being delayed until his arrival. Other performers had rallied to the cause. Eartha Kitt, who was playing the Palmer House, had agreed to appear. George Kirby, a neighbor of mine, was in town and had let it be known he would be proud to be on the bill. Red Saunders' band was to provide the music. And, at the afternoon rehearsal, the Four Step Brothers showed up to volunteer their talent.

The show was slated to start at eight P.M. At 7:30, my wife, Lillian, McGraw and I stood in the lobby, waiting. We were all nervous. We needed heavy ticket sales at the door to be successful. Then the good people of Chicago started pouring in. The show was a tremendous success.

Wednesday, December 23, 1964, was 1 day. Two refrigerated trucks were already rolling toward Mississippi from Iowa and another from Chicago. We went out to the Butler Aviation sector of O'Hare Field in the wee small hours of the morning. A heavy fog choked the atmosphere and some people were worried that we might be grounded. I wasn't worried. We had God on our side. When we arrived, a truck was being unloaded and its contents lifted by conveyor belt into a chartered cargo plane. Five hundred turkeys were being loaded, along with hundreds of toys donated by Chicago manufacturers.

I rode down to Jackson, Mississippi, on the cargo plane. Lil and my two oldest girls, Lyne and Michele, went down on Delta, accompanied by McGraw. Our planes landed simultaneously at the Jackson Municipal Airport. An integrated reception committee of about 300 people—benevolent Baptist preachers, workers for the Council of Federal Organizations, bodyguards and Charles Evers—had been waiting two hours for our delayed arrival. I was dressed for the triumphant entry. A lot of folks in Mississippi used to refer to me as "that millionaire nigger," and I didn't want to spoil their image. I was munching a big, black cigar, and I was described by the Associated Press as looking "splendid in buckskin boots, a three-quarter length black leather jacket and a cowboy hat." After an onslaught by the gentlepeople of the press, I waded through to the reception committee. Evers was all smiles as he said, "Welcome to the Magnolia State, and of the brave niggers and the nervous white folks."

We drove to the Pratt Memorial Methodist Church where about 1000 people were jammed into the sanctuary—standing room only, with more people arriving all the time. The officiating preachers crowded behind the pulpit and began competing with one another for the priv-

ilege of reading off the names of those who would receive turkeys.

We had a real problem. We had only 500 turkeys, with another 3000 coming in on the truck from Chicago. Heavy fog had delayed its arrival and the driver had phoned to tell us he couldn't make it until the next morning. The distribution committee announced that everyone with four kids or fewer would have to come back on the following day. Only four people got up and left! So the committee decided to switch it around by asking people with 15 or more kids to come forward and get a turkey. That approach didn't work, either. It set off a stampede.

It may sound strange, but at least 90 percent of those people had never had a turkey before in their lives. Fannie Lou Hamer had told us, "I'm 47 years old and I've had a turkey only once in my life, and I had to buy that on the installment plan." Now we saw firsthand the truth behind Fannie Lou's words. We saw it in the faces of those who received the first 500 turkeys. We saw it in the tears of pure joy and gratitude streaming down worn and weary cheeks. We saw it in the hope, almost pride, that accepted a turkey not as a handout but as a gift. We heard it in the hundreds of God bless yous and in the testimony of a woman who sobbed, "I got 14 kids and I make 15 dollars a week. I don't have to say no more . . . thanks." Another woman took a turkey from me and testified, "Mawmin', Lawd." In the most pious voice I could muster, I answered, "Yes?"

That night, I spoke at a rally at the Masonic Temple on Lynch Street in Jackson. The white Citizens Council of Ruleville, Mississippi, had announced that it was sending two possums and a sack of sweet potatoes to me in Chicago. I opened my remarks by acknowledging its gift. "Sending me food—that's like sending a relief check to Rockefeller. They don't know my background! I'd jump over a whole carload of sirloin to get to a good possum. Why, I could sell those possums on the black market in Chicago and get enough money to send down 200 more turkeys."

I also had some more serious words for that wonderful crowd.

We didn't raise this money and send these turkeys, you did. It's your fault. You have completely purged this state of negative thinking. Everybody who eats anything this Christmas will think of you. We brought turkeys for the champs. You earned that. What you're doing in this state has put a lot of people off our backs. For a long time, Mississippi was the garbage can of race relations. Anything that happened up North was dumped in the Mississippi garbage can—"Look how much worse it is

Hy-Gain 9 (Model 2679) 23-channel citizens two-way transceiver bolts securely in protected location in trunk or under seat

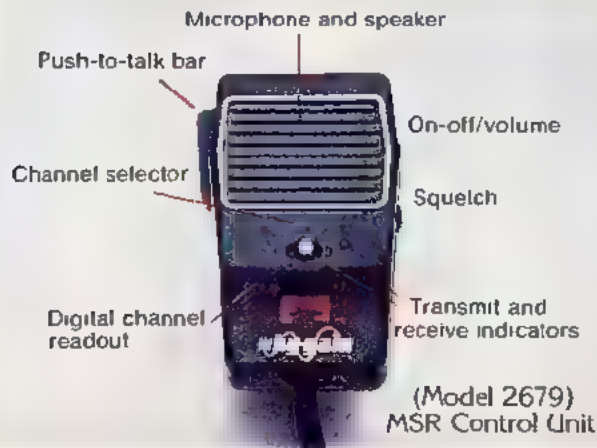
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"This your beaver, lady?"

in Mississippi." Now you folks have put a lid on that can and there is no place to dump that Northern garbage but in their own back yards. And the smell is beginning to spread.

When you integrated that golf course down here, the cat in New York begins to wonder, "Where's mine?" Same thing with schools and libraries. The opening day of school, you integrated school after school without any kind of incident in Jackson, Mississippi. But in Jackson Heights, Queens, 64 white parents were opposing the school-integration plan in New York City.

Some people up North said that Sammy Davis would do a benefit in Chicago but he was scared to come to Mississippi. Well, he probably is! If the President of the United States hasn't been to Mississippi in 50 years, why should Sammy come? Well, if the President won't come to Mississippi, take it to him! Take your kids to the White House on Easter, when they have the big egg roll on the lawn. Just dump your little ole kids on the lawn and say, "We want to play, too."

White folks praise Bob Hope for going to Vietnam and criticize me for coming to Mississippi. Well, it's safer in Vietnam. At least there you know the Government is on your side.

The next morning, that truck from Chicago still hadn't arrived. The driver

called at 9:30 and said he was in Columbus, Mississippi, and still on his way. More tired, a bit more weary but no less patient, the second nighters waited patiently in front of the candy store next to the NAACP offices on Lynch Street. Finally, about 2:30 P.M., the truck pulled in.

David Brinkley's camera crew was set up on Lynch Street. David had told them not to bother to come back to work if they didn't get exclusive pictures. Evers, McGraw and I jumped onto the back of the truck and were about to hand out turkeys. A lone white man was standing far behind the large crowd of blacks. Evers called to him, wishing to show clearly on national television that this was, indeed, an integrated project (in fact, 1,000 turkeys went to whites, 300 to a Choctaw Indian reservation and a number to Chinese families).

The white man protested violently, indicating that he had a "bad back." McGraw realized that the poor guy thought we were going to make him help unload the truck and he shouted, "We just want to give you a turkey!" The guy ran to receive, forgetting, evidently, about his bad back. Thus did Brinkley get his exclusive. The first man to receive a turkey in Mississippi was a white man.

All kinds of motor vehicles were on hand to meet the other trucks and to load up with turkeys and take them to the out-of-the-way districts. Farmers with their dilapidated flat-bed trucks and city dwellers with their station

wagons. One woman suffered a heart attack, she was so excited. But when the ambulance arrived to take her away, she told the driver, "Don't take me to no hospital. I'm gonna cook this bird in the maw'nin'." And she drove home in a car with friends. Another woman betrayed her unfamiliarity with cooking turkey when she said, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Gregory. And I sure am gonna ask God to bless you tomorrow when I'm fryin' this turkey."

I looked again at those faces, and it was like a bread line anywhere in the world. These were not just the hungry people of Mississippi. They had the same look of people you see in newsreels—of people who are waiting to be fed in China, in the Congo, in Europe in America during the Great Depression. These faces had a universal expression. As I watched them, it dawned on me more strongly than ever that the number one job facing humankind, before landing on the moon or on Mars, before curing any more diseases, before inventing another invention, is feeding human beings all over the world. I kept thinking of a statement Mississippi Governor Paul Johnson had made, "I am sure the people of Mississippi would appreciate it very much if those turkeys were sent to the Northwest disaster area." (Hood had just devastated parts of Oregon and Northern California.) I chuckled as I remembered that we got the turkeys from out West and I thought, "How they gonna cook them under ten feet of water?" And I also wondered what Mississippians Governor Johnson was talking about. Certainly not blacks, because he didn't represent them at all. And certainly not poor whites, because he didn't represent them, either. I summed it up later in a quote in *Jet* magazine, "We can't handle those problems that God has inflicted upon man like the Northwest disaster, we're trying to solve some of those problems that *man* has inflicted upon man."

One decade and one year later, the sovereign state of Mississippi elected a new governor, Cliff Finch. An old friend from Mississippi, James Allen arranged for me to participate in the inaugural proceedings. What a difference 11 years had made! I was met at the airport by the governor's chauffeured limousine and we were escorted by Mississippi state police. I spoke at the governor's dinner. After my speech, Governor Finch made me an honorary Mississippi colonel, along with Charles Evers and Aaron Henry! The old faithful turkey watchers are now members of the governor's official staff. Since I was at the top of the list of awardees, I became the first black colonel in the state of Mississippi. Harland Sanders may be the Colonel of Kentucky Fried Chicken, but I'm the undisputed Colonel of Mississippi Turkey!

PRESIDENTS' WOMEN

campaign, there were fleeting rumors that some of Eisenhower's friends, most notably Joseph P. Kennedy, had bought Kay off and sent her back to England until after the election. In any case, Ike recovered, took up golf and began to sink his puts elsewhere.

"This Administration is going to do for sex what the last one did for golf," predicted Theodore Sorensen after the 1960 election. He wasn't just whistling *Dixie* either—J.F.K.'s score was way over par. Of all our Presidents, there's little doubt that JOHN F. KENNEDY was by far the horniest. According to author Richard Condon, who has spent the past 15 years researching the late President's sex life, J.F.K. had scored with 470 girls by the time he was elected to Congress, 903 when he entered the Senate and nearly 1600 by 1961. Make that 1603—he made it with three women on the morning of his inauguration. The gossip mills are still churning out the stories of J.F.K.'s affairs. Famous names include Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield, with some talk of liaisons with Angie Dickinson, Kim Novak, Janet Leigh and Rhonda Fleming. The latest to reveal an intimate relationship with him is stripper Tempest Storm. Rumor has it that Jackie was so revolted by her husband's be-

(continued from page 158)

havior that she intended to divorce him until Joseph Kennedy (again) bought her off with a quick \$1,000,000. Now we know what he did for a living.

There's plenty of hard evidence that LYNDON JOHNSON fooled around though the details have been pretty well concealed. Nevertheless, he was, indeed, a ladies man. On cruises aboard the Presidential yacht, *Sequoia*, he would watch television with a pretty girl sitting on either side of him. One journalist refers to "a rather dull but persistent intraoffice affair that began early in Johnson's life in the Senate and ended when he was Vice-President." He reportedly once unzipped the back of a Congressman's wife's dress at a party and had a proclivity for kissing all women at social functions. Admitting to having a "weakness for beautiful women," L.B.J. once refused to hire an able woman on the grounds that she had "everything but good looks." He once said to the late Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn: "[Lady] Bird knows everything about me, and all my ladyfriends are hers, too. So I'll be damned if I try to shut up babbling mouths."

Concealing information about ladyfriends was never a big problem for RICHARD NIXON. In fact, there's some evi-

dence that he hasn't even slept with Pat since the early Sixties. Since then, at least one possible affair has come to light. Literary agent Scott Meredith claimed to be in possession of 22 love letters, purportedly written by Nixon to the wife of a European diplomat. The letters refer to a meeting in Paris at Georges Pompidou's funeral and a later meeting in California, and one complains bitterly that all of Nixon's friends are deserting him because of Watergate, the mysterious lady being pointedly included in their number.

When Nixon appointed GERALD FORD Vice President, Ford's friend and fraternity brother Jack Stiles said Jerry was one of the few guys who could stand up under close FBI scrutiny of his personal life. Ford didn't do much dating in high school or college. Stiles can remember only one incident in which Ford, while in college, brought a girl to Ann Arbor and registered her in a hotel as "Mrs. Anderson." Unlike Nixon, Ford does get it on with his wife. When asked how often she sleeps with her husband, Betty Ford answered, "as often as possible."

As we go to press, we don't know if Jimmy Carter will be President, but we think the subject of *his* lust is one we'll stay away from for a while.

Y

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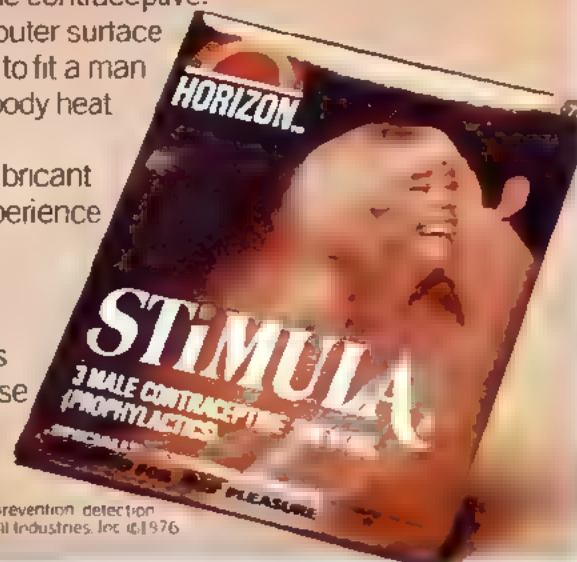
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(continued from page 120)

Frank declined; he told people afterward that he'd been a little afraid of sitting that close to Clark. After all . . . ! But the man was so pathetic, and really quite nice, that he decided to invite him out to the house that weekend. A few friends were getting together, nothing fancy. How would Clark like to join them?

Despite Frank's charity, however, the evening was doomed from the start.

Clark arrived 15 minutes early. He was wearing a handsome navy-blue blazer, gun-metal-gray trousers, a pale-blue shirt and a yellow knit tie; he looked quite good, except for the fact that his face was slightly flushed and it was evident that he'd had a few drinks before coming to the Ambroses'.

Some five or six couples had gathered in the Ambroses' basement recreation room and though Clark knew them all he didn't mix very well but sat on the American Colonial sofa, staring at the linoleum floor, or at the simulated-knotty-pine wall, or at the portable television set on its aluminum cart, though, of course, the set was turned off and the screen was a featureless leaden-gray blank. It was February now: Talk dwelt upon the overcast skies, the streets that were so inadequately plowed, grocery prices, taxes, the university's disappointing budget allotment from the legislature, various children's ailments and hobbies and difficulties with or successes in various schools, a rapid cascade of names that whirled about Clark's head but left him untouched.

Then one of the Ambroses' little boys appeared in his pajamas, to pass Cheez-bits and cashews and tiny spicy hot dogs around to the guests, and it was generally noted how Clark, sitting there on the sofa with his drink on his knee and his hair rather loose and disheveled about his face, stared at the boy. Frank Ambrose was a good-looking black man, amazingly slender, with a lithe, graceful, almost boyish body, though he was well into his late 30's; his wife, Eunice, was a very pale woman with dull red hair and a sweet, patient, sometimes rather strained smile. Their children, all boys, were very light-skinned, with large dark eyes that were thickly lashed, and very dark, somewhat frizzy hair. They were beautiful children, everyone proclaimed. Really beautiful. So it was no wonder that Clark should be staring at little Marty with that peculiar half smile, as if he had never seen anything quite like the child.

Approaching Clark, however, the boy hesitated, he began to giggle.

"What's wrong, Marty?" Eunice said. "Pass the hors d'oeuvres around. Go on."

But the child shied away, giggling.

"Marty, stop being so silly. You're being a naughty boy."

"It's really quite all right," Clark said quickly. He tried to laugh. "I'm not . . . I don't really. . . . You see, I'm on a diet anyway, and I mustn't have. . . . It looks delicious, really, but I . . ."

"Marty," Eunice said sharply, "What is wrong with you? I told you to pass those hors d'oeuvres around and stop being so silly, or I'll let Bobbie do it. Aren't you bad? Aren't you silly?"

The boy turned to his mother and motioned for her to bend down to him. He whispered something in her ear. "What?" Eunice said. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Looks like a *witch*," the boy said, cupping his hands to his mouth and peering back over his shoulder at Clark. "Like on the *Monster Show* . . ."

"Why, Marty?" Eunice said. "Isn't that bad of you? Give those plates here and go right upstairs to bed. Isn't that bad, isn't that silly . . . ?"

Marty gave his mother the dishes and ran out of the room, still giggling.

Frank Ambrose cleared his throat nervously and said something about children's being so unpredictable, so irrational. They were likely to say anything without the slightest sense of—

"Exactly," Jake Hanley said. "And they don't mean it, of course."

They don't *know* what they mean," Marcella Blass said.

"It's the influence of television . . ." someone else said.

Not at all, not at all," Clark said slowly. "I understand. I . . . I was a child once myself."

There was another uncomfortable silence, as if the group doubted Clark's statement but was too polite to comment.

Talk leaped eagerly onto other, similar topics. But Clark remained oddly stiff, staring at the linoleum. It was a bright, cheerful design, swirls of green, orange, beige and red; it was meant to complement the dark-green and beige furniture. He sat there, beside Joanna May, who was talking animatedly with Eunice Ambrose and Jake Hanley and Sid Train, or about the latest fiasco in the drama department—and gradually it came to Joanna's attention, and then to the attention of the others, that Clark was muttering under his breath.

At first they tried to ignore him. Then it became more difficult.

"What does it mean . . . ? What does it mean? Shouldn't wear short skirts; knees bunched and fat. Pizza. Homie raise. Horrid old granny; the bird! Pickaninny. Cute. Eyes, rosebud mouth. Won't you have another drink? Clark? Yes, thank you, thank you very much, yes, damn nigger, get me that drink fast, damn show off, you'll see, you'll regret it. . . ."

He seemed oblivious of them, muttering, shaking his head from side to side. The entire sofa shook, he was 6'2" or 3" and by no means a light man. His eyes were nearly shut as he spoke in that slow, painfully slow, almost meticulous way. Everyone stared in astonishment. The man's entire personality seemed to have changed within a few seconds. His face was chalky, a comic monster's face, ugly and creased and lined and worn, his mouth shaped itself into absurd, sinister contortions, as if he were a child before a mirror trying to frighten himself. "Does it mean? What? Don't you touch me, you nigger. Don't you come near! I want another drink. I'm thirsty. Hairpiece. Knitted right into hair: five hundred dollars. Fraud! Crooks! Oh, my God, my God . . ."

It seemed that he was about to burst into tears. Frank Ambrose stood over him, trying to calm him down. "Clark? Look, Clark, are you all right?"

"Don't you touch me!" he said murderously.

He shoved poor Frank backward, moving so quickly that everyone was taken by surprise. Frank staggered a few steps, fell into Marcella Blass's lap, then onto the floor. The women began uttering short, faint, astonished cries. Clark himself tried to get to his feet but failed. He was so drunk that it was said, the lower half of his face seemed dislodged somehow from the upper half, his jaw ground maniacally back and forth. "Lower-class bastards. I wasn't destined for this. Not on your goddamn life I wasn't! Clark Pembroke Austen III. Lower-class bastards, bitches, bitches, cows, scum, *cannule*, . . . Cheer bus: Oh, my God! Wasn't destined for this. Call me a cab. Don't touch me, niggers. This is not my life, this is someone else's. Ugly ugly ugly. You'll regret your audacity. You ugly, ugly creatures . . ."

"Now, Clark, please," Jake Hanley said earnestly. "You—"

Clark struggled massively to his feet. He swayed, stumbled across Joanna May's feet and threw his martini glass at Jake. Only the ice-cube fragments struck Jake, fortunately; the glass itself smashed against the simulated-knotty-pine wall.

Ugly, ugly! Oh, my God! It cannot be it cannot be. Forty-nine years old, Harvard, Oxford, Amherst. . . . Somewhere in Canada? *Monster Show*. Call me a cab, you niggers! I don't want to eat your fucking tuna casseroles, I don't want to drink your cheap liquor, I want to go home. I hate you all, oh, my God, you'll regret it, bitches, bitches, cows, goggle-eyed scum, little nigger brats prancing around in pajamas. . . . This isn't my life, I swear." He began shrieking. "It isn't! Isn't!"

The following week, at least a half dozen variations of the story of the Ambroses'

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party made the rounds, not only of the English department but of the culture university. People laughed uproariously, then wiped their eyes and said solemnly, "It's a shame, isn't it? So intelligent and gifted a man. Is he seeing a psychiatrist? . . . At least he shouldn't drink, if he's an alcoholic." Ron Blass was excellent at demonstrating Frank's backward stagger and his look of utter incredulity: Jake Hanley was perfect at imitating Clark's glowering, sneering mad expression and his wail *This isn't my life! It isn't! It isn't!* In some versions of the story, Clark threw his martini glass at Eunice Ambrose, having accused her of marrying a "nigger"; in other versions, he attempted to fondle the Ambrose child and Frank intervened and a scuffle resulted; in still other versions, repeated as far away as the civil engineering department and the Human Kinetics School, one of the new English professors had gone berserk over the weekend, attempted to rape a small child, was beaten by someone—the child's father, perhaps, or police—and had been committed to the Harris Clinic, the area's hospital for mentally disturbed people.

Clark himself was absent from classes for a week. When he returned, he still looked rather sick. His skin was slack, lifeless; his eyes were red-rimmed. When he met colleagues in the hall, he whispered greetings in a formal, embarrassed way. Everyone who had attended the fateful party received notes of apology shortly after he returned to classes. Each note was written in longhand, begging forgiveness, expressing his sincere regrets for the "unfortunate incident." He was very, very sorry. He was ashamed of himself, he said, and though he could only barely remember what had happened, he knew he had behaved disgracefully and it would never, never happen again. He knew he must not drink, and he was not going to drink. He could understand anyone's wish not to see him again—he *knew* he had behaved in a beastly way. He intended to begin afresh and he begged their forgiveness and understanding, as far as they were capable of granting it to him.

"The poor bastard," Jake Hanley said, scanning the note Clark had written to the Ambroses. His own was quite moving but not so lengthy as the Ambroses', both, however, were longer and better phrased than notes sent to the Mays and the Blasses and the Trainors. "He's really contrite, isn't he? Asked me how much he owed me for the cab—so he *did* remember I was the one who helped him out to the street—and said he was sorry if he'd insulted me in any way . . . You really should forgive him, Frank.

"You know what he called me. You heard him."

"He was drunk."

"That broken-down fag," Frank whispered. He was hot-blooded; that was Frank's particular reputation at Hilberry. A few years ago, in his early '30s, he had been something of a rake himself; he had drunk quite a bit but had attended student parties, had been involved in romantic escapades with various girl students—nothing serious, of course—and, of course, Eunice had forgiven him, on several occasions he had gotten very drunk and had fought with friends and even with a patrolman. But that was years ago. Years ago. And he had never, so far as he knew, really insulted anyone; he had never called anyone a *nigger*.

"You should forgive and forget, Frank," Jake said. One of the department's two or three poets, Jake was a stocky, sturdy-boned, easygoing man in his 40s. He smiled a good deal. He smiled now, noting the black man's pouty expression; he was thinking of how surprised poor Frank had been, insulted in his own basement recreation room, sent staggering backward into Marcella Blass's lap. Jake laughed aloud, thinking of it.

"What the hell is so funny?" Frank asked.

"I was just thinking of Clark trying to get into the cab," Jake said, wiping at his eyes. "He slipped on the ice. He sprained his wrist, but nobody knew it at the time. The poor bastard! But the expression on that taxi driver's face . . . Jesus, did he look worried. It's such a shame, really."

"The son of a bitch needs to see a psychiatrist," Frank said. "One of these days he's going to kill somebody or kill himself. The first time I had a look at him, I said—"

"I wonder if the administration will fire him," Jake said.

That spring, Clark met his classes regularly and attended departmental meetings and was courteous, as always, though rather abashed, and even a little timid when he encountered his colleagues in the halls or in the men's washroom. Rumor had it that he was, at last, seeing a psychiatrist in the city—and he was evidently on a vigorous diet, slowly losing weight, so that by the end of the term, he looked fairly healthy. Something had been done to his hair. It was styled in the same way, but there were vivid red-brown glints to it. He was sometimes seen downtown, wearing sunglasses, smoking cigarettes in a black cigarette holder, dressed in quite fashionable clothes. People forgave him, gradually. Even Natalie Packer was inclined to express her sympathetic pity for him; and Frank Ambrose, meeting him one day in the library, believed he saw tears of contrition in the man's eyes, and grumbled hello, and made the necessary

gesture of forgiveness by offering to shake hands. They did shake hands, Frank winced a little, remembering it, remembering the clammy touch of the man's hand. But he was happy he'd made the gesture. "After all," he said afterward, "the poor son of a bitch is *human*."

Clark Austen spent the summer in Europe and rumor had it that he wouldn't be back to Hilberry in the fall. He had resigned, some said, or he had been secretly fired by the board of trustees. Someone told Frank Ambrose that Clark had been admitted to a Swiss hospital, having had a nervous breakdown while traveling in the Alps. Frank, who had received a postcard from Clark, from Italy, didn't know what to believe. He felt some relief, then, when Clark returned in September, as trim as he'd been the spring before, looking good, courteous, as always, though not quite so nervous. He had had a marvelous vacation, he told everyone.

There were a few parties in the autumn and Clark was invited, accepting with his usual gratitude. At the first, he drank nothing at all. At the second, he consented—since his host seemed to insist—to have a glass of red wine. At the third party, he drank two martinis but showed no effect, though he did leave early, with the excuse that a young nephew of his was a house guest that weekend. "He seems to be perfectly adjusted now," his friends said. "He is a very nice person, isn't he?"

It was sometime in late October that Clark was first seen—by a neighbor of the Trainors', herself the wife of a physics professor—in the company of a strange-looking young man. The young man was in his early 20s, had shoulder-length blond hair and very pale skin, a somewhat blemished forehead and long, narrow hands and feet. He wore a denim outfit and cowboy boots. At first, it was thought that he might be a student.

Jake Hanley saw him leaning against a wall in the Toronto-Dominion bank, while Clark waited in one of the lines to make a withdrawal. The boy was smiling at nothing. He smiled into the air—dreamily, lazily. He was tall, even taller than Clark, but very thin; in fact, he looked sickly. His teeth were gravenly green, Jake said, and he certainly was not a student at Hilberry. "Frankly, he looked diseased," Jake said.

"Was he good-looking?" Frank asked.

Jake shrugged his shoulders and colored slightly. "How would I know? . . . I doubt it."

Ron Blass thought it was an unfortunate development in Clark's private life. His wife seemed very embarrassed about the subject and had no opinion at all. "It's a shame that poor Clark should have to stoop to *that*," Basil May said.



"Not a creature was stirring..."

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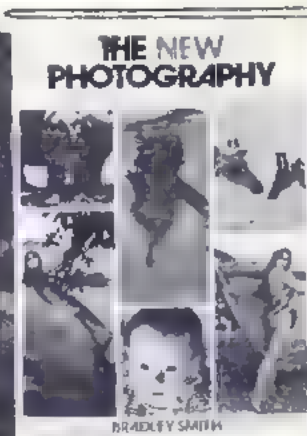
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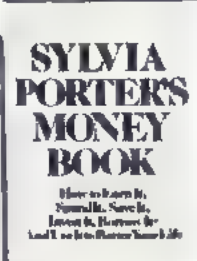
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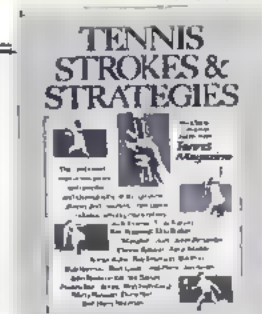
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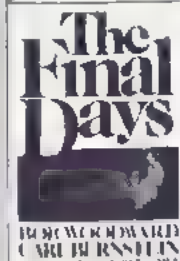
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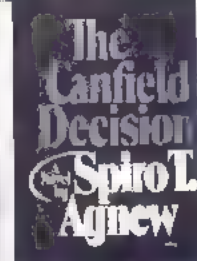
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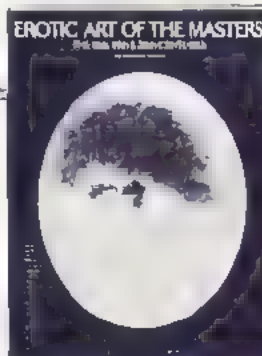
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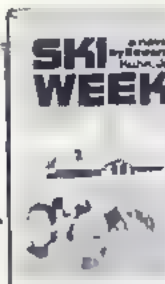
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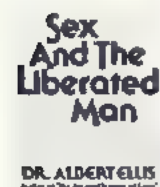
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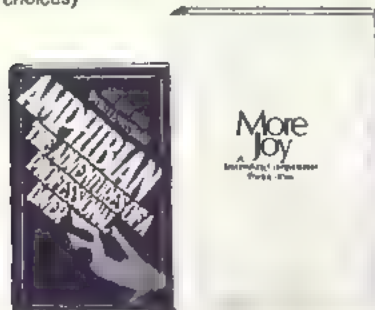
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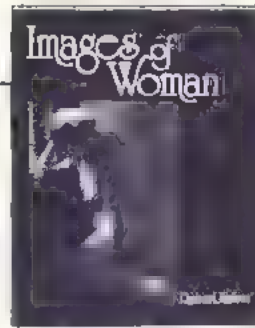
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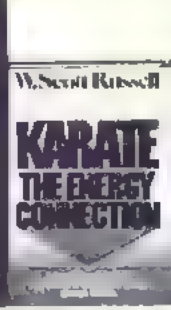
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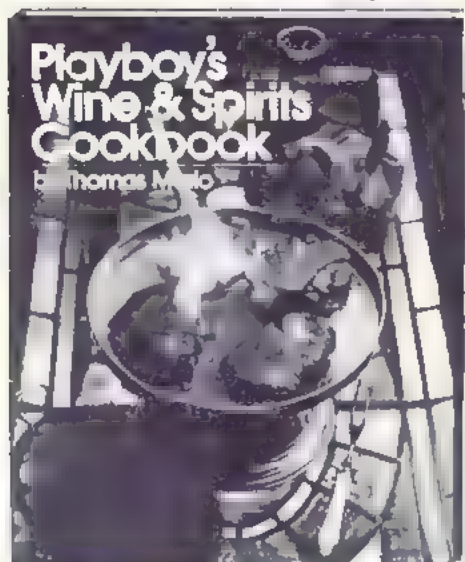
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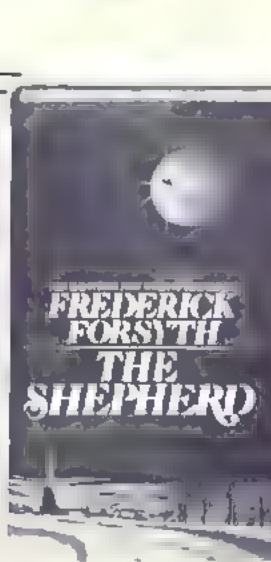
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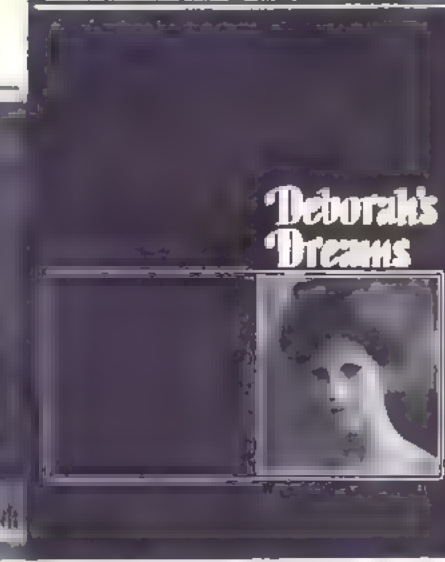
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irritably. Since becoming head of the English department, he was acquiring, like his predecessor, who had had some emotional problems during his term of office and who had, in fact, retired two years early, a certain nervousness about nearly everything his faculty did. The pending publication of an article, the pending birth of a child, the latest rash of poems by Ron Blass or Jake Hanley, the newest idea put forth by anyone at all—and Dr. May began to feel jumpy and apprehensive. As an ordinary faculty member, he had been quite vocal, and even rather critical of the administration; now that he was an administrator, he distrusted such persons. He had begun to think that the university had drifted too far into democracy. But his wife, Joanna, surprisingly thought that it might be a "good thing" for Clark to have a friend, even if it was a boy so much younger than he.

"All human beings want companionship," Joanna said bravely. Brian Packen looked grave when told about the boy, but Natalie said she wasn't surprised at all. "I wouldn't even be surprised to hear that Clark is handing most of his paycheck over to the boy, and that he's made him the beneficiary of his will. Men like him do things like that."

Sid Trainor said that, in his opinion, Clark Austen really yearned for a son, for a way into the "human community." "This might be his salvation, you know."

Love was one thing, friendship was one thing, but this relationship, Frank Ambrose said, was something quite different. They all knew what it was, there was no use denying it. "The man is sick. Next he'll be propositioning our students," Frank said.

"But if they were girl students . . . ?" Jake Hanley said.

It was possible that Frank blushed; his skin tone seemed to cloud.

"Anyway," Jake said, "Clark can't help it—he's the way he is, and it isn't a disease, they say, it's just a behavioral matter, really nothing that unusual. Times have changed, Frank. The world is very experimental now."

It was true enough: The little Hilberly community had to confess that styles of living were vastly different now than they had been, say, 20 years ago. Students openly roomed together, not just girls and boys but threesomes, strange mixed groups, ragamuffin families that smoked marijuana together and ate only brown rice—or was it white rice?—and none of this was done with an air of defiance, as it had been in the Sixties: It was quite ordinary, even conventional. "Boys and girls do anything they like now," Sid Trainor said slowly. "Anything we can imagine they probably do . . . and a lot we can't imagine."

"Still," it was pointed out, "Clark Austin is a member of the faculty. He must exercise responsibility and restraint . . ."

But nothing happened, time passed, and though Clark had the good sense never to bring the boy to campus, he was often sighted elsewhere with him. They went to movies together downtown, they ate at the Chinese Villa and the Blue Danube Hungarian Inn, they were seen one night at Si's, a pub near the university, both rather drunk—a reckless thing to do, everyone agreed, since Clark's students might very well have seen them there. Someone said that Clark had bought the boy a Yamaha, or that, at least, the two of them had been pricing motorcycles at a downtown dealer's.

There was even a story—unsubstantiated, of course—that the two of them quarreled frequently and that, one cold, rainy night in November, the boy had shoved Clark out onto the balcony of his apartment and locked the door on him, and wouldn't let him in for over an hour (Clark had been wearing nothing but a flannel bathrobe at the time).

But nothing extraordinary happened, though everyone worried. Then, just before Christmas recess, Clark sent invitations to his colleagues for a New Year's Eve party.

At first they hesitated. Then, one by one, they accepted. It was a very friendly gesture on his part; he certainly did mean well. Natalie Packer was especially moved by the warmth of the invitation. She half-way regretted the things she had been saying about Clark. They *had* been friends, after all, until the evening of his strange breakdown. *We'll be happy to come to your party, Natalie wrote Clark. We've missed you very much.*

Clark's large, handsome apartment was on the 11th floor of a high-rise building; entering it, his guests were impressed by gleaming surfaces, marble topped tables, a brushed velvet love seat, gilt-edged mirrors, prints of Constable in costly frames, fussy, striped silk wallpaper, a lavish oatmeal-colored rug, statues of Negroid looking women carved in stone, brocade, lamps with fluted shades, a nonfunctional marble fireplace with luxurious brass andirons, a cherrywood dining set, dainty little cigarette boxes and ashtrays . . . a kaleidoscope of shapes and colors and textures, dizzying in its variety. "I'm so glad you like it," Clark said, obviously flattered by their compliments. "It will take me years to pay it off!"

He was pleased, too, by the cordiality with which they greeted his nephew Charlie. All the men shook hands. Charlie flicked his long, stringy hair out of his eyes, mumbled something and made a grimace that resembled a smile. He seemed a little sullen. His outfit for the



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evening was a buckskin shirt with fringes, tight-fitting suede trousers, boots with three-inch heels, an identification bracelet that was too loose for his bony wrist and a number of rings on each hand. Clark introduced him as the son of his brother who lived in Philadelphia, where he was "in banking." Carlie was visiting Clark for an indefinable period of time, he said; and they were taking the opportunity to improve Carlie's writing. He wrote a theme a day and Clark went over it with him and then he revised it and, in that way, he was gradually developing writing skills. Carlie listened, nodding without much interest. He belched. He licked his hair out of his eyes. Clark beamed at him, and in that instant, Frank Ambrose experienced an odd insight—he saw that, for the first time since coming to Hilberry, Clark Austen was part of a couple. He was no longer a single individual, no longer a bachelor in the midst of couples.

But though the evening began well, it slid downhill quickly. Clark was drinking too much and Carlie sat on the armrest of the love seat, a beer bottle in hand, his expression remote, vacuous. He was clearly stupefied with boredom. The hi-fi played Vivaldi, turned too high. The food was delicious—liver *pâté*, caviar, an entire ham, cold sliced roast beef, several delicatessen salads and breads—but neither Clark nor Carlie was eating at all. Clark kept hurrying into the kitchen, muttering under his breath, fussing like a demented old woman. He wore a dinner jacket and a ruffled shirt of pale-blue silk, but there were stains on the jacket sleeves, and as time passed, he grew increasingly flushed and confused. Frank and most of the others were standing around the buffet, eating heartily. The food was of a much higher quality than they served at their own parties; the Scotch was unquestionably superior. Natalie Packer, whose appetite was legendary, stood off by herself, a plate clutched in one hand and pressed against her firm little tummy, her fork busy in the other hand. A small trembling pyramid of food lay before her.

The trouble started when Marcella Blass, prettier than usual in a floor-length blue dress, and a little drunk from the Scotch, began questioning Carlie in a warm, maternal voice. He was so thin, she said, almost scolding. Why didn't he join them at the ballet, why didn't he have some of this delicious food? The boy scowled, then giggled. Marcella offered to prepare a plate for him. "I don't want none of that shit," he said, drawing his arm swiftly beneath his nose. For some reason, Marcella giggled. At that moment, Clark reappeared, carrying a crab-meat and-lobster casserole in what must have been a particularly heavy stoneware dish. He bumped his hip against the sharp

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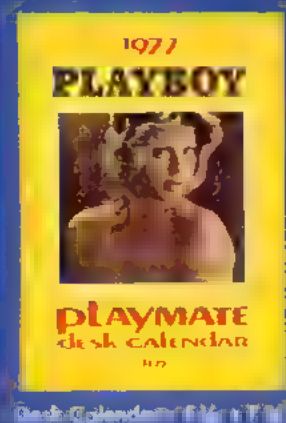
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edge of the table, seemingly distracted by something, staring toward Carlie; as if in a dream, while everyone watched, the casserole dish tipped out of his hands, a pot-holder fell with it, and there was a sickening crash. Clark shrieked; he must have been burned.

It took a good ten minutes for the mess to be cleaned up. Clark was very confused now, mumbling as if he were alone, actually pushing people aside when they got in his way. Jake Hanley had the mop and was energetically using it, and Clark simply yanked it from him, stooped over, his hair loose about his face. Frank poured himself another Scotch, straight, appearing to sense that the party would be ending soon.

"Get your ass over here," Clark said to Carlie. "Do you hear me, boy? Layin' there all evening, goddamned slut. . . . There's some stuff under the table there, some crab meat or mushrooms or something, d'you hear me?—crawl under and get it, and hurry up!"

Carlie set his bottle down, as if he were going to obey. Then he giggled shrilly. "Crawl under and get it yourself, Clark," he said.

"Lavin' there all evening," Clark said in a peculiar singsong voice, one side of his face twisted into a kind of grin. Frank had never seen Clark look like *that*: He was both playful and vicious, clowning and demonic. He seemed unaware of the other guests. A kind of skit had begun, a melodramatic comedy, which had the air of being familiar to the two actors and yet exciting. Goddamned lazy art," Clark crooned.

"Who's calling who *what*?"

Clark strode over to Carlie and gripped his shoulder. He might have misjudged his strength; Carlie cried out in pain and anger. There was a brief scuffle. Frank looked around at the others, searching for Eunice, wanting to catch her eye—or someone's eye—before it was too late. But everyone was staring at Clark and Carlie. No one spoke. "Don't you touch *me*, I told you never to lay hands on *me*," the boy cried. He leaped to his feet and pushed Clark back against the wall, his eyes enormous. Somehow, his fist smashed against Clark's face. Clark's lower lip was split and bleeding. "I told you! I told you!" Carlie cried. His voice rose in terror. "It ain't my fault what happens!"

Droplets of blood had splashed onto Clark's ruffled shirt front. He moved his head slowly from side to side, as if trying to clear it. "Won't let me alone. Eh? I'll show you. Why are you all gaping at me? Who invited you? Goggle-eyed fools. Must be punished. You'll see: Six bullets and then reload. Spying on me, Carlie, get rid of them. Spies. Aren't we pretty, all fixed up for New Year's Eve! Flowered skirts and pearls and perfume, what does it mean? . . . Must be punished. Murderers."

"You're drunk, you stinking old fag," Carlie said, giving him another shove. "Shut up!"

"Filthy little beast," Clark said, wiping his mouth with his coat sleeve. He giggled softly. "Filthy, filthy little beast . . . should gargle with mouthwash, you breathe is fetid . . . always has been . . ." His chest rose and fell. He was clearly winded, on the verge of collapsing. Yet he stood there, swaying, grinning, until the boy yelled something in despair and ran past him, back toward the bedroom.

Frank and the others exchanged incredulous looks. Clark wiped his mouth again, and again shook his head as if to clear it. He stared at Frank without seeing him. Frank started to say something, but the malevolent look in Clark's face discouraged him. Then, making a low wailing sound, Clark followed the boy back along the corridor. The boy had locked himself in the bedroom; Clark pounded on the door and commanded him to open it.

"Let's get the hell out of here," Basil May said.

There was a scramble to get to the hall closet, where their coats were hanging. Frank was saying, "Yes, but maybe we should— Maybe we owe it to— Don't you think we'd better do something?" But no one listened. Eunice was shivering violently and could hardly get her arms into her coat sleeves.

"Hurry up, hurry, for Christ's sake!" Jake Hanley muttered. "Where's my coat? Is this it? Let's get out of here before we're witnesses—"

At the other end of the apartment, Clark was calling to the boy in a peculiar wailing voice, partly cajoling, partly commanding. He was again pounding on the door.

"At least let's tell Clark we're leaving," Frank protested.

"Tell him yourself; nobody's stopping you."

They were leaving. Frank pulled at Basil May's arm. "Look, Dr. May, we can't just walk out on him, can we? I mean—what if something happens? Isn't that kid his beneficiary or something?—where did we hear that? They're both drunk, they're both crazy, I've never seen anyone look so nautical—"

"Frank, for God's sake. You've been drinking too much yourself. It's only a lover's spat: let's have the decency to leave them alone."

"But—"

Frank followed his friends out into the corridor, carrying his coat. Excited, frightened, like children, they ran down to the elevator, and he found himself running after them. Joanna May was in such a strange keyed-up state that her teeth were actually chattering. Frank, panting, said once again that he really thought they should stay a while longer,

because something terrible might happen. But the elevator arrived and everyone crowded into it. The women made faint little squealing noises and Jake Hanley, who was a bit overweight, was wheezing.

On the way down, Brian Packer said his voice trembling: "What could we have possibly done? It's a family squabble."

"We could notify the police," Marcella Blass said doubtfully.

"Oh, no! Like hell! And get sued for false arrest or something?" Ron Blass said. His voice slid up and down; he must have been very drunk. "'S got a right to his own life, goddamn it. Every body's got a right to his own life. See. No cops."

"What if something happens up there?" Frank asked. His heart was pumping absurdly. He knew that his eyes were enormous now and that the whites were glittering, but he could not help his fear.

"Frank, for Christ's sake!" Natalie Packer snorted. She had brought a roast beef sandwich with her, pieces of rye bread clutched right in her small plump hand. "Calm down, will you? You look like something in a minstrel show. Clark is old enough and big enough to choose his own playmates, isn't he? *What business is it of yours?*"

In the foyer of the apartment building, they felt much safer. They spoke in normal voices, hurrying to the front door.

Joanna May hurried alongside her husband, holding his arm. She said laughing breathlessly, "Sometimes I think I've got a lot of catching up to do. I mean, the way the world is now." She giggled. She hiccuped. "Freedom, experimentation, lifestyles alternative . . . what'dyacallit? . . . Got a lot of catching up to do."

"Joanna, really!" Basil said in disgust. "You're drunk."

Frank helped his wife down the icy steps. The others were going to their cars, breaking into couples, eager to be off. He wanted to shout after them. But there they went, breath steaming in the frigid air, and who was he to call them back?

"It's such a shame, such a shame," Eunice mumbled. "That nice apartment and the delicious food and Clark trying to be so nice. . . . I do hope that boy doesn't hurt him. What if somebody bashes in somebody's skull with one of those ugly statues? Oh, my God, Frank, I'm dizzy, I don't feel well. . . ."

"Shut up and get in the car," Frank said.

From across the street someone called over, "Happy New Year!" It was Ron Blass, or maybe Jake Hanley. Frank pushing his wife into the car rather impatiently, hardly looked up to see.

"Happy New Year!" he shouted back.

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1. Entries submitted may be taken with any camera or film in color or in black and white. Color transparencies must be mounted in cardboard mounts. Prints must be mounted on cardboard no larger than 8 1/2" x 11". Do not submit contact sheets or negatives.
2. Each picture must be accompanied by a completed official entry form or facsimile thereof. Only one picture per form, but enter as many times as you wish. For additional entry forms, see your participating Minolta dealer.
3. Entries will be preliminarily judged under the supervision of the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization. Final winner determination will be made by the Editors of PLAYBOY magazine, including Hugh M. Hefner. The decisions of the judges are final in all matters relating to this offer.
4. The judging criteria are as follows:
 1. Appropriateness of photo for use as a Playboy centerfold (60%).
 2. Visual effectiveness (composition, creativity, originality—20%).
 3. Technical ability (20%).
5. All prize-winning entries become the exclusive property of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and none can be returned.
6. Except for winning entries, pictures will be returned if each

is accompanied by a separate, stamped, self-addressed envelope of suitable size with appropriate packing material and postage. Playboy cannot guarantee the return or condition of picture.

7. Each winner will be required to sign an affidavit certifying that he/she is the photographer and sole owner of the winning entry and that it is original and has never been previously published in any form, nor has it won any other prize or award.

8. All entries must be received by December 31, 1976.

9. This contest is open to all entrants (photographer and model) residing in the United States and Canada, of legal age in the state or province in which they reside as of September 1, 1976. Employees of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., Minolta Corporation, and the D. L. Blair Corporation, their respective advertising and public relations agencies, the families of each and photographers whose work has appeared in PLAYBOY within the past five (5) years are not eligible. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply in the United States. All federal, provincial and municipal laws and regulations apply in Canada. All prizes will be awarded. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of ties. This offer is void wherever prohibited by law. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the prize winner. Prize award is contingent on the availability at no additional cost to PLAYBOY of the original negative or transparency and standard model release of subject. No substitutions for prizes permitted.

10. To receive a list of prize winners, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped envelope to Playboy Playmate Photo Contest Winner List, P.O. Box 7060 Blair, Nebraska 68009.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM PLAYBOY PLAYMATE PHOTO CONTEST

D. L. Blair Corporation
Executive Plaza
185 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021

Gentlemen
Enclosed is our entry in the Playboy Playmate Photo Contest. We certify that we have complied with all the rules of this contest and that both of us were adult citizens of the State or Province in which each of us resides, as of September 1, 1976.

MODEL

Signature _____

Name _____

PHOTOGRAPHER

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PLAYBOY

ON THE SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

HAIL TO THE CHEF!

Whether you're a culinary expert or a neophyte, you'll want to arm yourself with quality cooking implements of good design. In that regard, I've selected a number of kitchen items that have personally passed muster in terms of aesthetics, efficiency and cost. Cost alone, however, has never been the prime factor of utility. You can spend \$60 on a copper-and-ceramic double boiler—or you can do as I do and opt for a \$12.95 Pyrex model. Why? Because when cooking over water, the first thing I want to know is how the water is acting. Is it boiling furiously or has it evaporated, leaving the bottom

of the pan to scorch? And glass lets me see the first sign of a sauce curdling.

Or suppose you're not into cooking at all but just want the look. My first purchase would be a sleek nickel-steel veal pounder. Hang it on the wall and you have a handsome piece of sculpture.

Brillat-Savarin wrote, "The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of man than the discovery of a star." While you may never invent a culinary masterpiece, well-designed implements *will* make your hours in the kitchen more pleasurable—and that's a plus. —ROBERT L. GREEN

Below: Hang in there, Escoffier, with the following (left to right): Stainless-steel Sabatier meat cleaver, from Bloomingdale's, \$11.95. Gourmet aluminum omelet pan with walnut handle, from Design Research, \$24.95. Stainless-steel crepe pan, by Spring Brothers, \$54. Three imple-

ments (parts of an eight piece set) are skimmer-strainer, crepe ladle and spatula, from Lauffee's Chef Helper, \$42 complete. Porcelain quart-sized pitcher, from Design Research, \$6.50. Lamalle hammered-copper mixing bowl, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$52. Items hang from a 36" wrought-iron bar with S hooks, from Bloomingdale's, \$15.95. Counter

items (below right, clockwise from one): Rosti mixing bowls in one-, two- and three-liter sizes, \$15.95, and German-designed Terraillon spring-balanced scale, \$16.95, all from Design Research. Pyrex double boiler, \$12.95, and nickel-plated meat pounder, \$16, both from Bloomingdale's. Wooden whisk, from Design

Research, \$1.10. A pair of glass cruets, from Henri Bendel, \$13.50 and \$8.50. Melior eight-cup coffee maker of glass and stainless steel, from Bloomingdale's, \$41. General Electric Toast-R-Oven, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$49.50. Below it is a Braun electric coffee mill, from Design Research, \$40.



SEX DIAPHRAGM REDUX

Until recently, the diaphragm was so far out of style that anyone under 30 who viewed such a device might have guessed it was an indoor Frisbee. But worries over the pill, problems with the I.U.D. and the usual objections to the condom have led to the diaphragm's rediscovery. This would be just fine; the more contraceptive options available, the fewer abortions or unwanted babies. The only trouble is, there seems to be a faddish quality to the revival of this venerable antique and a tendency to gloss over the inherent disadvantages that took it out of circulation in the first place.

If less obtrusive than the rubber, it's still a pain in the ass. When larded with the requisite foam or jelly, the thing is slippery as an eel; and when folded for insertion, it has a tendency to spring from the fingers and go rolling around on the floor. Insertion requires enough contortion, maneuvering and probing to take the joy out of sex, or at least the spontaneity. In the days of parked-car romance, about the only virtue it had was portability.

While jaded married couples might take time out for installation, many young women found the process either too awkward or too embarrassing and would elect to gamble. It's possible to suit up a few hours in advance, but not many women ever liked that. Seemed presumptuous for a first date and, for some, it made sex too premeditated. Others didn't trust the squirmy thing to stay perfectly in place through dinner, movie, drinks and a full course of foreplay. Because the foams and jellies aren't exactly taste sensations, the diaphragm isn't conducive to oral sex and, after screwing, most women don't like the idea of leaving it in place for eight hours.

All these factors added up to the joke that the diaphragm was 100 percent effective—80 percent of the time. When properly fitted and carefully used with no exceptions, it's almost as babyproof as the pill, with only a little risk that it might (as Masters and Johnson discovered with their ingenious camera) come unseated during intercourse.

But now, articles with such titles as "Return of the Diaphragm," "The Diaphragm Is Back in Town!" and "The Diaphragm Comes Back," in both news and women's magazines, have been touting the device as a replacement for the pill. Planned Parenthood is also promoting it, citing a

new study of 2000 mostly young, unmarried and childless women who conscientiously used the device for a year or more with an accidental-pregnancy rate of only two percent. While this is good news, the young, unmarried women under 18 (who had the best contraceptive record) probably don't screw as often as those 30 to 34 (who had the worst record), and the studied group was carefully fitted, well trained and motivated. In general usage, the effectiveness rate might still run only the old 80 to 85 percent.

Enthusiasm for the diaphragm is due, of course, to increasing worry over the pill's side effects and health hazards, which may be a lot more serious than anyone expected. But if the pill is risky, it is also very effective—almost 100 percent—and what must be conceded is that the risk still must be evaluated in terms of the alternatives. At its hypothetical worst, the pill is safer for women under 40 than either pregnancy or childbirth.

If the public is getting confused over the various undesirable alternatives, the fault lies with contraception groups and with the media, both acting in good faith. The pill's virtues are no longer news. Its perils are and the return of the diaphragm is.

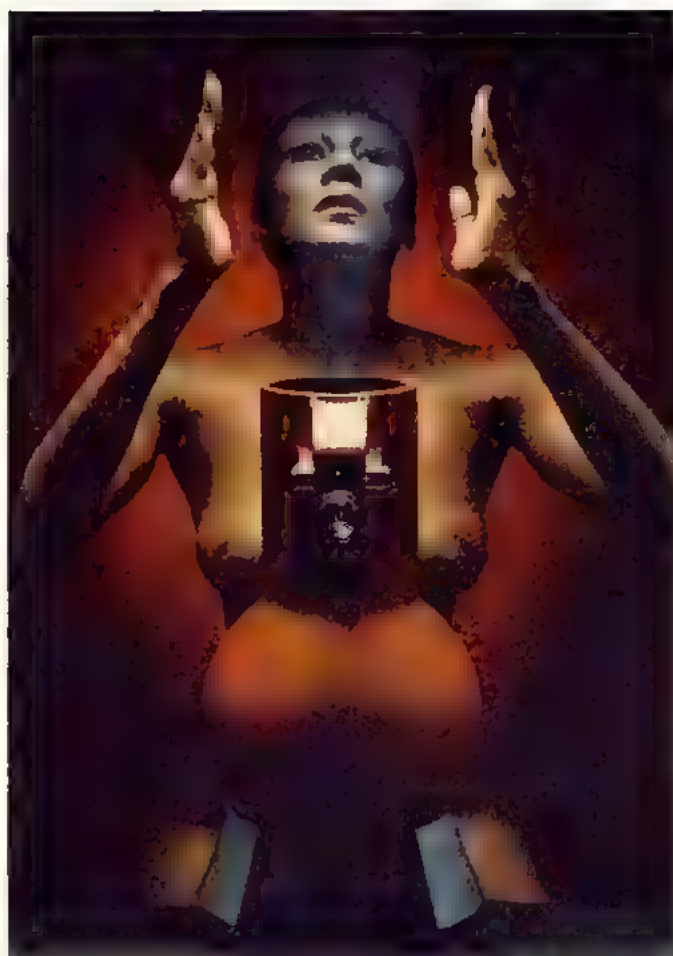
But the promoters of diaphragms are getting carried away when they glowingly describe how simple and effective the thing is

and glibly write off pregnancies as "people failures." True enough: So far, no sperm has evolved that can chew through rubber. But people failure has been the big objection to diaphragms from the beginning. They require a certain amount of skill and, at best, they're what one might call a fucking nuisance.

This whole business is unfair, of course; the burden of contraception shouldn't fall so heavily on the woman. It does so for the simple reasons that men don't get pregnant and medical science has found it much easier to suppress ovum production than sperm production. No doubt, an effective male pill will be developed eventually. Researchers at the Baylor College of Medicine in Houston expect to spend two years and \$100,000 finding out if the male hormone testosterone, which is known to suppress reproductive-system functions, can be utilized as a male contraceptive. Women may one day be nagging men: "Did you remember to take your pill?"

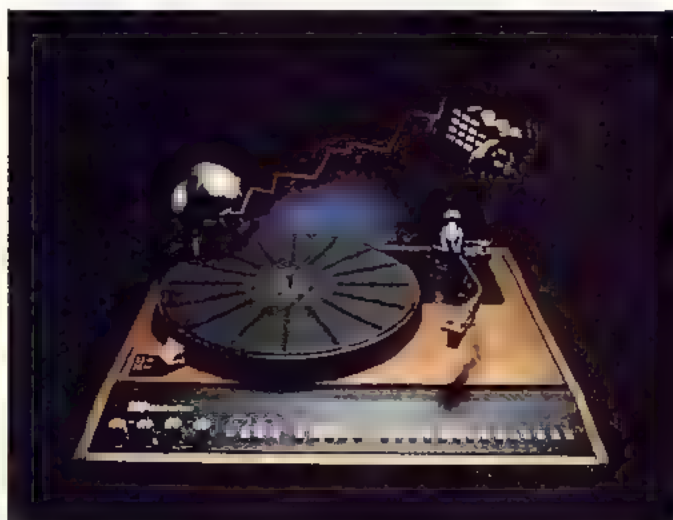
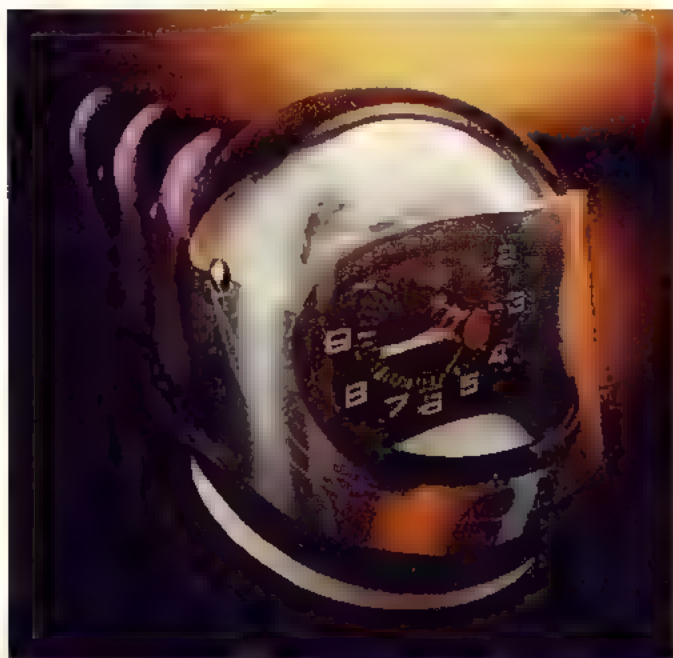
—WILLIAM J. HELMER





Track Time

Below: The Cavallino desk clock, by Heuer, is a battery-operated timepiece housed in a helmet case that's a replica of those worn by world-champion drivers. Four models are available—one carries the name of Formula 1 world racing champion Niki Lauda—and there are Clay Regazzoni and Jackie Ickx models, plus an untitled one with sleek chrome trim, \$49.95, including a one-year guarantee.



Presto! Change-o!

Above: The Accutrac 4000 automatic direct-drive turntable, by Audio Dynamics, is a wondrous machine that features electronic track selection and a computerized memory bank. You operate the Accutrac 4000 from your easy chair, selecting track after track as the mood strikes you via a cordless transmitter or utilizing the 24-selection memory bank. The price: \$499.95, including dust cover.

Here's Looking at You

Left: A 4¼" Newtonian portable field reflector telescope of high-impact plastic that weighs only ten pounds and measures 17" high, features a breakthrough in telescopic design that enables the sky watcher to see more stars in a single view than with most other models—and it can be used on your lap, mounted to a tripod, set on the hood of an automobile, etc., by Edmund Scientific, \$149.95.

Music on the Move

Below: For sportsmen seeking music wherever they go, there's Stereopack, a portable three-and-one-half-pound cassette player housed in a padded-nylon pack that straps snugly to a skier, hiker or cyclist's chest, thus ensuring easy accessibility to the controls, maximum comfort, freedom of movement and balance control. (The unit's 9" x 5½" x 2¾".) By Astrallune, \$185, with earphones.



FASHION ADDING INTEREST

Not so long ago, fashion accessories and other details that added the final personalizing touches to clothes were geared to outrageously self-assertive statements. Pop art, op art, studs, fringe and embroidery were used to excess, lest the point of hip emancipation be missed.

Well, fashion has matured and so has male taste. Accessories and detailing have taken on more sophisticated form, often combined with functionalism and—occasionally—wit. Naturally, with the current mood of classicism in menswear, many of the familiar doodads of the past—tie clasps, cuff links and collar pins—will return, too. But as this is a postrevolutionary fashion period, we are seeing a much broader selection of items, all in line with the best trend in fashion to come out of the experimental, volatile Sixties—individuality.

Even volume manufacturers of men's jewelry, for example, have expanded their offerings to include designer lines, youth-oriented lines and other special categories. But the guy who understands fashion and truly likes clothes will expend a little extra effort in order to project his personal image. Such a guy can be seen browsing in antique stores for that special F.D.R. campaign button to wear on the lapel of his dove-gray-flannel double-breasted suit. Or he'll wear L. L. Bean hunting boots to the office with his designer sports outfit, because it looks right and feels right for him.

In short, he doesn't follow the fashion dictates of any one person or any group. He uses fashion to express his own style. Here, then, are just a few such ideas—fresh touches that might stimulate your imagination and your pleasure in dressing.

—DAVID PLATT



Clockwise from 12: Matching striped Shetland pullover, \$40, scarf, \$20, gloves, \$10, and socks, \$8.50, all by McGeorge for Bergdorf Goodman. Atop sweater, a sterling-silver Chinese box pendant and neck chain, by John A. Forrest, \$75, sterling-silver bracelet with gold-filled keyhole clasp, by

Destino for Christian Dior, \$55, and East Indies ivory bracelets carved in the 18th Century from elephant tusks, by Bodines, about \$95 each. Kid suede jacket with tunneled back pouch, epaulets and biswing back, by Peter Barton's Closet, about \$380. Silk-lined wool scarf, by Laura Paprika, \$24.

Sterling-silver box/watch fob on a gold-filled chain, by M & J Savitt, \$95. Acrylic knit terry-cloth pull-on slacks with drawstring waist and zip-off legs, by John McNamee for Visconi, about \$60. Calfskin musketeer boots, which can be rolled, by Nancy Knox, about \$100. Open fly brass buckle, by Hawker for

Danté, \$6. Denim jeans with brothel-token accent piece, by Fiorucci, \$38. Soft leather shoulder bag with double outer pockets converts to wrist bag, by George Graham, \$150. Wool melton blouson jacket with ribbed cuffs and waist and contrast raised piping, by St. Laurent Rive Gauche for Men, \$410.

VERNON L. SMITH



Whoosh!

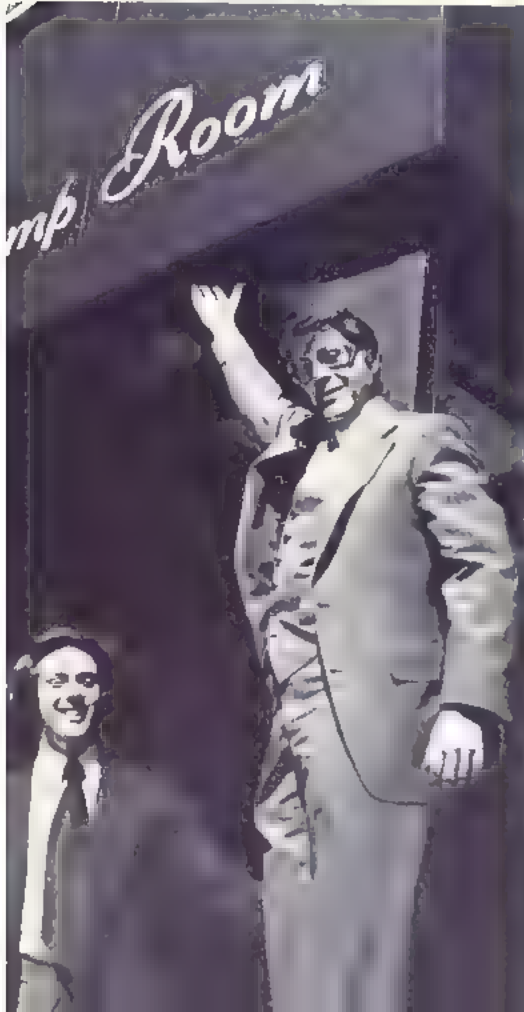
Ah, youth! The lad pictured here is **Jeff Tomberg**, a 24-year-old boy wonder who skyrocketed from carpenter to West Coast president and executive vice-president of the Robert Stigwood Organization (the company that brought you Tommy) in what seemed like minutes.

Now Tomberg is the head of his own entertainment packaging company—Jeff Tomberg Associates in Manhattan—and his latest project included raising \$1,500,000 for the production of Andy Warhol's forthcoming flick *Bad*, the story of a Queens housewife (Carroll Baker) who runs an electrolysis business as a front for a ring of hit girls.

And how do showbiz biggies react to Tomberg's one-man youthquake? "The old-timers—the ones with 30 or 40 years in the business—are terrific," he comments. "They want to let somebody else know what they've learned. That's why we're not back in vaudeville. It's the 28-year-old vice-presidents who throw up roadblocks."

With *Bad* about to be released and a Salvador Dali film next on the books, it's a sure bet that Jeff Tomberg isn't about to grow up to be a 28-year-old vice-president.

P. MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN



Fare Enough

"We've always done what we liked, and this time we wanted sophisticated elegance," says restaurateur **Jerry Orzoff** (right) as he and partner **Rich Melman** survey their latest venture, the reborn Pump Room in Chicago's Ambassador East Hotel. Once a famous hangout (especially booth one, if you had the clout) for starlets and gossip columnists, the Pump Room had drifted into semiobscurity until it was given a subtle but substantial face lift by the enterprising duo, and now the crowds are back. The Pump Room is quite a departure in style for the pair, whose first restaurant, *R. J. Grunts* (named after a friend of Orzoff's who did just that when she dined), has been packed with the hip and the hungry since it opened five years ago. In addition, their Lettuce Entertain You Enterprises entertains Chicagoans at such places as Jonathan Livingston Seafood, Lawrence of Oregon, Fritz, That's It! and The Great Gritzbe's Flying Food Show. And what's in the future? "We're going to try a fast-food operation next," says Melman. Watch out, McDonald's!



TOM ZUK



Shooting Stars

You can't tell a book by its cover, but a record album is another story, especially if the jacket photographs were taken by Norman Seeff. *Hot Shots*, a collection of Seeff's portraits of rock stars, established him as a distinct talent. "My approach is real, not plastic. I like to relax, establish trust—when people relax, they're inspired." Seeff's favorite tactic: killing a bottle of Chivas Regal before a session. Whatever, he has an uncanny knack for cutting through the public image and capturing people such as Ike and Tina Turner, James Taylor and Art Garfunkel as they really are. His subjects tend to return and hang out at the studio, to watch him work and to share a "human experience of knowing people." Make you wish you had been there? Well, for the past seven years, Seeff has had film crews recording the sessions. He is now editing his home movies into a portrait of the process of self-discovery. You may have caught an early cut of his unique film documentary on the *Lily Tomlin People* TV special early this fall. If not, keep your eyes open.

The Play's the Thing

One thing about Joseph Papp. He's never dull. When Papp took over the theaters in New York's Lincoln Center in 1973, he announced he'd devote the Beaumont Theater there to works by new playwrights. The following year, he switched in midseason to classics with guest stars. This past August, Papp abruptly announced that the 1976-1977 season at the Beaumont would begin not in the fall, as its 16,000 subscribers expected, but in February. Why all the upheaval? "You've got to constantly re-evaluate, or you'll get in a rut," Papp asserts. "You must have the audacity and courage to change regardless of what anybody says." Some people have said plenty, but, observes Papp, "some people will complain about anything. At a funeral the other day, I heard a lady complaining about her seat. She had a poor view of the coffin."

His respite at the Beaumont will scarcely give Papp a vacation; he still has productions (including the hit musical *Chorus Line*) on Broadway, at the Public Theater off-Broadway and at Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater. He will, however, have more time to make plans for an American classical theater company, for a better economic deal for playwrights and for federal support of the arts.

Through his New York Shakespeare Festival, Papp has inaugurated Playwrights on Payroll, an ingenious scheme to keep dramatists from starving in garrets. The idea is to pay playwrights a salary, thus making them eligible for Social Security, unemployment compensation, medical coverage—"the simplest benefits that any workingman gets. We're not asking for extra privileges, just the same privileges. After all, the arts are as important as garbage collection." There goes Papp, being controversial again.

Breezin' to the Top

George Benson defies categories. He is a *Playboy* Music Poll winning jazz guitarist who doesn't smoke reefer or party all night. "I don't do drugs; why would anybody want me at a party?" He is too happy to play the blues, and with reason. His album *Breezin'* sailed to the top of three separate charts (R&B, pop and jazz) and sold over 1,000,000 copies (*This Masquerade*, a single from the album, also shot up to number one on the charts, and that cut features Benson as a singer, a not-inconsiderable talent that's been overlooked by the jazz purists who dig him as an instrumentalist). Which should be evidence enough to prove that he is more than a jazz guitarist. The effects of success? "I've become a father figure. When people find you have that number-one thing, they look to you to solve their problems. You have to be a wizard." On guitar, the chart-busting Mr. Benson is.

BILL FRANTZ



TRAVEL

TORONTO'S ON TO SOMETHING

Right now, Toronto's Yorkville area is at the same critical stage of development as that of a young provincial sweetheart who's about to become a rich bitch. She's right on the cusp—get to know her before she makes it. Over the years, Yorkville has grown from a pretty village suburb to an inner-city, artsy-craftsy bohemia of jazz and folk clubs (Lonnie Johnson ran a night spot here, Buddy Tate jammed with friends, while Phil Ochs, Joni Mitchell and Gordon Lightfoot scribbled songs in the back alleys). In the Sixties, the area was a mother's nightmare of deflowerings, dope and demonstrations, whose youthful sinfulness was so infectious that newly elected Prime Minister Trudeau was photographed one night swinging by his hands from a lamppost.

Yorkville has cooled out since then. Now it's four or five blocks of renovated Victoriana interlaced with courtyards, terraces and underground shopping complexes, a parade ground for peacock people expensively shopping, bar- and disco-hopping. The action revolves around the two main drags, Yorkville Avenue and Cumberland, in summer crowded with café society and handicrafts hawkers; in winter, still cozy and small-scale. The Yorkville ambience spills over into the University area, the Yonge Street Strip, and the several high-rise hotels that guard the borders. There are three in the immediate area: the Park Plaza (singles from \$31, doubles from \$39), a gracious old reliable; its younger sister, the Plaza II (singles from \$32, doubles from \$39); and, to the west, the Hyatt Regency, just your average supermodern deluxe tower (singles from \$40; prices rise from there to the \$300-a-night Regency Suite—Elton John's preferred pad when he's recording down the street).

South of Yorkville and across Bloor Street (Toronto's Fifth Avenue) is a fourth hotel, the Windsor Arms, with a reputation for imaginative taste (brass beds, wicker, Oriental wallpapers, antiques) and intimacy. It also contains two of the best restaurants in Toronto: the Courtyard Café (a glassed dome over hanging gardens, original cuisine and a clientele of *soigné* socializers) and Three Small Rooms, whose superb food and comprehensive wine list (from the good house Bordeaux at six dollars a bottle to Richbourg '71 for \$75) have

earned it "excellent" reviews from French and American critics. Noodles, a third restaurant under the same ownership, is a wild, Fellini-fluorescent *trattoria* where dinner for two with wine can be had for under \$30.

Yorkville is rich in restaurants. Just north of Noodles is Casse-Croute, an airy indoor garden serving crepes and salads; across Bay Street, Le Trou Normand serves superb northern French cuisine at good prices; Auberge Gavroche, another fine French restaurant, has a snooty but appealing entertainment lounge upstairs. There are also old reliables—Mister Tony's and L'Aiglon, for example—and real finds, such as the Garden of Allah (Middle Eastern) and the Walrus and the Carpenter (good seafood). That's Yorkville's charm: The glitter may be shallow, but it's fresh. Even the swingers' stomping grounds are fairly low in hype and high in atmosphere. Fingers is the current favorite. Pacey but pricy (\$50 for dinner for two), it features a Lenco-McIntosh-Pioneer sound system, and the disco's d.i. paces you from Sinatra nostalgia to vanguard mating music. Fingers is often packed; so are the other centers of sexy sociability, the Hyatt Regency's S.R.O. bar, the Windsor Arms' Club 22, the Oyster Bar and Hy's. Past Hy's leather-and-chrome double doors are great steaks and great waitresses, appreciated by the clientele of mediamen, entrepreneurs and 20ish types sporting gold coke spoons in their chest hair. Then there's the Duke of York, a true English pub crowded with expatriate rugger-playing chaps swilling Watney's (\$1.35) or draft (85 cents). Upstairs from the D of Y is yet another Yorkville gem, Glossops, an elegant little restaurant whose specialties include Duckling in Amaretto and *pâté-painted filet*.

Nighttime Yorkville is eating and drinking and dancing; alas, all the good jazz has moved downtown. Night and day, however, are equally good for people watching—local characters like Timmy the Mime, the street fiddler or Prince Monyo (whose phallus-decorated pad above his sculpture gallery was featured in Xaviera Hollander's flick, *My Pleasure Is My Business*). Yorkville is an art center: There are some great contemporary Canadian and international galleries (Marlborough-Godard, Moos, Isaacs, Pollock, Morris), two Eskimo and native-arts galleries (Innuitt and the Canadian Guild of Handicrafts, where you can also pick up beaded moccasins, pottery, soapstone carvings and weavings). Yorkville even boasts the Intercontinental Museum of Erotic Art—some of the prints and figurines are from the private collections of Hermann Göring and King Farouk. Which proves something, but we're not quite sure what.

VALERIE ROSS

In addition to a dramatic skyline, top right, that includes the CN Tower, the world's tallest freestanding structure, Toronto has Yorkville, with shops such as Lovecraft, left, whose window displays giant plastic genitalia, and a rich variety of restaurants that go outdoors in warm weather.



STICKING POINT

How about acupuncture for a sexual tune-up? It's being used more and more to help people with sexual problems, because, its proponents say, it treats the whole individual, not just the problem. "It works on the body and the mind at the same time," says Dr. Robert M. Giller, an American M.D. who trained in Hong Kong and is a noted specialist in acupuncture. "The body is full of electrical circuits. Acupuncture seems to help the body balance these circuits, which then balance the body's systems. When the systems are in sync again, your problem clears up." Dr. Giller uses acupuncture to treat impotence, premature ejaculation, frigidity and infertility. If a man is worn out and run down, an acupuncture tune-up supposedly will bring his system back into alignment (rather like overhauling an engine) and improve blood flow and feeling in the genitals. The needles are not used on the sexual organs themselves but on the surrounding areas, such as stomach, sides, small of back and insides of thighs. According to Giller, this technique can be so effective that within several months, a man should be so normal that his lover can't help but get the point.

THE JOYS OF GINSENG

At last, an aphrodisiac that works! We've all heard that story a million fallacies before. In fact, ginseng, one of the most commonly touted turn-ons, provokes as much skepticism as eroticism. But the latest word on this Oriental potion is that it may, after all, turn out to be legitimately stimulating. A team of Korean physiologists from Catholic Medical College in Seoul has studied the effect of ginseng on the mating behavior of male rats. The results show that rats injected with ginseng have a significantly higher rate of copulation than those of a control group injected with a simple saline solution. That's all very well for rats; but as for humans, well, not enough is known about how the drug works. Or even where in the body it creates the desired zing. Until more is known, ginseng is probably best taken with the attitude that something delightful and unexpected may follow the swallow.

CHEER OF FLYING

Jet sex is definitely one of the 20th Century's greatest erotic fantasies. Just about everybody gets off on the idea of making love in an airplane. What is it about flying that makes us so horny? Dr. Paul Scholten, a San Francisco gynecologist who has written about airborne sexuality, explains it this way: "In an airplane, people feel a rush of exhilaration. They're free, they're on vacation and there's the excitement of being up above the clouds and released from earth-bound cares. The airlines encourage a sexy attitude by having the stewardesses wear clingy uniforms."

Several stewardesses with whom we spoke agreed and added that the speed of the trip enhances the speed of

the ensuing quickie. Trysting can take place anywhere—in bathrooms, under those blankets so thoughtfully provided by the airline or even in the back seats without any cover.

All the airline executives we queried were extremely uptight about the subject, but crew members themselves told us they had become so blasé that they wouldn't interfere unless people tore off their clothes and put on a better show than the in-flight flick.

LOLITA LEGALISTICS

How many times have you held yourself back from lusting after an alluring lass of sweet not-yet 16 because you were afraid of the legal consequences? Well, like everything else concerning sex, the laws governing the age of consent may be in for re-evaluation.

Judge Neil McKinnon of London's Old Bailey says that "to brand a man as a criminal merely because of age seems to be wrong." Explaining his lenient decision in the trial of



a young man of 22 who had sexual intercourse with a willing girl of 15, the judge called for "maturity" and not age to be considered in sex cases involving girls under 16.

If the laws are eventually rewritten in Great Britain, they may well affect comparable statutes here in the U.S.

SEMPER INFIDELIS

"Darling, I have something to tell you that I think will please you enormously," says the young wife brightly.

"Oh, great; what is it, dear?" replies her husband, taking her hand.

"I'm having an affair with your best friend, George."

"It's about time," says he with a sigh of relief, pulling her into his arms to give her a congratulatory kiss. "Thank God. My friends were giving me hell about your fidelity."

Does this scenario sound strange? It shouldn't. It's becoming an increasingly common conversation between liberated couples, as sophisticated marriages adopt the ethic that it's uncool not to be unfaithful. What with all the media publicizing open marriages and relaxed relationships, monogamy is beginning to feel like martyrdom. Do your trendier friends keep telling you that everyone—including wives—has the right to a random rut? Are you ready to be criticized by your friends because your wife is not having an affair?

—HOWARD SMITH AND BRIAN VAN DER HORST



PLAYBOY

READER SERVICE

Write to Playboy Reader Service for answers to your shopping questions. We will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below. Please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

Arme Boots	80	Minolta SR-T Camera ..	8
American Tourister		Motorola Car Stereo ..	68
Laingco	42	Name Chain Jewelry ..	44
Arrow Shirts	12	Nikon Cameras	237A
K.I.C. Speakers	54	Novus Watches	234B
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